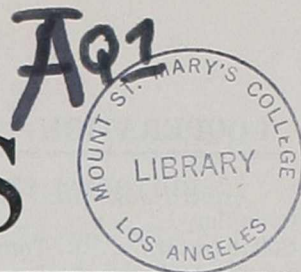


# INTER-NOS



Vol. VI, No. 1.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, JANUARY, 1940.

## NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

### Mary Chapel

Mary Chapel, so long a cherished dream of the Sisters and students of Mount Saint Mary's College, became a reality when its completion was solemnized by the celebration of the Christmas Midnight Mass. Reverend Lorenzo Malone, S. J., the celebrant delegated by the Archbishop, gave the "benedictio loci," or private blessing necessary before the chapel could be used for Divine worship. Later, in the Spring, His Excellency Archbishop Cantwell will perform the public and formal dedication. The Faculty plans to invite all friends of the college to be present at this time.

The chapel is Spanish Gothic in type, beautiful in its structural simplicity, devotional in its arrangement. In its building, Catholic architects and contractor have striven to embody the living spirit of their faith. The architects were Mr. M. L. Barker and Mr. G. Lawrence Ott, and the contractor, Mr. Joe McNeil of the old reliable J. V. McNeil Co. Congratulations are due these gentlemen for their interest, faithful service, and successful accomplishment of their purpose—to create a chapel which should be an architectural gem.

The building is of reinforced concrete, with cast stone ornamentation of tower and portal. The roof of tapestry tile harmonizes with the tiling of the residence hall. The aisles are of Spanish tile, the pews, sanctuary screen and confessionals of Philippine mahogany, finished in rich walnut. The side altars are ornamented cast stone, as also the Holy Family pediment over the doorway.

Richly colored and designed art glass windows adorn the sanctuary and choir, the one depicting the Holy Trinity and the symbols of the Mass, the other St. Joseph and tools of the carpenter. The choir windows show a full length figure of the patroness of "Mary Chapel."

The stations, enlargements of beautiful prints so well known in the temporary chapel, are being colored in oil by Sister Ignatia.

The new altar and pipe organ are in process of preparation and will be installed before the formal opening.

S. M. D.

### The Country House of a Roman Gentleman

A description written to his friend Gallus by Pliny, the younger owner of the Villa. (Book II, Letter XVII), gives a detailed description of the country home of a gentleman of moderate means. The letter was written at the close of the first century of the Christian era.

You are surprised why Laurentinum delights me so, or if you prefer, my Laurens! You will cease to wonder when you become acquainted with the charm of the villa, the advantages of its location, the length of its sea-coast. It is seventeen miles from the city, so that when business has been completed, you are able to stay there after a fine, well-ordered day.

First, we come upon the entrance hall, which is plain but not mean, next a portico shaped into the semblance of the letter D, in which is inclosed a small but cheerful area. Both of these offer an excellent retreat for inclement weather: for they are protected by panes of glass and much more by a projecting roof. Facing the middle of the portico is a cheerful inner court, then a smart enough dining room which runs out toward the shore, and if the sea is stirred up by the southwest wind, this room is sprayed by the waves, which gently rise and break. On all sides it has folding doors or windows no smaller than the folding doors, and thus from the sides and the front, one views as it were three seas. From the back there is a view, the inner court, the portico, the entrance hall, the woods and the distant mountains. A little further back to the left of this is a large drawing room, adjacent to another smaller

one, which has one window admitting the rising sun, another retaining it when setting. The angle formed by the projection of the dining room, retains and intensifies the sun's warmth, therefore I have chosen it for my winter quarters and also for a gymnasium of my servants.

Joined to this at an angle is a chamber with a semi-circular wall which follows the course of the sun from all its windows.

A sleeping apartment lies next to this, with a connecting passage, which with flues and pipes distributes and supplies the steam for a pleasant temperature.

Then there is the cooling room of the baths, spacious and wide; two plunge baths project from its opposite walls, large enough if you consider the nearness of the sea. An adjoining room is next, then a sweating room with the heating plant, and finally two baths, tastefully rather than luxuriously fitted. A wonderful hot pool comes next, from which swimmers may view the ocean; not far off is a tennis court, which receives the hottest sun of the afternoon.

Here a tower is built with two rooms on the ground floor and two above, besides a dining room which commands a view of the widest stretch of sea, the longest shore, and the most pleasant villas. There is another tower with a bedroom on which the sun rises and sets. Below this is a large wine cellar and storeroom, and underneath a dining room which faintly hears the crashing and roar of the turbulent sea. This looks out on a garden and the promenade by which the garden is enclosed.

At the apex of the terrace and portico successively is a garden suite of rooms—my favorite; I erected them myself. Here is the sun-room which looks on the terrace on one side, the sea on another, and the sun shines on both; also a room which looks on the covered portico through folding doors and on the sea through a window. On the opposite wall an extremely elegant recess is arranged so that by glass doors and drapes it may be joined to an adjacent room or separated from it. It has a couch and two easy chairs, from which one has views of the shore, the villas, and the forests either

(Continued on page 4)

### Noel

Had I been there  
That first Christmas night,  
I would have sung  
To the whole world,  
Of joy triumphant  
Of Christ magnificent  
And hailed exultant  
God's new born son.

CATHERINE AMECHE '42.



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## The Character of a Happy Life

The character of a happy life is often a strange one, for happiness itself is strange. It is a fragile, fleeting thing, elusive as the will-o'-the-wisp, and many the one who has pursued it vainly. Once found it can so easily be lost, but a short time filled with happiness often supplies a person with glowing memories for the remainder of his life, thus making him happy by proxy. The character of happiness depends on the character of the individual. To some, happiness means life at a quick tempo, sweet music, and the latest dances. To others, happiness signifies a quiet home, books, and a few friends. Only one thing concerning happiness is certain—a person can't find it by seeking for it. It must find the person, and finding him, it grows, slowly and beautifully, like a flower opening, out of a life that is fulfilling its purpose—the purpose which God, man's creator, has ordained.

MARY SHANNON '43.

## Triolet

It's quite dull to be grave  
 It's fun to be merry and gay  
 To smile is much more brave  
 It's quite dull to be grave  
 If all your frowns you'll save  
 You'll say as you throw them away  
 It's quite dull to be grave  
 It's fun to be merry and gay.

KATHLEEN TROUNCE '43.

## Triolet

A triolet I cannot write  
 Of this I am assured,  
 But I will try again tonight.  
 A triolet I cannot write  
 Eight whole lines must be right  
 And that cannot be procured  
 A triolet I cannot write  
 Of this I am assured.

ALINE GERBER '43.

## Triolet

I'd like to be Hawaiian  
 Be lazy all day long  
 On the beaches lyin'  
 I'd like to be Hawaiian  
 With a happy merry song  
 Sung until the day is gone  
 I'd like to be Hawaiian  
 Be lazy all day long.

BETTY STICH '43.

## The Old Street Musician

It was twilight. A fierce biting wind sweeping down Main street caused the shoppers to grab their hats and quicken their pace. The business men scurried to their buses expostulating about the cold. The unfortunate few who had no person or cause to get home sought the protecting warmth of the shops. Chauffeurs in limousines drew up and aided fur bedecked matrons into cars which speeded towards warm bright mansions on the hill.

One lone figure remained on the corner of third and Main where an hour before busy crowds trampled the pavement. A violin identified this man who drew his thin coat more closely around him. His age was more evident by the stoop to his shoulders and his snow white hair than anything else in his attitude.

His face, in contrast to his hair, was quite smooth and devoid of wrinkles and on his lips and in his eyes a smile lurked. Such a smile it was; a radiant beautiful thing that seemed to be enclosed in his whole being but only escaped through his face. It was like a flush of joy as though there was angel's music and a heart full of love inside him. This smile was the only spot of warmth about the old fellow. The rest of his body was shivering and his skin was faintly tinged with blue, but that one smile contained so much happiness and self respect that an old man one would

(Continued on page 3)

## Past Indefinite

"And like the sky at night, I too  
 Shall keep a candle lit for you."

JEANNE BARRETT '43.

"We have nothing in common," you  
 said

While an old familiar street  
 Reflected the rain-clouds overhead  
 And a dead leaf brushed your feet.

And an old December doomed to die  
 In shadows of the day,  
 Forgot to take her memories  
 And slowly slipped away.

"We have nothing in common," you  
 said

And the cold words numbed my ears,  
 And I closed my eyes and my aching  
 heart  
 Kept calling back the years.

Kept calling back, kept searching for  
 A candle in the dark.

"We've nothing in common," I said,  
 "No nothing except my heart."

JEANNE BARRETT '43.

## Ghosts of an Old Love

The crinkles of a smile  
 Which played upon his face—  
 That stubborn lock of hair  
 Forever out of place;

His funny turned-up nose,  
 The moccasins he wore,  
 The way he ordered malts  
 In Perkin's ice-cream store;

The winter days he loved  
 Beneath a fretful sky,  
 They bring him back again  
 They will not let him die.

In memory he lives  
 And plays a tender part,  
 In quieting each new  
 Flirtation of my heart.

JEANNE BARRETT '43.

## The Lady and the Phone

Toinette reached for the phone; as she did so, a panorama of the last year raced before her eyes. In that instance while her quivering hand poised above the phone, she saw herself as she had been that night—dressed in a silver gown and swaying to the hypnotic rhythm of the Country Club orchestra. She saw Tom—then just a handsome stranger—pushing toward her through a sea of faces. He had cut in and introduced himself, "I'm Tom Baker and I've been looking for you all of my life." She remembered that she had laughed and disregarded his obvious line. She had seen Tom often after that night, and her liking had grown to a consuming love.

It had seemed impossible to her that a man could distract her from her work—the work she loved, she had expected to devote herself wholly to being a doctor—to serving suffering humanity. She knew she'd have to choose between her love for Tom and her love for her profession. She could not have both—some decision had to be made. Despite this all too known fact, she hadn't been able to make up her mind. She recalled the day, her friend Marie, had unconsciously given her the way to reach her decision. Marie had told Toinette of the way, she, Marie had decided which fur jacket to wear. So Toinette had asked Tom to call her at 7 o'clock. She had then made the same request to Marie. "Whoever calls first will be my choice," she resolved. "If Tom calls, I'll become a housewife—if Marie calls, I'll stick to becoming a doctor."

Throughout the day she waited restlessly. The clock's hands crept past the designated hour of seven. Finally

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### The Old Street Musician

(Continued from page 2)

have pitied became the object of one's love and perhaps envy.

One might wonder what great joy this fragile, quaking piece of old humanity could find in a turbulent world that had treated him so roughly. His violin was the source of his gladness, and the harmonious delicately modulated notes that flowed from his fiddle could have brought peace to the most troubled spirit. The old street minstrel was a real artist. He realized that fine music stirs the soul to its greatest depths, soothes and softens desperation and sadness and lifts the heart and mind above the sordidness of earth to glimpse heaven giving hope and courage to the soul. The music cannot be interpreted in word, but as James Hilton says, "The musical masterpieces in the long run will prove more important than the great battles of History."

Twilight faded into night and by the dim glow of the street lamp the fiddler played on, being rewarded now and then by the tinkling of silver in his cup. He played until his talented graceful hands became numb and stiff with the chill of the night and exhausted he fell asleep on the cold pavement.

The next morning passers by noticed the sleeping musician still holding his cherished violin, and after some time had passed and he did not wake up they sought to rouse him. But the old man would no longer fill the ears of city crowds with his glorious notes for by that time he was playing before heavenly audiences far better equipped to appreciate his art.

KATHLEEN TROUNCE '43.

### The Dilemma

Father O'Malley walked slowly toward his favorite garden seat and with a steady hand to his lips eased his rheumatic old limbs into an old wicker chair. His mouth straightened. The crinkly laughter lines around his eyes were gone. His forehead pulled down in wrinkles, and a look of perplexity and deep thought shadowed from his face all familiar glints of humor.

"What can I do about those two youngsters?" Father O'Malley was muttering to himself. "Steve is irresponsible—the girls too good for him."

All the points, good and bad, about Steve were slowly passing through the old priest's mind. Young, and fresh from Junior College this lad began his career as a salesman for a

firm of traveling agents. He was a spirited, lively person captivating his prospective clients with his animated conversation. He wanted to know everybody and selling seemed to him the easiest method for contacts. Steve enjoyed traveling around. He liked to be "on the go," sedentary hours to him were uncomfortable times to be avoided. But, then the boy fell in love. The girl, during the first few weeks of courtship was just as active as Steve. But she fell in love too. They both wanted to marry. She dreamed of a cottage, small and dainty, where she could exercise her domestic abilities. But not Steve, he saw in her a traveling companion, he felt it would be great fun to travel all over with so lovely and capable a girl. Disagreements and hurt feelings were all a part of their every meeting. She refused to marry and travel, declaring one room was all they needed; what chance had they with no home of their own. She refused to make a farce of their marriage. Steve, gay and care-free, couldn't understand why anyone should choose "settling down." He couldn't—his spirit would stagnate.

Father O'Malley slowly rose to his feet; he gazed at his flowers seeking in their faces some solution. What could he do? How could he bring these two together without crushing the spirit of one or dispensing with the natural desires of the other? He suddenly felt like a sentimental old fool. He wondered why the characters from his next novel should confuse and worry him so insistently.

MARY HEANEY '43.

### City Cat, Country Cat

Tallyrand slid around the corner, and collided into the hard side of a well-filled trash can, whacking his head with resonance. Glancing hastily over his shoulder, he galloped up the alley and dashed into the convenient hole in the side of the tenement building, disappearing.

The man in the white coat, clutching aloft an oversized butterfly net, pounded around the corner after his escaping victim, met the trash can, and collapsed neatly in a heap, emitting at once, a series of yowls, attributed to a pair of thoroughly barked shins.

The dogcatcher, or catcatcher, as the case shall prove, pulled himself up, adjusted his various limbs to their proper places, and limped back to his truck, already occupied with many and various breeds of canine and feline prisoners, all voicing their indignation at the irate jailer. This city servant, climbed painfully into his car, jerked into low, and proceeded down

### The Lady and the Phone

(Continued from page 2)

at 7:30, the telephone rang. She jumped up, glad that her decision was about to be made for her. She found herself wishing all sorts of things as she reached for the black instrument. She said, "Hello," squeakily and waited for a voice to answer. It came—"Good evening Madame, this is the phone company. I am calling to tell you that due to conditions beyond our control your telephone has been disconnected for the last hour."

CONNIE BELL '43.

the street in the direction of the dog and cat pound.

Tallyrand listened alertly, and when he heard the truck moving on, he began to breathe normally once again, but his scrawny long tail continued to twitch spasmodically.

"Drat that man," he growled to himself, "that's the third time this week that guy has laid for me, and he almost nabbed me this time. I'm not as young as I was when I was a kitten, and this fast living is telling on me. Maybe I should hop out to the country for a while, and get away from it all. I've heard that these feline farmers have it pretty soft, with their green fields, trees, grain-fed rodents, pure air, and plenty of Grade A cream. The Grade D stuff the people take around here is a pretty "skimmed excuse." Yes, I think I'll be on my way. A few weeks in the country should make a new cat of me."

Tallyrand had early in kittenhood become an itinerant vagabond.

His mother was an aristocrat, from a long line of Angora thoroughbreds, a giddy, pampered pet of an adoring spinster.

The lineage of his father had been less noble, however. He had been brought up in the slums among the so-called "Dead End" cats. The two met one day, and fell quite in love, nevertheless. The Angora's loving owner, was a little doubtful at first upon taking her darling's new husband into her household, but rather than have her pet set up housekeeping in the slums, she adopted the newcomer.

Tragedy stalked sometime later, and Tallyrand's father met his doom and death at the hands of a hit and run driver, leaving a sorrowing widow and four helpless orphans.

Tallyrand's three sisters were cunning yellow puff-balls, the images of their pretty mother, but he, poor kitten, took after his father's family,

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## City Cat, Country Cat

(Continued from page 3)

with short gray hair, a large be-whiskered face, narrow green eyes, and a skinny ratlike tail, as long as his spare frame. He was indeed unlovely, and unnoticed. Thus, at an early age, he was forced to rely upon himself, and tried desperately to ignore the pointed snubs of his three sisters, and worse still, his own mother.

When he had passed the difficult stage of kittenhood, he began to make short neighborhood excursions, and as none seemed to mind his absence in the least, he left their spacious home none seemed to mind his absence in the least, he left their spacious home one night and never returned. He made his way to the slums, from whence his father had come, and immediately was accepted in that society. His cunningness and ability to forage for choice foods, and his spirit as a fighter, were acknowledged as qualities of leadership, and in this leadership, Tallyrand reveled. Life was not easy for one who must provide for himself in an underprivileged neighborhood, but there was always excitement, if not always food, and the cat did not seem to mind. But now that he was definitely approaching middle-age, he believed that he needed a change and a rest, and with the episode of the dog-catcher, he reached the final decision to betake himself to the country.

That afternoon he told his gang about the idea, and a farewell party was planned in his honor for that night. There was singing, and semi-feasting, with music provided for by the "Back-Fence Boys," and the following morning, Tallyrand bade his pals good-bye, and took to the open road.

He traveled for three days, and as city streets gave way to narrow-rutted roads, and cracker-box dwellings were replaced by spacious farmhouses, picturesquely planted in nests of tall, green trees, surrounded by green fields of red-tasseled corn, or golden swaying wheat.

The sweet calm, and country cleanliness impressed the slum's cat, and as he lunched on a luckless field mouse, he concluded that the country was made for cats.

A few moments later, as he washed his face and prepared to resume his way, Tallyrand was startled by a sudden pealing bell, and he looked into the pansy-hued eyes of a large Jersey cow, who had quietly been taking her noon-day siesta, not many feet away.

The cat bolted down the road, not pausing to look back.

"A horse with horns," he gasped and ran the faster.

That evening as dusk enveloped the still country-side, a weary, dusty cat made his way through a clover field, over the fence into a large barnyard, where a plump, red barn stood. Three strange cats came swiftly towards the tired traveler, and growled in warning.

Exhausted, as he was, Tallyrand advanced towards the trio, saying,

"One side, hoosiers, or I'll consider grinding some catburger."

"Ha," rasped the largest cat, "Listen to this upstart," and showed his teeth and claws menacingly.

Tallyrand noted this, and assumed a different attitude.

"I've traveled a long way, boys, and I'm hungry, tired, and my health isn't what it used to be, but if you feel pugnaciously inclined, well, come on then, —but one at a time please."

"Where you from, fella?"

"The big city."

It is true, that cats are by nature curious.

"The city, huh—what's it like?"

"Oh everything on a big scale, people, lots of noises, cars."

The largest of the three cats, the one doing all the talking, twitched his tail thoughtfully and said:

"I can put you up tonight, in the barn. That's where we sleep. Is it all right with you two?" he asked, turning to the others.

"Well, now that that's settled," remarked Tallyrand. "How about a bite to eat? Show me a bottle of milk and I'll show you some first-class bottle-cracking."

"We don't get our milk from bottles," piped up the smallest cat, "Ours comes from the cow."

"Sure, sure," said Tallyrand, who didn't know what a cow was, "That's fine, but where is it?"

"Over there in the dish, and you are quite welcome."

As he lapped the rich milk, foaming and still warm, Tallyrand felt suddenly secure and at peace among his newly found friends and surroundings, and decided again that he liked the country.

The next morning, fully revived, he stalked out of the barn, yawning in the bright morning sun. Seeing his friends sitting expectantly by the kitchen door, he ambled up to them and voiced his "Good morning."

The back door opened, and a large, capable-looking woman came out with a plate of meat. Tallyrand scampered away to safety. His dealings with humans had been few, and usually accompanied with kicks.

"Well, what have we here, a new addition?" came a soft, kind voice.

"Come here, kitty, and get some

breakfast. You look as though you need some. You aren't very fat."

"Not on Grade D milk," thought Tallyrand to himself, and advanced warily.

"That's right, I won't hurt you. These scamps don't look abused, do they?"

"Indeed not," and he noted their sleek sides, and obvious affection for their owner.

The farmer's wife remarked about the new addition in the cat family, and the rest of the family household appeared on the back porch to survey him, all of which Tallyrand took good naturedly, and by noon he was considered a permanent fixture, both by his benefactors and his feline friends.

That evening as he sat in the doorway of the barn, he mused on his past life in the city, his kittenhood, the hungry days, the excitement and the dogcatcher. He smiled in sheer comfort, and was about to settle himself for a nap, when the smallest cat called out to him, that the rest of the trio desired him to produce a quartet in their singing ventures. Gaily, the city cat trotted across the field after them, thinking to himself, "I can afford to go around with hayseed in my hair for this perfect setup. The city cat is dead. Long live the 'Country Gentleman'—coming fellows!"

G.WINKLE '41.

## The Country House of a Roman Gentleman

(Continued from page 1)

singly or as a connected landscape. There is an adjoining bedroom where I sleep at night. Here one perceives neither the day nor the voices of the servants, nor the murmur of the sea, nor the commotion of the weather, nor the light of the lightning, unless one opens the windows. When I have retired to this apartment, I seem to be away from my villa; a great pleasure especially at the Saturnalia, when the rest of the house rings with the liberty and the gaiety of the festive days, thus neither their merriment nor my studies are disturbed.

The lack of running water is the one detriment to my loved villa, but the want is supplied by its wells or rather springs, easily tapped. With just reasons do I not seem to love to dwell in my beautiful retreat, unless you are too fond of the city you will also long for it. May you also long for it, so that my pleasure may be increased by your presence.

Translated by:

R. TONNE '40, R. AVINA '40, R. AMBROSE '40, A. GUZMAN '41, A. VAIL '41.



# INTER-NOS

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Vol. VI, No. 1.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MAY, 1940.

## Congratulations Mount Saint Marys

### Dedication of Mary Chapel

The month of May so dear to our Blessed Mother's devoted clients, should I not say, so dear to all Catholic hearts was opened fittingly on the campus of Mount Saint Mary's, by the dedication of "Mary Chapel," a dream of years, now the heart of college.

On May Day the altar, a beautiful monument of botticino and Rouge jaspé marble, was consecrated by Rev. Edward Whelan, S. J., who, also sealed in the altar table the silver reliquary containing relics of St. Aurelius and St. Candidus. Mass followed, at which the faculty and students assisted.

On May second, Ascension Thursday morning the Chapel was blessed and dedicated by His Excellency Most Rev. John J. Cantwell, D. D., at which time the corner stone was laid. The face of the corner stone contains a precious inset—a six by four inch block of marble blessed for Mary Chapel by His Holiness the late Pope Pius XI.

Solemn High Mass "coram pontifice" was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Msgr. John Cawley, Vicar General of the diocese, with Rev. Donald McNeil, C. M., and Rev. Lorenzo Malone, S. J., as deacon and subdeacon, respectively. Msgrs. Conaty, O'Gorman, O'Dwyer, Donahue, Clifford and McGucken, thirty priests and six hundred other guests assisted at the Mass. The sermon was preached by Rev. Edward Whelan, S. J.

The students' choir was directed by Rev. Robert Brennan with Sister Celestine at the organ.

The Chapel is of Spanish-Gothic design, chaste and beautiful in its simplicity. A bronze baldacchino now in process of construction will crown



Mary Chapel, dedicated May 2, 1940

the altar. It will be put in place in the near future.

The architects Mr. M. L. Barker and Mr. G. Lawrence Ott and the J. V. McNeil Company, the contractors, have reason to feel gratified at the results of their interested and devoted labor in the erection of Mary Chapel.

To all the friends whose contributions have made the chapel a possibility, the faculty and students express their deep gratitude. As a token of this appreciation the names of all donors to Mary Chapel were sealed in a copper box and placed in the main altar, a lasting memorial and plea for God's blessing on them and their families.

The Faculty building, a residence hall for the religious members of the faculty, is nearing completion and will

form an artistic and useful addition to the plant.

An administration building is the prospect now in line for our hopes and prayers.

S. M. D.

### Our Mother . . . Our Queen

Years ago, they carved you,  
forgetting you had Jewish eyes  
and hair of shadow black.  
They gave you yellow harvest braids  
and eyes to match their rivers.  
They made you a queen and then forgot.  
I see you hiding now among the wheat-sheafed land—  
hiding with your yellow hair,  
as if you were a German sister  
working in the rows.  
You watch the wind trench down the wheat,  
the wind like soldiers shivering  
through the grass,  
the wind that whirrs like secrets of a creeping army.

You watch and think of war.  
Where is the garden that they gave,  
the walls, high, brushed clean  
by wind-moved trees,  
walls rebuilt, not up, but down  
where men grow damp to crawl  
and know what Sigfried means.  
Where is the garden covered now by land,  
wheat-smothered and unflowered.  
Where is the garden now  
where yellow jasmine climbed  
the garden wall to watch the children  
march,  
unafraid and straight  
as wheat unruffled by winds,  
and crown your yellow hair,  
like theirs,  
and lisp you queen.

MARGARET O'CONNELL.



## COOPERATION

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### My College

The sweep of your walls  
And the valleys below  
Will be loved and remembered  
Wherever we go.  
For the girls of the present  
Like the girls of the past  
Shall soon have long memories  
Of days that will last.  
So hail Mount Saint Mary's  
The queen of the west  
May girls of the future  
All give you their best.  
TERRY MILLIGAN '41.

### Mother

I see her as a nature scene  
Painted in the spring  
Upon an angel's picture book  
With vivid coloring.

She is that tall tree on the hill  
Which braves the strongest gale,  
She is a pastel violet  
Tender, sweet and fragile.

She is the sunshine and the wind,  
She is the cooling rain,  
Which travels through the night to  
make  
The weak things strong again.

She is a never ending stream,  
She is the seed, the sod,  
Which blossoms into golden fruit  
Before the eyes of God.

She is the heart of every flower  
That stands on hill and knoll,  
And yet she stoops to where I am  
To help me build my soul.  
JEANNE BARRETT '43.

### Junk Automobiles

Junk automobiles, fourteen and  
fifteen, ice cream cones, and handies,  
whenever you think of them doesn't  
your mouth break out into a wide grin  
or perhaps simply lose control of itself  
and begin to cavort around your face  
in a rollicking laugh?

I remember Pete Sherman was the  
first boy of our crowd to acquire the  
enviable and awesome treasure of a  
car. It was ten years old at that and  
doorless at first. This affliction reme-  
died soon however by Mr. Sherman  
after three lucky, or in this case I  
guess I should say unlucky, passengers

(Continued on page 3)

## LOYALTY

### Wind, Sand And Stars

In every part of the world, at the  
present time, whole nations of people  
are becoming aware of the vital im-  
portance of aviation and the men it  
claims as its own. The art of flying is  
no longer considered the pastime of  
eccentrics and daredevils, but is right-  
fully given respect and admiration.  
As the public interest in aviation has  
risen sharply, so the number of books  
on the subject has risen. Occasionally,  
from out of this veritable avalanche  
of writing, an outstanding, original,  
genuinely interesting work appears.  
Such a work is the internationally ac-  
claimed, *Wind, Sand and Stars* by  
Antoine de Saint Exuprey.

The very essence of this book is like  
that of the wind, of the sand, and of  
the stars—beautiful, awe-inspiring,  
intangible, and so very difficult to de-  
scribe. The reader is in imagination  
transported into the ethereal regions,  
and there becomes a partaker in the  
hardships, dangers, joys, and sorrows  
of an airline pilot. All the force and  
fury of the wind is felt as Saint Exu-  
prey battles with a tornado off the  
coast of the Argentine. The austere  
loneliness and ponderous silence of  
unending stretches of sand is under-  
stood as the author, lost for three days  
in the Libyan desert, relates his ex-  
perience. The bright, beacon-like  
quality of the stars is never more ful-  
ly realized than when this graphic  
writer, by the power of his pen, brings  
one face to face with Mars, Saturn,  
and Juno.

Vivid, arresting pictures of his own  
experiences, brief glimpses into the  
lives of such renowned airmen as Mer-  
moz and Guillaumet, snatches of a vi-  
brant, penetrating philosophy are  
skillfully woven together by a master  
of prose. Let anyone who doubts the  
romance and fascination of aviation  
read *Wind, Sand and Stars* and he will  
finish the last page with a single re-  
gret—that he does not belong to the  
knighthood of the air.

HELEN BRYAN '43.

### Perspective

I just went up the hill  
To watch the sun go down.  
They talk about me still,  
They whisper in the town.

They say that we are strange,  
My family and I,  
Because we built our house  
Too close against the sky.

And when I go to shop,  
They laugh and look me over.  
I just went up the hill  
To sit among the clover.

JEANNE BARRETT '43.

## SPORTSMANSHIP

### Spring Bride

In Spring, the wild plum tree is like  
a bride, eager, young  
Virginal, with her lacy cobweb of  
wedding veil spreading about her  
in drifting folds;  
If I were a bride in Spring  
I too, would wear a lacy cobweb of  
wedding veil,  
Made of wild plum blossoms.  
VIKI PICK '40.

### Clouds

This hill is such a lovely place;  
From here I see the small streams  
lace  
Together as each square is built—  
The valley's cherry-blossom quilt,  
And looking up from where I lie  
Its white reflection in the sky.  
FRANCES PIERCE '41.

### To Losers of Earth and God

To all who lose the earthly touch  
I offer these:  
A singing bird; a yellow fire, high  
trees.  
To all who lose the sense of God  
I give the same,  
But add to each one shining word:  
His name.  
DOROTHY GRAHAM '43.

### A Favorite Author

Richard Halliburton is dead—Rich-  
ard Halliburton, weaver of words,  
dreamer of dreams, doer of deeds ex-  
traordinary and wonderful. He who  
loved life so well and understood so  
well how to savour its every flavor  
has left it never to return. He loved  
life and life loved him and lavished  
on him its trivialities and its thrills,  
and unselfishly, he passed them on to  
us.

How can I ever forget him boating  
in the gardens of Shalimar, the night  
heavy with incense; climbing Popoca-  
tepetel, the summit shimmering in the  
moonlight; swimming the Hellespont;  
diving into the sacred well at Chichen  
Itza; and doing the million other  
things that only he could do. He gave  
me experiences I could never give my-  
self; he took me places I could never  
hope to go; he showed me adventure,  
and now adventure has taken him for-  
ever.

But still he died as Dick Hallibur-  
ton would have wanted to die—in ac-  
tion. He died with the heavy seas  
pounding his frail Chinese junk and  
he died as he had lived—with a laugh  
on his lips. His last words to the  
to the world, a radio message to the  
captain of a nearby ship, "Having  
(Continued on page 3)



## A Favorite Author

(Continued from page 2)

wonderful time, weather rough, wish you were here instead of me" are typical. They express the true Halliburton spirit—the spirit that carried him penniless across India, the spirit which laughed when he was held in a British jail for trespassing on Gibraltar, the spirit that can never die. It is his legacy to us. And carrying it with us we can put on our own "Seven League Boots" and set out on our "Glorious Adventures." He has shown us the "Royal Road to Romance" and now we must travel it alone.

MARY SHANNON '43.

## Junk Automobiles

(Continued from page 2)

at various times had tumbled out of the vehicle. It was several months after the memorable day when Pete first got the car that mother, finally worn ragged by my begging consented to let me ride in it. Oh, what an exciting eventful ride that was! The mere fact that whenever we came to a hill all excess baggage, meaning me, had to jump out and that we got a flat tire didn't quench my ecstasy in the least. No perfume I have smelt today has given me as much enjoyment as the gasoline fumes that issued forth from "Brother Leo," the name we gave it when we christened it with punch one night at a party.

"Brother Leo" wasn't the only tin lizzy with a place in my heart. Those were days of fickleness. "Betsy," "Cranky," and "Moses" were all scenes of wonderfully happy doings. We believed in the more the merrier and the brave little rattle-traps packed us in like sardines. Often when going to a semi-formal I would arrive with my much adored and frequently worn pink taffeta wrinkled from being squashed into the car's limited area, and I was not unlikely to feel sand in my slippers left over from the previous day when we went to the beach. Yet we preferred this form of transportation to riding in a big comfortable family car with somebody's father driving. It gave us a very grand and grown up feeling of independence. Parties too in those days were thrilling and unpredictable. If you didn't dance with almost every lad there you just weren't a success and the first and last and one in the middle were the most you ever had with the boy who brought you.

Then came the time Model T's began to disappear. For his graduation from high school Pete got a new car, really new this time, a beautiful

glistening thing with all sorts of fascinating gadgets and a perfect built in radio, not like the homemade wireless set that had perched precariously on the ledge inside "Brother Leo." Although I was duly impressed by this handsome piece of machinery I've never felt for it the same comfortable warmth I held for "Brother Leo." Most of the time I've ridden in it there have just been two of us instead of the merry squeezed in bunch, so it seems to me like a selfish car, and it hasn't got a name. We just couldn't find one to suit it and how can anyone love something without even knowing its name.

Those junk automobile days before the final finished sheen of lacquer, the polished coat of poise, character, and wise reserve has dried, when little hurts and small impressions make the deepest imprints on the soft forming gloss of our natures; to me those early teen times shine clear through like agates and the flaws there are very evident.

Much as I dearly loved that age I wouldn't trade my present years for it; why that would be a foolish bargain. I'd be giving more than I'd get in return. Besides, now at last, I have the liberties I spent those years pleading for and I find them worth it. And fun is still fun no matter how many moons its been since you first learned to spell it.

One little thing sometimes makes me reminisce with a sigh though, and I strain my ears for the sound of screeching, and nagging, over-worked brakes, and the music of a shrill pitched wavery horn.

KATHLEEN TROUNCE '43.

## A Review

Read—*Time Out to Live* by William West Tomlinson, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

When William West Tomlinson was a college student, he wanted "someone to write a book—for young men and young women—on the Essentials of a Successful Life. It should be an appraising book—one that stands life off a few paces and gives it the inspection of its age old existence; one that strips life of its braid and tinsel, its false front and misleading artifices and reveals only that which is genuine to human satisfaction." He says these things in the foreword of his book—*Time Out to Live*—the book he wanted someone else to write when he was young and needed it. He had no experience to guide him when he left school, so the only thing he knew how to do was join in the mad, materialistic urges of our day. After years of high pressure business life, he had

everything—money, position, power—everything he thought he wanted. Then his health failed and he was forced to take time out—to live.

In the months that he was forced to rest, he came to see that there is a goal in life beyond money and power and that this goal is success. When he had decided on a goal, he wrote a book for all young men and women who are facing the same problem he so arduously overcame.

In *Time Out to Live*, he defines his goal of success as "the finest realization of man's capacity for Usefulness in contributing to the world in which he lives." The first key to Usefulness, he says, is "Know Thyself;" the second, "To Thine Own Self be True." These two mottoes build the road to Success.

Mr. Tomlinson has chosen seven guides to Usefulness, the Seven "C" Guides—1. Concentration, 2. Cultivation, 3. Contribution, 4. Cooperation, 5. Confidence, 6. Courage, 7. Conservation. They all fit together in the pattern of Success. If we could observe these guides faithfully, how insured our lives would be against frustration and defeat.

To sum up his little volume on how to live, Mr. Tomlinson has chosen a quotation from a speech President Woodrow Wilson once delivered to a group of college students—"Do not forget as you walk these classic places . . . you are here to enrich the world and you impoverish yourself if you forget the errand."

V. PICK '40.

## Life in the Desert

No birds ever sing here. Among the weary cliffs of this canyon, no joyous note has ever echoed, for through its long and burning length there flows the tragic river of the desert, the Rio Amargosa—river of bitterness. Symbolic of all the inhospitable features of the country are the sad waters of this river. Rising in virginal freshness from the retreating snows of the high Sierras, it wanders forth upon the desert and returns with reek-waters to lose itself in the vilest, most poisonous tarn on the desert floor, not sixty miles from its source. He who bends to drink its pure waters in the mountains can rise to see the site of its tragic transformation. Flowing forth from its mother canyon, it is forced beneath the soil of Ash Meadows by the heartless rays of the sun, to emerge at last alkali ridden, malign, and bitter.

Like this river, the only perennial one in Death Valley, are the old, weary, broken down men who inhabit

(Continued on page 4)



### Plautus and His Friend Shakespeare

Over seventeen hundred years—in fact, almost eighteen hundred years—before William Shakespeare invented the situations in *A Comedy of Errors*, Titus Maccius Plautus latinized an earlier Greek play under the title of *Captivi*. The Greek original is unknown; and while some critics place its production late in the fourth century B. C., others insist that it is of the third century B. C.

Just as little is known historically of *Captivi*. It doubtlessly belongs to the last two decades of Plautus' life, 204-184 B. C., but its relation to the rest of his extant plays has not been determined. Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* stands among his earliest writings, but its date is not certain. This coincidental lack of information eliminates chronological comparison. The plays must speak for themselves.

Between the two lies the difference between comedy and farce. The involved situations and the prolonged quibbling among Shakespeare's characters just exceed the dignity of restrained comedy, such as is in *Captivi*. While *Comedy of Errors* is one of the very few works by Shakespeare that overshoot their mark, *Captivi* is practically the only one by Plautus that contains the restraint necessary to keep it out of the farce class. Yet it matters little whether they be comedy or farce; both accomplish their purpose in making an audience laugh.

Although they were written for the theatre-goers of their authors' day, their classic good form insures their being reliable entertainment in any age. Scenes are laid impersonally enough to be absolutely independent of time and place. Plautus chooses Aetolia; Shakespeare, Ephesus. The fact that *Captivi* boasts only one location against a minimum of seven in *A Comedy of Errors* is probably caused more by Roman convention than by any unusual finesse of the artist. The important point remains that story and locale harmonize; no irrelevant detail of time or place detracts from the situations.

Fondness for puns is displayed in both plays, but Shakespeare in his youthful exuberance seems over-fond; yet perhaps Plautus suffers more in translation than has been allowed. Shakespeare's rhyming, considered an early weakness, is paralleled by Plautus' alliteration, a desirable rhetorical device in early Latin writings.

The Prologue to the Roman play is incorporated into the action of *Comedy of Errors*. The opening scene explains the theme without *Captivi*'s colloquial familiarity between charac-

ter and audience. In Plautus' comedy it is Ergasilus, a parasite (a stock character in Roman plays), who makes the circumstances clear. Shakespeare allows Aegeon, the father, to tell his own story. Yet Hegio, the old father in *Captivi*, has a far more prominent part than does Aegeon.

While the mistaking of the twin brothers Antipholus provokes most of the laughter in *A Comedy of Errors*, Philopolemus, four years older than his brother Tyndarus, does not appear except in the last scene of *Captivi*. Thus against the involuntary misunderstandings in Shakespeare's farce is contrasted the planned deceit of Tyndarus and Philocrates, who exchange names and clothes to confuse Hegio.

The opening of the plays reveals Antipholus of Syracuse looking for his family in Ephesus and Hegio buying Elean captives of war in hope of exchanging one of them for his own son, a captive in Elis. Shakespeare creates his complication through the twin slaves Dromio and the misled wife of Antipholus of Ephesus. Plautus makes Hegio's younger son, (Tyndarus) the slave of Philocrates, who is one of the most recently purchased Elean captives.

The relationship between Shakespeare's master and slave creates more class distinction than is found between Plautus' Elean master and his Aetolian slave. The repeated beating of the Dromios approaches what today is termed slapstick. In the Roman play, at least on the stage, punishment is restrained to threats and wearing of chains.

The development of *A Comedy of Errors* centers around the many confusions of the Antipholi and Dromios. *Captivi* affords more plot interest in the way that the young nobleman Philocrates escapes to Elis as his own slave Tyndarus and leaves Tyndarus bearing his name and position as Hegio's slave while he secures the release of Hegio's elder son. Complicated as it all seems, the two plots are easily cleared. Shakespeare confronts his characters with their conflicting stories and identical appearances; Plautus brings back the runaway slave who kidnapped and sold Tyndarus as a child to the father of Philocrates.

As all comedies should, both of these plays end happily with all the threads of the story caught up and knotted.

Plautus employs no women and boasts in his epilogue of the absence of a love affair. Shakespeare, however, uses Adriana, the wife of Antipholus of Ephesus, and her sister Luciana to complicate matters for Antipholus of Syracuse; he also provides a court-

san for the angered Antipholus of Ephesus to turn to and an abbess to clear the incidents entirely by turning out to be Aegeon's long lost wife.

In mechanics and in the one idea of restoring two sons to an aged father *Captivi* and *Comedy of Errors* are obviously alike. But for the principal concern of mistaken identity, *Comedy of Errors* seems to be based more on Plautus' lest perfect *Amphitryon* than on *Captivi*.

WANDA CORLETT '42.

### God's Hands

His hands have worked so many ways—

To mast white clouds astern a peak,  
Or lift a world so high it stays  
Against the curve of God's own cheek.  
So strong they are, and yet so slim;  
They trace the hollow of a reed,  
Or leave a bud unbruised and prim  
In which they've scattered pollen seed.  
I've felt Him lift His mystic hands  
To orchestrate for crooning bees.  
I've seen Him scoop away the sands  
With shovels made of steel-sharp  
breeze.

But still, His hands are sometimes red;

They scarlet my Geranium bed.

MARGARET O'CONNELL.

### Life in the Desert

(Continued from page 3)

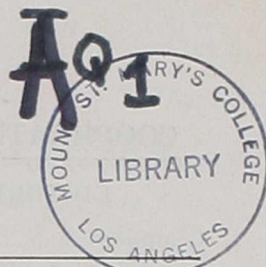
the desert. They, too, first approached this arid desolation through the snowy passes of the Sierras. They came with lively eagerness and with vigorous hopes of turning these barren stretches into fertile valleys. Their dreams continued for a time, but as they journeyed on and on through bleak sands and suffocating heat, their visions began to lose their freshness and purity. Beneath the oppressive burden of an unrelenting sun, not only their hopes but also their original attitudes toward life soon vanished. They wandered on a bit, then stopped—too weary to go on—too discouraged and bitter to turn back. Here, they were transfigured into hardened shells of their former beings with just enough of that spark of life left to claim meager existence, but with not enough remaining to achieve the gentleness and mildness of a life that has been fulfilled.

Thus they gnarled, old Desert Rats and the Rio Amargosa follow their course side by side, tragic and bitter. From the freshness and pleasant ways of their beginnings, they change into shallow, dried up reminders of the destination that were never reached.

HELEN BRYAN '43.



# INTER-NOS



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MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, JANUARY, 1941.

## HAPPY NEW YEAR

### The Hidden Convent of Santa Monica in the City of Pueblo

Eighty cloistered nuns lived in the city of Pueblo from 1857 until 1936. Four years ago the anti-catholic Mexican government discovered their seclusion and raided the convent. Five of the Sisters were killed and the rest escaped to private homes.

After the discovery, the convent was opened to tourists by the Mexican government who are now making an appreciable profit on the admission charges.

Last summer, I had the occasion to visit the old brick house that sheltered these Sisters for seventy-nine years. In the front portion of the building lived three faithful families who acted as guardians, and no one in the city suspected that beyond their modest apartment lay an entire convent, complete with garden and Chapel.

Access to the convent was gained through the dining room of the family's house by removing the gay colored dishes from a shelved alcove and pressing a button under a ledge. Then silently, but surely, the wall of the alcove moved slowly inward. The Mexican guide who was taking our party through the house motioned us to pass through the opening. We entered the sleeping room of the Mother Superior, the Augustinian abbess. The room was of extreme simplicity; a flat board between two posts served as a bed. A screened bookshelf full of French, Latin and English parchment bound books, a desk, and a few odds and ends were the only other pieces of furniture.

There seemed to be no door to the room, only a window, but when a button was pressed, to every one's amazement, the wall facing the window opened slightly in the center and a small part of it moved away. Our party then stepped through this opening into a bathroom fully equipped which included a wood burning water-heater. A box of kindling wood covered a hole at the base of the wall. The guide pushed it aside and we crawled through and stood in an austere room, the Chapel.

It was a long narrow chamber. Lined on either side against the wall

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### Greeting for 1941

To our students and their parents the President and Faculty extend cordial New Year's greetings. May the blessing of God be ever present with each one of you in the coming day.

A year is dead! A year is born! What a wake of tragic sorrow the dead year left behind. The curtain hiding the coming year is blank. God's merciful design conceals the future, so that we need only face our troubles day by day, with strength sufficient for each passing hour, and trusting in Him, in the hallow of whose hand lie all things which He has made.

We in America have much for which to be grateful. While Europe, Asia and Africa gasp in the deadly throes of war, pestilence and famine. While tyranny holds so many helpless nations in its thralldom, we flourish in comfort, in plenty, and best of all the gift of freedom still is ours—freedom to worship God and publicly to praise His name—freedom in our recreational and intellectual pursuits—freedom in family life and in many other things.

Let us not look upon these gifts with callous indifference, but recognize them with deep gratitude to the Giver, asking His protection for their safeguarding and continuance, and not forgetting a daily petition that His inspiration and strength may be sought and followed by those in high places in our government on whose shoulders rests the chief responsibility of "keeping America safe."

Again a "Happy New Year" and God bless you all.

SISTER M. DOLOROSA.

### Camel of the African Magi

I scorch my hoofs on the sands of Sahara.

I cool my nostrils with the breath of the Nile.

My throat is parched by the sun of Arabia.

My goal is nearing with every mile. The waters of Jordan refresh and cleanse me.

My eyes are blinded by Jerusalem's glare.

My steps are guided to the shores of Galilee.

And the Hand of the Child strokes my hair.

MARY SIBILIO '43

### Time of Birth

This hour knows a stillness of motion and time

The hush of its members  
Now touches an ancient awakening chime

Of still old Decembers,  
While the minutes fall and climb.

Now sing out of Limbo a song the soul knows,

A soft "Agnus Dei."

The incense of pagans is cooled by the snows;

Now the Lamb born of Mary

Is come with the cross and the rose.

CHARLOTTE TANSKE '43.

### Alfred Noyes

Coming to the Mount as the Ambassador of Poetry from the golden world of logic, Alfred Noyes, famed English poet, novelist, and critic, sang for us songs of deep and true religion, songs joyfully exalting the spiritual and abasing the material—songs jewelled from the rapier hilt of the "Highwayman" and fragrant with the blossoms of "Kew in Lilac Time."

Yes, he came as an ambassador to gather us as forces to restore ethics in this disordered world, to discourage that league which argues that the bad or evil thing is the progressive thing. He showed the league at work in art, whose surrealist pictures look "as though they are anticipating a bomb or have already experienced one," and in poetry, whose principles of harmony and logic are being debunked, destroyed, and substituted by something degraded and debased.

There must be a counter-attack, and we of Christianity who have reserve forces of thought behind those values of the old cultures must sweep away the immature reasonings of the pseudo-modern poets who call themselves "realists." These realists fill their books and their poems with the sordid in an attempt to draw closer to reality. They forget that drawing nearer to reality is drawing nearer to art, to ethics, to the heart of man, and not merely to the skin of man. For this reason, they are doing a very inferior type of work, a work that is not profound, a work that has not the ethical reality which was the

(Continued on page 3)



## EDITORIAL STAFF

Compilers ..... Mary E. Pansini,  
Marjorie Brown, Betty Stich

Writers .... Terry Milligan, Margaret  
O'Connell, Aline Gerber, Char-  
lotte Tanske, Mary Sibilio, Mary  
Jane Ameche, Lucille McCullah.

## The Editor's Headache

'Twas the night before deadline,  
and way through my head, I searched  
in vain for bits I had read. Not a  
thought was stirring—not even a  
mite. My brain was off duty, quite  
cold as the night.

Onward turn onward, O Time in  
thy flight, and make deadline tomor-  
row, two weeks from tonight.

## No Other Man

Those of you who wish to study  
Noyes' appeal more minutely will find  
it put into a very readable form—a  
new novel, called "No Other Man."  
"No Other Man" is a vision of these  
same moderns, who have rejected  
ethics, have become enamored with  
machinery, hatred, and war, and have  
set up Materialism as goddess in their  
scientific laboratories, where they in-  
vent secret weapons to destroy the  
world if the last resort should be  
needed.

The story is concerned with one  
man and one woman who accidentally  
survive a generation ended by the si-  
multaneously released fatal weapon.  
"In the quiet untenanted world, Mark  
and Evelyn find a foundation for a  
life of peace and happiness." It is a  
book, vivid with the color of papal  
robes, rich and dark, as the draperies  
of the Borgia apartment, fresh as the  
picnic for Mark and Evelyn, and  
reverent as the one vigil light kept  
burning in the old deserted chapel. It  
is pertinent!

MARGARET O'CONNELL.

If they would make the calibre of  
guns smaller, and the calibre of men  
larger, there would be less danger of  
war . . .

Hitler is determined to get Ger-  
many's lost colonies; Italy hankers  
for the glory of ancient Rome. Any  
day now we expect the Indians to  
want Manhattan back . . .

One man is knocked down by an  
automobile every ten minutes in New  
York. You'd think it would wear him  
out . . .

A chemist says that the first alco-  
hol was distilled in Arabia. Which  
may explain those nights . . .

"And All That Heard  
Wondered . . ."

The last chords of the organ swelled  
and died into a faint echo. The joyous  
Christmas crowd of Saint Catherine's  
came through the massive portals  
ready to discuss the question that had  
been at the back of their minds since  
they had entered the church and sat  
down. And which had kept popping up  
every once in a while in spite of ef-  
forts at recollection. Catherine and  
Jack Brennan had at last come back  
to the Church after being absent  
seventeen years.

They had been seen this very morn-  
ing at the altar-rail with their beauti-  
ful daughter Maris. She had been a  
faithful parishioner of Saint Cather-  
ine's ever since her First Communion.  
She had always come alone, but this  
time her parents had come and peo-  
ple wondered . . .

But not so Mr. and Mrs. Brennan,  
for they knew that only a week ago  
they had stopped at Bethlehem, and  
Mary the Mother of Jesus had won  
them to her heart and to her Baby.  
It had been a Mary so beautiful, so  
real. She had had all the dignity of a  
queen, all her poise and graciousness.  
There had been so much love in those  
distant eyes and yet so much hidden  
sorrow. There had been forgiveness in  
her voice and understanding and still  
love. She had seemed to address her-  
self to them, yet they had been only  
two of hundreds in the audience. They  
had gone home, touched to the inner-  
most fibers of their souls.

For the first time in their lives,  
they truly noticed their daughter  
Maris; she moved with that same  
poised dignity and grace with which  
the Blessed Mother had moved; she  
also spoke in those same rich tender  
tones and with that same loving qual-  
ity. Her eyes had also that sadness  
and that look of all embracing love.  
And they wondered . . .

After all, the play at the University  
had been only a Christmas play; there  
had been no printed program so they  
had not known the names of the ac-  
tors. But they had no reason to believe  
it had been their daughter Maris. She  
was a dear child indeed, but no act-  
ress. Yet Maris had practiced long  
for the part, not on the stage, but in  
her heart and mind, as she wanted to  
learn from Mary how to love her lit-  
tle Babe and how to be like her, so  
that those who saw would understand  
what a great part Mary had played in  
our Redemption.

The preparation for that play had  
been Maris' Christmas gift to the  
Baby Jesus and His Mother. It had  
taken countless sacrifices and long

(Continued on page 4)

## Little Ships

Little ship that sails its sea  
In the pond, in the park, in the  
palace.

Little prince on bended knee  
Near the pond, in the park, in the  
palace.

Pull her lead and she will swerve,  
The other way and she will curve.  
Spread her sails and let her fly  
Scudding palely, lost and shy.  
She will grow into a fleet  
To bring an empire to your feet.

You will grow into a king  
And safely guide sails on the wing  
As slow across the ocean's breast  
Your mighty ships can find no rest.

TERRY MILLIGAN '41.

Not long ago a patrolman in a large  
city took an examination for promo-  
tion to sergeant. One of the examin-  
ing officials swears the following were  
some of the answers on the question-  
naires:

What would you do in case of a race  
riot?

Get the number of both cars.

What is Sabotage?

Breaking the laws of the Sabbath.

Name an act that would constitute  
reckless driving.

Driving without regard to the Pres-  
byterians on the street.

What first aid treatment would you  
give to a person having an epileptic  
fit?

Take him to the doctor and to treat  
the bite.

What are rabies, and what would  
you do for them?

Rabies are Jewish priests, and I  
would be very glad to do anything I  
could for them.

To what extent may an officer use  
force in effecting an arrest?

Use good common sense, and if not  
capable, summon help . . .

## Our Thoughts

Someone thinks that a chip on the  
shoulder is a positive sign of wood  
higher up . . .

A noted psychiatrist says half the  
people in this country are crazy. The  
question is, which half? . . .

All things come to him who crosses  
the street without looking both ways  
. . .

A bald-headed man is a live wire  
with insulation worn off . . .

"A poor memory means a poor  
mind," says a famous psychologist,  
whose name we can't recall . . .

Be careful in handling matches, as  
most of them will light when dropped.  
Try one . . .



## Alfred Noyes

(Continued from page 1)

essence of the works of men like Tennyson and Browning. The modern poet talks of Browning as sentimental and scoffs at the poetry which gives us the idea that life has an aim. He offers his pseudo-modern work as a bait for the ignorant reader.

Girls at the Mount are agreed, I am sure, that the poems of Alfred Noyes—dignified, idealistic, wholesome and lofty of theme—have more of an appeal than the highly praised realistic poems, such as:

## Up Fifteen

Her soul was freckled  
like the bald head  
of a white capitalist.

Her fair and featureless face writhed  
like an albino boa-constrictor.  
She thought that she resembled Cleopatra.  
This demonstrates the futility of thinking.

MARGARET O'CONNELL 41.

Mary had a little lamp, she filled it  
with benzine; she went to light her  
little lamp, and hasn't since been  
seen.

It is reported that a young student  
recently stayed up all night figuring  
out what became of the sun when it  
went down. It finally dawned on  
him . . .

## The Hidden Convent of Santa Monica in the City of Pueblo

(Continued from page 1)

were eighty wooden chairs, and neatly and symmetrically hanging on each chair were a crown of thorns, a cord, and a crucifix. The altar, plain and dark, was adorned with artificial flowers and next to it was a little door which led into the Sisters' cemetery. We stepped down into a cellar with compartments along the four walls in the fashion of the Catacombs.

Every few years, it was necessary that these graves be opened to receive new bodies. And because space was so precious, the bones of the dead were placed in a hole at the corner of the cellar. On one occasion it is known that when a grave was opened after a lapse of forty-nine years, the body of one of the Sisters was still intact and in good condition.

Even in death the Sisters' secret was kept; none knew that they lived and prayed and died in the heart of a city, in the heart of a home.

ALINE GERBER '43.

## Hawaiian Diary

Two years ago on August 19, 1938, the S. S. Lurline sailed from San Pedro harbor with nine Sisters of St. Joseph aboard. The Sisters were from the St. Louis and the Los Angeles Provinces, and were to open a new mission in Honolulu. Since the day of their leaving, one of the Sisters has kept a diary of the happenings on that far off island. This, she thought, might be of interest to us. Some of the excerpts from the diary follow.

August 31st:

School starts tomorrow. We are very busy preparing our classrooms. There's a Kress store in town and we have already patronized it considerably. There is still much to do. Yesterday the mailman came to our convent for the first time, and the very sight of him gladdened us beyond words. We know that you are praying for us. Tomorrow we face the mighty 700.

September 1st:

Early in the morning—6:45 to be exact—groups of children began to arrive. By 8:30 the lanai (a long, narrow porch running the full length of the building) was alive with a seething mass of diminutive humanity and the yard was alive with barefooted adolescent humanity; all the classroom doors were literally blocked by smiling adults. Really, Sisters, I am not exaggerating. Seven hundred children plus relatives of each awaited the bewildered teachers of the respective classes.

There were young Chinese mothers, their slenderness accented by their native garb; Hawaiian women, corpulent of body and pleasant of face; anxious fathers and fond uncles; all were there. What a throng! The bell rang, and as soon as we took refuge behind our desks, the laborious process of enrolling the pupils began. Some of the parents could speak English, others not; but imagine the anguish of trying to look intelligent when such names as Yamanichi, Sam Choy Seto, and Toshio Sauai were rattled off glib tongues. Several times in sheer dismay I said, "Write it here, please." And the answer generally was, "No can write."—this accompanied by a most affable smile. Now that we know the people better, it is surprising to see how many can speak English. It is a queer sort of English, it's true; quite intelligible when it is spoken slowly, but incomprehensible jargon when it is spoken too fast. The "i" is given the sound of long "e"; "r" is completely slighted; the suffixes *ing* and *ed* are never used. I asked one boy which school he attended last year. His answer was typi-

cal: "Las' yeah go Likiliki; dees yeah go St. Therese; by-n-by go St. Louis College." One of the Sisters received the following note:

Dear Sister,

May I have the deeply pardon from you of my son Ding Chong who's going to have a little important matter to attend to.

Yours very true,

(the father)

Our classes are huge. With the help of four lay teachers, one Chinese and three Portuguese, we manage over 730 children. We have only four or five colored children in our school. I enrolled the first of these—a startlingly black, ungainly girl of fourteen who gave her birth date as March 19, and whom I thereupon christened "St. Joseph's Lily." When I asked her nationality, she replied, "Pure American." Amazing, indeed, for the greater number of our children, the Chinese excepted, can lay claim to three and even four different nationalities.

School begins at 8:15 and dismisses at 2:00 with a forty-minute lunch period. The children are not permitted to leave the school ground during the lunch hour; they must either bring their lunch or buy it in the cafeteria. Ah, the CAFETERIA! What a din of tin plates, tin bowls, and succulent sounds! The children are given a five-cent meal in a pie tin or in a tin bowl, depending, of course, on what is served. Generally it is rice or spaghetti noodles. Napkins are an unknown luxury, but we are hoping that before long we can add them to the menu. After each child receives his plate or bowl, he seats himself on a bench, bends low, and buries his face in the dish until his meal is consumed!

Our school is a large, one-story frame structure occupying an entire block. The building is shaped like a huge letter "H". The two wings on the sides are classrooms, and built out from the connecting link in the center is the church. Our classrooms are airy, large, and clean. We have a Filipino janitor who seems to *understand* English fairly well but whose vocabulary consists of two words, namely, "Yes, Seesta."

I know you are all interested to hear about our convent so I shall try to describe it. It is a white, two-story frame building resting on cement stilts. Our sleeping quarters are upstairs; the kitchen, dining-room, community room, two parlors, office, and chapel are downstairs.

Arranged by

JANE AMECHE '44.

(To be continued)



### To Jesus—From Pedro

Pedro Martinez drearily pushed open the gray painted door of St. Sebastian's church and sidled in. As the door flickered shut, it blotted out the bleak Saturday afternoon sun and left Pedro alone in the uplifting dimness of light reflected through stained glass. Or almost alone, for Pedro with his bright black eyes could make out the outline of a young woman kneeling before the crib. Pedro dabbled his fingers in the holy water font and made a half-hearted pass at his forehead and shoulders as he ambled down the aisle.

This was quite a change for him. Usually he entered the church as a part of two uniform lines, (the boys and girls of St. Sebastian's parish school), with Ramon Panchez's sloping shoulders and patent leather hair in front of him. Pedro reflected that Ramon and Sancho would both be taking their ease in the luxurious imitation leather seats of the Palace Theatre's balcony, and enjoying the breathtaking adventures of Kip, the masked rider, and his wonder horse, Calico, at the special Western matinee for kiddies. Pedro sighed lustily and bent his knee slightly in the direction of the tabernacle as he slid into the first pew directly in front of the crib. Without the warning slap of Sister Rita's little brown clapper, Pedro found it hard to make the full-fledged genuflection demanded of him. He observed the crib with seeming interest but his mind was with Ramon and Sancho booing the villain and clutching the ends of the frayed seats as Calico tightened his great leg muscles and bore Kip to victory over an ever widening chasm.

And one measly little dime separated him on this dull Saturday afternoon from his pictured heaven. Pedro gulped a great wave of self pity. One dime, one very thin dime—Ramon's mother could give Ramon a dime; Sancho's mother could give Sancho a dime; but could Pedro's mother give Pedro a dime? No!! And then Pedro twitched as his conscience pricked him. He remembered the smell of clean wash in the kitchen and the sound like a cello doing the scales as his mother rubbed clothes up and down on the tin washboard. There would be a lot for him to do at home. It seemed to Pedro that his mother never ran out of finding things for him to do. That was partly the reason why he had taken refuge in church today.

The thin flute-like flutter of silver skittering across the floor interrupted Pedro's caravanserai of thought. He looked with interest at the young lady

who had risen from her knees and was fumbling in her purse before the vigil stand. It was too soon for Father Gonzalez to be hearing confessions and it certainly was not often that St. Sebastian's had worshippers from the upper strata. Pedro noted that she was very pretty, that she was wearing pretty clothes, that she looked very kind, and that she also looked very helpless at the present moment as she peered at the floor in the dim light.

This was enough for Pedro. He pranced out of his seat and succeeded in ferreting out a dime from under one of the claws of the heart-shaped vigil light stand. He tendered the coin proudly on a grimy paw to the young lady. His hands never looked dirty to him, but as he presented the dime to this lady he had the fleeting thought that a little soap and water would not be out of order, and he quickly clenched his other hand into a fist and stuck it behind his back so that she would not be doubly offended. She smiled and it was then that Pedro discovered that she smiled pretty for she leaned towards him and whispered, "Thank you very much, but you keep it and get something for your Mother if you like." She turned quickly the corners of her mouth twitching as she put a dime in the slot and lit one of the squat red vigil lights.

Pedro went back to his pew in a daze to consider the matter. Heaven was certainly looking out for him. It was still not too late to join Ramon and Sancho in the Elysian Fields of the Palace Theatre balcony. He was half out of the pew before he remembered what the lady had said. "Get something for your Mother." That was what she had given him the money for; then would it be right to spend this money on himself? Pedro held a Herculean struggle with his conscience and sank back onto the pew. The finger of conscience pointed clearly. He would go down to the five and ten cent store on the corner and buy the little comb and powder puff that his Mother had admired last Saturday when she was buying some thread. Already he felt the glow of pride as his Mother opened the package on Christmas morning. He would say "Yes, Mother, I did not go to the Palace Theatre with the other kids just so I could get this for you."

Pedro was still wallowing in the pleasurable depths of filial pride when he recalled Sister Rita's words of yesterday morning. "Now, children," she had said with her earnest young face beautiful below the starched white wimple and black veil, "Christmas will be here soon and you will all be giving your mothers and fathers and friends

Christmas presents. But don't forget to give a Christmas present to the little baby Jesus too, because it is really his birthday, you know. I want all of you to try and make some little sacrifice so that Christmas morning when you come to Mass you will all have a gift for Jesus."

Pedro gulped and directed his gaze shamefacedly at the little plaster figure lying in the straw. The Baby was smiling and His arms were outstretched. He seemed to be saying, "Pedro, this is a lovely gift. One of the nicest I have received. But if you would go back and help your Mother this afternoon I would be even more pleased."

Pedro straightened his shoulders as he rose from the pew. He made such a deep genuflection that he jarred his knee on the floor. And even Sister Rita could have found only praise for his exit. Already he could hear his Mother saying "Pedro, you are a good boy," as he lifted the heavy basket of wash for her.

Pedro paused at the poor box and inserted the dime in the slot. He listened carefully for the slight tinkle as it hit the other coins, and wished regretfully that he could have tied one of those Christmas gift tags on it. The kind that said "Don't Open Till Christmas," and left a space for the To and From. But then, he guessed Jesus would know.

TERRY MILLIGAN 41.

### Bijou

I had a little French dog  
That carried well the name  
Of "Bijou," little jewel  
Of wide and wondrous fame.  
For "Vive la France" he stood and bowed,  
At "Bas les Boches" he laid and growled.  
He romped and played upon the soil  
Of France still free from rod.  
But now, beneath the ground he lies  
And German feet his small grave trod.

ALINE GERBER '43.

Why is a college student like a thermometer?

He is graduated and marked by degrees.

### "And All That Heard Wondered . . ."

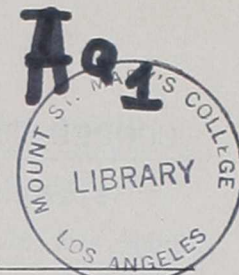
(Continued from page 2)

hours of reading and working and praying. But it had been her gift and now this Christmas morning They had given her Their gift, the one for which she had so long yearned and prayed—two souls.

ALINE GERBER '43.



# INTER-NOS



Vol. VII, No. 2.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MAY, 1941.

## CONGRATULATIONS SENIORS

### The Wounded Don't Cry

Quentin Reynolds has written the book of the hour. He knows the answers to all your questions about the German invasion of France, the gallant army, the hopeless, beaten people. As representative of an American weekly magazine he attempted to be accredited to the French Army. French red tape threatened to trip him permanently, but American ingenuity rose to the occasion. Entering the office which was delegated for hindrance of foreign correspondents, he approached a wary French official with a telegram for President Roosevelt—a private affair, you understand. Bewildered, the inspecteur read:

"Dear Uncle Franklin,

Having trouble being accredited to front line. Please phone or wire instructions to French government.

Quentin."

The next day the newly created nephew of the President was sitting in a hidden anti-aircraft dugout just where the German planes usually began their action. He drank warm champagne with a general, discussed menus with young aviators, became convinced that it was not her army which lost the war for France. In the general exodus from Paris he used a little Austin to maneuver through long refugee columns, covering only fifty miles in eighty hours. Silence gripped these wanderers, a silence more horrible than weeping. A Dutch freighter waited in Bordeaux. From its decks Reynolds waved farewell to France.

But England was a different matter—no long silent columns of despair filed out from London though the city nightly endured hideous dramas of destruction. A spirit of resistance pervades the English from Churchill to Bill Adams, "the man on the street." The people have faith in themselves and in a certain man named Bevin. He is really one of their own though his Cabinet title is Minister of Labor. Every man in England would strike if Bevin gave the signal. This is proof that defeatism will not destroy England as it did France—because Ernie Bevin—man of action—can force every nervous defeatist out of the cabinet. If the whole cabinet goes

(Continued on page 2)

### Men's Hands

I see men's hands point down towards earth today—  
the soil-brown hands that cull war-fields for dead;  
the hulks of hands less living flesh than clay  
that lie like pruned or broken limbs instead  
of fair white stems of living trees.

The oils  
of guns have left their yellow grinning stains,  
and tunneling acids—gas of science spoils.

Can they be washed with tears or years of rains?

O when will men lift up their hands again

to raise a baton and feel music surge instead of blood; or paint a grass-napped plain

or fold their hands—palm kissing palm—and purge

their souls of rankling hate by hal-lowed prayer;

then, reach up to their God and find Him there.

MARGARET O'CONNELL '41.

### Hawaiian Diary

(Continued from January issue)

Two years ago on August 19, 1938, the S. S. Lurline sailed from San Pedro harbor with nine Sisters of St. Joseph aboard. The Sisters were from the St. Louis and the Los Angeles Provinces, and were to open a new mission in Honolulu. Since the day of their leaving, one of the Sisters has kept a diary of the happenings on that far off island. This, she thought, might be of interest to us. Some of the excerpts from the diary follow:

May 6th:

We had an interesting experience today. Two of us went to visit the invalid mother of one of our Chinese boys. It is the custom of the Orientals to serve visitors immediately after their arrival; we were given tea in tiny little cups that resemble huge thimbles. The tea was delicious. I disposed of mine in three swallows—no doubt the Oriental sips it leisurely to make it last a long time. That's an art I'll have to acquire. After tea came Chinese candy and preserved prunes.

(Continued on page 2)

### Horace As Interpreted By "Horace And His Influences"

There have been more translators of Horace than of any other Latin poet. The book "Horace and His Influences" explains the fact through an interpretation of Horace the person, Horace the philosopher, and Horace the poet.

In his philosophy he subscribed neither to the Stoics or the Epicurians of his day, but he worked out his own from his Roman common sense, his early associations and most of all from the demands of his own nature.

He sees no happy future after this life, is conscious of no providence watching over him, is involved in no obligation to the beings of an eternal world. For him there is only this world, he aspires only to faithfulness in friendship, enduring courage, irreproachable patriotism, in other words, for ideal human relations.

Horace, the poet, was himself aware of his role in the drama of poetry. He prophesied his own fame, "not lasting bronze nor pyramid upreared by princes shall outline my powerful rhyme. The monument I build, to men endeavored, not biting rain, nor raging wind, nor time, endlessly flowing through the countless years."

His greatest contributions toward furthering the art of literature lie in his amplification of the crude satire of Lucilius into a more perfect literary character and his use of the Greek lyric forms for Roman poetry. These had important effects within the hundred years following his death. He was highly appreciated by the men of his time, as indeed he has been by the men of all times and Quintilian in his treatise on Instruction says, "Of our lyric poets, Horace is about the only one worth reading; for he sometimes reaches real heights, and he is at the same time full of delightfulness and grace, and both in variety of imagery and in words is most happily daring."

In the middle ages, Horace reached his lowest ebb of popularity. He was known only to a very few, and only the sheltering wing of the Church kept his works alive during that time. But with the coming of the Renaissance, he was reborn, rediscovered as the poet of the ripe and thoughtful

(Continued on page 2)



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## Editorial

Patriotism is love for our country. This is not as intangible as it sounds. We love our country for the small things remembered, because there was sweet green grass sheltered by trees in a very special spot; because a flower vendor came along on a sunny morning in a city street; because a house or a beach or a rustic country lane that might not appeal to others were once, for each of us, made magic.

We love the land itself with all its natural glory and the stories told of the heroic men and women who made America what it is today. We love the great multitude of people who work in their simple ways to complete the coordinate pattern of our government. And we thank God for the hope and fearlessness that prevails.

We should feel patriotism for our land—a continent for our people, of every race—and for our flag, a symbol of what mankind may aspire to when the war is over and the barriers are down. To these we should consecrate ourselves, to defend with life itself, if need be.

K. TROUNCE.

## Guide of Life

If you cannot make light of your troubles keep them in the dark . . .

A sharp tongue and a dull mind are usually found in the same head . . .

Defeat isn't bitter, if you don't swallow it . . .

Most people can see both points of view—the one that's wrong and their own . . .

Never miss an opportunity to make others happy—even if you have to let them alone to do it . . .

## Hawaiian Diary

(Continued from page 1)

The latter were anything but delectable; however, Chinese etiquette requires that one taste everything that's offered.

When we arrived, Mr. Chang and his three daughters (ages 16 to 20) were busily engaged making chop suey, so we were invited to the kitchen

to view the process. There on the table was an array of bowls containing chopped green onions, finely minced bamboo roots, seven varieties of vegetables, shrimps, pork, and chicken-ingredients for the chop suey. When it was cooked two hours later, the Changs sent us over a large platter of it beautifully garnished with parsley and carrots.

June 3rd:

Sister's pupil, Kwai Hoy Lee, died and she and another Sister went to call on his parents today. Miss Tong, one of our lay teachers, went with them to act as interpreter; they took flowers; she took oranges, a Chinese custom. Oranges are symbolical of health, happiness, and good luck. The pagan rites at the undertakers were unique to hear about, but of course our Sisters did not go. Much wailing and much rice were prominent factors in their strange obsequies at which a Chinese priest officiated. Some paper money in the coffin was removed and burned by the youngest boy of the family. According to their custom the poor old mother was not permitted to accompany the body to the grave. However, the third day after the burial the family will again go to the cemetery, and on this day the mother will be permitted to go. The Sisters learned that this poor boy had asked for Baptism, but his pagan parents did not know what to do for him.

Arranged by

JANE AMECHE '44.

(To be continued)

## The Wounded Don't Cry

(Continued from page 1)

down, Bevin and the people will keep fighting.

Another man of action in London is General Charles de Gaulle, the man who didn't quit. His words are "bits of rounded hail dropping on a tin roof when he talks of the betrayal of his country." He gives the reasons for the condition of France, predicts her resurgence into a new, free greatness. In contrast to the English and French, the Irish don't believe it. At one point in the early days of the bombing of England, Reynolds was sent to Ireland where a German invasion was momentarily expected—by everyone but the Irish. Germany has planes—thousands. Ireland has almost a hundred, but according to the Irish way of thinking the odds are still on their side.

The descriptions, the feeling and great understanding of the author for the peoples of war make this book indispensable to anyone who wishes to hear the people's side of war, when not even the wounded cry.

ROSEMARY HARRIS '43.

## Garrulous Shepherd

"Light the fire, comrades. It is cold upon the hill tonight,  
 And I miss the sheep-lined cape once on my shoulders.

All day my heart has pondered last night's fright.

Holla! Benjamin. Come join us at the fire.

We must watch our grazing flocks until the light,

And they are restless since the star has filled the sky.

What thought you, friends, of last night's apparition?

As for myself, I know not what to think.

Perhaps my eyes grow old with nightly watching—

But, David, you are young and you, too, saw the vision.

It must indeed be God that lies so near in Ezra's cave

To send those marvelous heralds on his mission.

Such singing I have never heard, nor seen

Such blinding light in all my vintaged age.

Why were we honored—we poor shepherds of the green?

We followed the beckoning figures, the youngest of the flock

Upon my arm, to the cave door, and by this staff on which I lean,

I swear the dismal place was lighted from within

By that great star that we have wondered at for months.

There, on a manger, lay a new born Babe encircled by His kin.

'This is the Son of God, kneel and adore,' the angels sang.

The lamb I carried, pure as water, free as He from sin,

Went scurrying on wobbly legs to where the Babe smiled.

My sheep-lined cape I left upon the floor, in case the Babe was cold.

I wonder at the mother's crying out, she who was so mild,

When David's staff and mine were intertwined, they cast a shadow

In a cross-like pattern on the lamb, and Child."

TERRY MILLIGAN '41.

## Horace

(Continued from page 1)

mind. And in our own modern times, it is Horace who has laid down the rules for unity, coherence, and emphasis about which we hear so much.

Menindez y Pelayo has defined the Horatian lyric as being characterized by "Sobriety of thought, rhythmic lightness, the absence of artificial adornment, unlimited care in execution and brevity." And is that not the ideal of lyric writers of today.

MARY SHANNON '43.



### Bird In Hand

Pammy laughed. "Now, mom," she said, "it isn't so bad as all that."

"But the biscuits!"

Mom collapsed into the nearest chair, staring wistfully at the large pan of blackened biscuits.

"They're ruined," she wailed. "And the dinner's ruined and Big John's birthday is ruined, and . . . Oh dear!"

"He'll never know the difference," Pammy said. "We'll open the window and let out the odor and have plain white bread instead."

"No," said Mom. "That chicken's there by the window. It won't do to open that." She eyed the plump chicken with approval.

"We'll open the door then," said Pammy. She flung it wide.

Mom nodded. She thought a moment, sighed, shrugged resignedly. "I reckon," she said, "white bread will have to do."

Having thus dispelled her gloom, she heaved her decidedly ample self out of the chair. And just then came the expected, long-awaited knock on the front door.

"Let him in," Mom whispered, frantically. "I'll light the candles."

Big John came in beaming. He was an old, old man, tall and straight, owner of the corner grocery store, a sort of father confessor to the whole neighborhood.

"Well!" he said. He had a great booming voice. "So you want to remind me how old I'm getting to be, eh!" He chuckled.

Mom from the doorway said, "Happy Birthday."

Mockingly, Big John bowed.

Mom said, "Well come on back here and see what we have."

She could not, simply could not, withhold the splendor of that chicken another moment.

Pammy was delayed a moment. When she entered, she found both Mom and Big John in abject silence at the table. The back door was still open. Pammy darted toward that and stopped. What in the world was the matter? Then slowly the truth dawned: The chicken was gone. Vanished. Disappeared.

She thought: But it was here only a few minutes ago.

Finally Mom gasped, "Somebody stole it." And promptly she subsided into an amazed panting.

Big John took in the situation at once. Turning to Pammy, he said, "Where did you have it?"

Pammy indicated the table.

It was not a large room, and it was obvious that someone had stepped in at the back door, grabbed, and stepped out.

"Well, Pammy Johnson," he said,

"at least close the door."

Pammy rather automatically darted forward again. But she didn't close that door. She didn't have a chance to; it closed itself. Not exactly that of course; yet when it swung forward and slammed, Pammy could not conceive of anything else. She blinked. Then she saw a boy.

He was crouching in the corner, had been hidden there by the door, a small urchin of a boy. The whites of his eyes showed; he was terribly frightened. And no wonder. In his arms he clutched the chicken.

There was silence. Even Big John Hamilton stood there and said nothing. Mom made faint little noises, but only to relieve her own feelings. As for Pammy, she had a sickish sensation somewhere suspiciously near her heart.

The boy said, in a small, small voice, "I guess—I guess you better call the police."

"And why the police?" Big John's tone was an explosion.

The boy's eyes dropped. "They generally call the police when—when they find a body stealing."

Pammy spoke up then. "Are you sure you were stealing?"

"Taking is stealing, isn't it?"

"That depends," Pammy said.

She thought: Whatever is the matter with me? It's plain that he was deliberately trying to take that chicken. She thought: He looks so poor, so small.

"Why were you taking it?"

"Well"—his eyes met hers at last, and the words tumbled out in a rush—"I was coming along through the alley, and the door was open, and I saw the—the chicken." He stopped. He said, "It isn't for me. Honest. I don't mind having bread and scraps—but girls are different; girls cry." He himself sniffed. "They was crying when I left, and Aunt Sue's sick, and—Well you better call the police."

"But—" Pammy found herself suddenly up against a stone wall of emotion. She turned beseechingly toward Big John.

He had recovered somewhat from his astonishment. Gruffly he said, "Step out into the light, boy—so we can sort of make you out."

The boy inched forward.

"Well!" Big John could not conceal his new astonishment. "It's Martha Browning's boy."

He looked across at Mom. "You remember Martha Browning, who died last year. Her sister's been taking care of the children. Three of them, aren't there, boy?"

"Yes, sir."

Big John nodded to himself.

"Well now we have to do something about this," he said, briskly. "Don't

look so scared, boy. It isn't going to be anything bad."

"You mean—" The boy hardly dared put the hope into words. "You mean you aren't going to call the police?"

"I should say not," cried Mom.

"I mean," said Big John, "that I was just going to suggest that you come and work for me, after school like, and maybe Saturday mornings."

"Work?" The boy's face lit up; his eyes shone in the candlelight. "Work for you?"

"Well I've been thinking that Carter needs help with orders and customers and things like that. The trade is getting pretty heavy," Big John said. "I could give you three dollars a week sure."

Still the little fellow's eyes shone. "Three dollars, Sir, I can never—I can never thank you." Of a sudden then he remembered the chicken in his arms. "Here" he said. "It isn't hurt much."

"No," Pammy said, stepping quickly between them. "No; you keep the chicken."

She thought: He must. I can't stand his eyes being hungry.

She said, "Go on home and eat it. And tell your sisters and your aunt that Big John Hamilton sent it as a birthday present."

She looked at Big John for confirmation.

"Big John Hamilton can have chicken any day," he said, his old eyes twinkling at Pammy. "He sells them. There are," he said very pointedly to Mom, "Beans?"

"Course there are," said Mom. "And a cherry pie."

"Get, boy! I want to eat some cherry pie," said Big John.

The boy, with the happiest face Pammy had ever seen, tucked the chicken safely under his arm, hitched up his trousers, and, grinning cheerfully, departed with a last bang of the door.

And somehow the three left behind in the kitchen were happy too.

LILLIAN BREAU '44.

### Beach Comber

The droaning voice  
Of busy waves  
Which tattle on the seas.

The silent sweep of  
Soaring gulls  
That drift back with the breeze,

The warm, brown sand  
That cradles those  
Born children of the sun,

Is song, is grace,  
Is love of wife  
To me, who would have none.

MARY HELEN EMERSON '43.



## Spring Fancy

A fringe of rain flung against the hills  
 Falls to silken swirls in the hallow  
 Here by the pasture gate, as twilight spills  
 Over the valley's curve, I turn and follow  
 Our water-ravelled roadway through the wood  
 Remembering how past the fern-stitched pond  
 Your light haloed the open doorway's hood.  
 Each night I walk more slowly for beyond  
 The door is empty; now no high held lamp  
 Scoops out the darkness underneath the eaves.  
 Only the grey veil of the rising damp  
 Floats from the pool under the dripping leaves  
 To hide the meadow where new and tender grass  
 Blots out the worn way you used to pass.

TERRY MILLIGAN '41.

## Morning Glory

They say that you close your violet eyes  
 Against the prying of King Sun's spies  
 Because you are timid, yet I would surmise  
 That it's only because of the hours you keep  
 And the stories you gather when shadows are deep  
 That when the sun rises you have to sleep.

TERRY MILLIGAN '41.

## Miner's Wife

You have not seen the sun for twenty years.  
 Before each dawn you tramp into a land  
 of canyon dusk and pan there from the sand—  
 grey mealy sand of river-beds—the tears  
 of fine gold dust. Your fingers haunt the crags  
 for gold. At night, your clothes are steeped in rank  
 and earthen odors from the canyon dank.  
 With Midean touch you fill your buckskin bags.  
 You never wonder how I spend my hours.  
 I walk to fields of amber shafted corn  
 or watch the golden haloed sun-flowers sway.  
 I cry beneath eternal sun-strung bowers  
 that you have spurned my gold; and yet, each morn

## POEMS ACCEPTED

by "FIRST THE BLADE" for 1941  
 offered by Students of Mount  
 Saint Mary's College

## Virgin Mary

Years ago, they carved you,  
 forgetting you had Jewish eyes  
 and hair of shadow black.  
 They gave you yellow harvest braids  
 and eyes to match their rivers.  
 They made you a queen and then forgot.  
 I see you hiding now  
 among the wheat-sheafed land—  
 as if you were a German sister  
 working in the rows.  
 You watch the wind trench down the wheat,  
 the wind like soldiers shivering  
 through the grass,  
 the wind that whirrs  
 like secrets of a creeping army.  
 You watch and think of war.  
 Where is the garden that they gave,  
 the walls, high, brushed clean  
 by wind-moved trees,  
 walls rebuilt, not up, but down  
 where men grow damp to crawl  
 and know what Sigfried means?  
 Where is the garden  
 covered now by land,  
 wheat-smothered and unflowered?  
 Where is the garden now  
 where yellow jasmine climbed  
 the garden wall to watch the children march  
 unafraid and straight  
 as wheat unruffled by winds,  
 and crown your yellow hair,  
 like theirs,  
 and lisp you queen.

MARGO O'CONNELL '41.

## Summer Out Of Season

The long unbroken ribbons of the wind,  
 Woven between the petaled, leafy bough,  
 Shake fragrant whiteness where the meadows bend  
 Thick with blushing clover and the plough  
 Of a new moon is sharp against the sky.  
 This is the season—oh how well I know—  
 When the quick heart goes singing,  
 free and high  
 As blackbirds winging down a corn furrow  
 Yet I go slowly, thinking how the frost  
 Must end the summer's passion and delight,  
 How in some distant field the love I lost  
 you pan some from my hair and leave it gray.

MARGARET O'CONNELL '41.

Will lie beneath the snow's unscented white  
 And the sweet boughs, the heady clover bloom  
 Are musty weavings from a broken loom.

FRANCES PIERCE '42.

## The Villain's Villanelle

A villain I am—and a villain I'll be.  
 For although I know it's not come il faut  
 I'll pillage the land and I'll plunder the sea.

The hardest pirate will quail before me  
 As I sail from Trafalgar to where the Trades blow,  
 For a villain I am and a villain I'll be.

Before my stiff blade even heroes shall flee  
 And the fame of my exploits will flourish and grow  
 When I pillage the land and I plunder the sea.

Maiden and matron I'll bounce on my knee,  
 Be their eyes like the sloe or as blue indigo,  
 For a villain I am and a villain I'll be.

I'll compass my day with a duel and spree.  
 I will frighten each foe pale as white mistletoe  
 When I pillage the land and I plunder the sea.

As long as producers can beckon to me  
 With a lusty, bloodthirsty scenario,  
 Ho!  
 A villain I am and a villain I'll be.  
 I'll pillage the land and I'll plunder the sea.

FRANCES PIERCE '42.

## Comparisons

Yews clipped and trimmed, with shaven polls;  
 New growth plucked out of oak tree boles;  
 Lawns that preserve their barbered faces;  
 Such represent our neighbors' places.

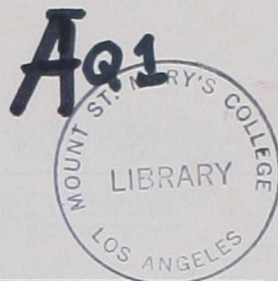
But here, in free mysterious ways,  
 The yews design their own dark maze;  
 Green shoots and leaves hose oaken shanks;  
 The lawn is host to weedy ranks;  
 No gardener rakes up scattered petals,  
 The rose leaf lies where it first settles.

I like this best. I like to see  
 The easy ways of bush and tree,  
 And how your brown, delightful mop  
 Is somewhat like our tousled crop.  
 And bent above a flowering bed  
 Your tousled, brown, delightful head.

FRANCES PIERCE '42.



# INTER-NOS



Vol. VIII, No. 1.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, JANUARY, 1942.

## HAPPY NEW YEAR

### Round Flags Of Courage

The drizzle should have stopped for a few minutes on New Year's Day. Chris yanked the collar of his trench coat around his ears.

"That's the trouble with these sea-coast towns," he grumbled to David. "The only time the fog lets up is when it rains."

They walked along in the afternoon gloom, past sodden looking shops, on toward Cumnock Station.

"Filthy business," David finally burst out. "The first day of the great new year of peace, 1940, and what have all our peace negotiations gotten us? Evacuation—"

"Exile—for these small-town people," Chris corrected him.

Hot cynicism swelled to their lips. "Oh, what difference does it make? What we think can't change things now. Cigarette?"

They stopped just outside the station, stood there letting their cigarettes smoulder.

"Even these taste like dirty rags these days," David flicked his across the sidewalk to the gutter. "Look over there," he nodded. "Isn't that a picture of our times for you?"

Chris turned to look over his shoulder at the three human beings on the curb. A wispy woman with quick eyes was managing two scantily clothed children along with some pasteboard luggage and a long-nosed, cane handled umbrella. She had stopped to rearrange her burdens and had set a brightly striped suitcase flat along the ground.

"Sit there a minute, Ross," they heard her tell her older child, a toddler of not more than two. "Your sister gets so heavy I just have to rest."

The boy plopped down and wriggled his chubby legs until he sat far back on his seat. His wide solemn eyes watched his mother shift the infant's position. He made no effort to talk to her. Strapped across his face was a cheap model gas mask, exposing only his ears and patches of yellow baby fuzz. The ising-glass slot for him to see through fell to the bridge of his nose.

"Would you like to hold these for me?" The woman set her mask case beside him and hung the strap over

(Continued on page 3)

### Second Carol

You need to sing again, angelic hosts,  
glad tidings from eternal hills. For  
men

misplace what most they cherish.  
Hurled again

toward sin and death, they retrospect  
and boast

of what their hands have clayed—a  
tomb whose ghosts

in spiral flights confused have forgot-  
ten

what you with winds words caroled  
when

the Child lay in the golden straw. Ac-  
cost

our hearts with songs—hosannas—  
whispering

the awe of God's becoming man for  
love

of things He made. Enkindle stars for  
king,

for me to follow. If we ask a dove,  
the peace you promised, then lament  
that still

a patient God awaits men of good will.

WANDA CORLETT '42

### Greetings For 1942

To our students and their parents, the President and Faculty extend cordial greetings for the New Year, with the prayer that God's special blessing and protection may rest upon them through the coming days.

The year nineteen hundred and forty-two raises its curtain on a scene of darkness and uncertainty—a scene in which none of us dreamed that we should be the actors, or that our dear America would hold the center of the stage.

As in the Providence of God, He has seen fit to permit war to burst unexpectedly upon us, we must trust fully and courageously in His Fatherly care, asking His protection and His grace in facing the new responsibilities that, as a nation, now are ours; asking that God's love may inflame our hearts with Christian charity, and preserve them from the spirit of hatred and vengeance that so often are the dire accompaniments of war.

Let us bend all our efforts toward loyal aid to our country, to guard and defend her as far as in us lies.

With the resumption of classes, we  
(Continued on page 3)

### Greek Tragedy: Its Development And Importance

Greek tragedy, like all other forms of Greek literature, had a natural development arising from the customs of the people. One of the most important celebrations of the year was the festival in honor of the wine god, Dionysus, and the most outstanding feature of this celebration was the dithyrambic chorus, which chanted hymns to Dionysus. With this chorus, a far cry from the great pageants of Aeschylus and perfect artistic works of Sophocles, we have the beginnings of tragedy. At first the chorus were dressed as ordinary men, but in a few years the novel idea of dressing them in character was introduced. There was an old legend that Dionysus wandered about the countryside reveling, accompanied by a band of satyrs, half man and half goat. For this reason the chorus were dressed as goats, and their songs became known as a tragedy or goat song, from the two Greek words *tragos*, goat and *ode*, song.

Tragedy, or rather the forerunner of tragedy, remained in a static condition until about the middle of the sixth century B. C. At that time the poet, Thespis, initiated the practice of having one member of the chorus step out from the others, and address them with several songs.

The greatest innovation, and the one which really laid the foundation of tragedy as we know it, came with Aeschylus. By introducing a second character, and placing the chorus in a subordinate position, Aeschylus earned for himself the title of the father of tragedy. The zenith of tragic development, however, was not reached until about 468 B. C., when Sophocles introduced a third character, placing the chorus in an even greater position of subordination.

The tragedies were presented twice a year in Athens, at the Lenaeon festival in January and at the City Dionysia in March. Both of these celebrations were the occasions of great excitement, for at them would be chosen the greatest tragedy and the best actor. Since the celebrations were in praise of the wine god, all of the expenses of the tragic performances

(Continued on page 3)



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## The Keys Of The Kingdom

When the New York Herald Tribune prophesied that Dr. Cronin's *Keys of the Kingdom* would be more widely discussed than *The Citadel*, it displayed remarkable foresight. This novel, whose sales' record already reaches 338,110, has provoked numerous and diversified expressions of opinion. It appears that some readers have found in it an absorbingly good story while others have focused attention on its deficiencies as literature.

*The Keys of the Kingdom* is the story of Father Francis Chisholm, a Scotch priest of the Catholic Church. It presents the details of his whole life—his poverty-stricken childhood, his seminarian days in Spain, the difficulties of his first curacy, his self-exile as a missionary in China, where the bulk of the book is laid. In China, he encounters many rough places, and when finally he returns to his native land, in the eyes of the world he has achieved little by his labors.

Most of the storm over this book, has arisen in Catholic circles. Such descriptions as vile, mendacious, and blasphemous have been applied to it. One reviewer stated that it appears that Dr. Cronin would set himself up as a master of spiritual life. Nevertheless, much praise has been given by Catholics. *Sign* and *America* have both pointed to the sincerity and merit of the novel. By inquiring from those who have read it, I have found that the majority of readers, Catholic and non-Catholic, enjoyed the story and were impressed by the noble character of Father Francis. Concerning this controversy, Dr. Cronin stated—"These unfortunate notices which have appeared from certain quarters of Catholic thought have hurt me deeply. The whole purpose of the book is to preach tolerance, humility, generosity, and liberality of spirit as against the material values which are poisoning the world today."

HELEN BRYAN '43

## To A Rose

Shy beauty  
 Your radiance is cupped  
 To bloom upon the sight of man

## Faraday And The King's Wife

(A Fable)

Once upon a time there was a sea shell. It was not a singing sea shell. That is why the king used to wear it for a button at the top of his purple robe.

Now this shell did sing once. For—  
 In the Kingdom of Sand there once lived a grey flea. This flea was a very independent flea. He was independent because he did not want to be like other animals. So he lived all alone and nudged the crystal grains of sand or shouted back at the sea for company.

One hot day, when even the sun was playing in the ocean for comfort, Faraday, that's the flea, sat on the beach holding a silver wing to his eyes. He was saying to himself—

"If this weather keeps up I will surely have to take a swim."

Now everyone knows that fleas don't like the water. And independent fleas never do what they don't like to do. So Faraday kept sitting.

But it all really happened when he leaned back into the shade of a sea shell. For then it was he heard a strange sound. It was like both a windy voice, sighing through the pilings of the pier, and the wet squeaking of an excited gull's feathers. It was cool. It said—

"Come to the calling of the side-slipped tide.

Follow the foam's ebb for a guide,  
 Down to the meadows of the water-logged sky

Where no one lives but the green and I."

When Faraday heard this he looked up, for he knew that the shell was singing. Then two grey tears filled his eyes and he said.

"What a beautiful song—if I could sing like that, I would never be hot again!"

And the shell said—

"I will teach it to you  
 If you will arrange  
 For your independence  
 As a fair exchange."

When Faraday had learned to sing the song he had to sing it every time he flea-hopped, which was all of the time. He had forfeited his independence.

But the sea shell was silent because it didn't want to do anything but sit in the sun.

Now the story of how the king came to like the silent-shell is even longer because he married The Princess Who Thought She Could Sing.

MARY HELEN EMERSON '43

## Half A Cloak

Mrs. Allen was late. She entered the booth with her head proudly modeling a New York coiffure of off-the-face rolls, but in her throat was that choking feeling which the other Catholic League ladies always gave her. Their eyes were on her coat, envying, appraising; their greetings, deliberately casual. She sat on the empty stool, drawing the imported tweed over her knees, lifting her shoulders till the high, fox collar tickled her neck, still warm from the dryer. In a quick side-glance she saw Mrs. Van Horn's raised eyebrow and old Miss Fitzpatrick's down-curved smirk. Cats! They were too small to say anything nice about the coat. They never mentioned her expensive things, but they complimented each other easily and happily about some three dollar hat bought at Molly Smith's.

Raising her voice a little, she asked, "Mrs. Van Horn, where should I put my coat?"

Mrs. Van Horn's nose pointed front, but she answered with an air of indifference, "In the back with the others."

Her eyes stinging with angry tears, Mrs. Allen found a place on the old bench over which Miss Fitzpatrick's stained, brown polo coat had been thrown. Then she caught a glimpse of the rear of the next booth and a rack with hangers. On an empty one of these she hung her own prize. Seated again on her stool she made efforts to sell the canned goods which members of Saint Anne's parish had donated for the Christmas Festival. Around the rest of the hall were situated the stalls of business men and clubs who as a matter of policy participated in this annual affair for the city's poor. Numbers, who from their expression and the appearance of their shabby clothes, had a shortage of spending money, moved slowly about examining possible gifts.

After an hour her back was aching and her feet cold. Mrs. Allen rose to get her coat. What did it matter if they thought she was showing off? What did it matter if she was? She leaned over to take it from the hanger—the rack was empty. With a little, indrawn breath she examined the whole booth—plenty of clothes but not the coat. Her smothered scream caught the attention of the two ladies in front, of the large Italian woman eloquently pointing out a green dress of several seasons ago.

"My coat, what did you do with it?"  
 Puzzled, the woman looked back at her.

"You want to buy an old coat?"  
 "What do you mean—an old coat?"  
 My coat! I hung it here. A tweed  
 (Continued on page 3)



## Round Flags Of Courage

(Continued from page 1)

his shoulder. He hugged the folded umbrella in his bare, firm arms.

David hissed a vehement whisper through tight lips. "That's what I mean! What do little chaps like that get out of peace negotiations? He might as well be a—a—number. Yes, just a part of that 'Lot 1206' stamped across the snout of his gas mask."

"No baby ought to have such old eyes," Chris agreed.

"And he's only part of it. Women are cheated of as much as he is. I wonder where his mother is going with those two babies."

Chris made a gesture of disgust, then started as he glanced again toward the little boy. Both men crimsoned, neither daring to look back at the other. The child's stare had been caught by their motions. There he sat, unblinking as a statue; his fingers still curled around the umbrella, but his round thumbs stretched rigid in the salute of courage—Thumbs Up!

WANDA CORLETT '42

## A Child

To Bethlehem, King David's town,  
The census drew his kin;  
So Joseph guided there his wife,  
Whose womb a child lay in.

Their coming found the hostels full,  
The homes of friends denied.  
At nightfall Joseph sought a cave  
Dug in the rough hill-side.

And through the darkness one star  
shone  
Upon the Child she bore;  
It guided shepherds there, to kneel  
Before the earthen door.

The Infant lay enswathed in light,  
And peace breathed from His eyes.  
That God had come to earth in Him,  
No one who saw denies.

But this took place long in the past,  
And now each Christmastide  
Men pause to share a love that would  
Invite the Child inside.

WANDA CORLETT '42

## The Night Before Christmas

Skinning elbows and bruising backs,  
We go Christmas shopping.  
Ransacking drawers, disrupting racks  
Skinning elbows and bruising backs,  
Clutching boxes and bursting sacks,  
From curb to curb we're hopping.  
Skinning elbows and bruising backs,  
We go Christmas shopping.

LUCILLE ROBINSON '45

## Half A Cloak

(Continued from page 2)

with a fur collar. What did you do with it?"

"Oh, that one. I sell it to Maria Calomeni for her mother."

"You sold— Oh, where does she live? Come with me right now."

Out the door with the large Italian woman clutching her wrist, already beginning to puff, past the giggles of the League members, starting a cold motor, over bumpy roads to a brown, wooden house apparently ready to tumble down a cliff, releasing the clutch too quickly, killing the engine.

When Maria Calomeni appeared, Mrs. Allen was writhing under a sense of her awkward position and her loss of dignity. She waited while her companion explained in breathy Italian. A long, low sigh rose and blew softly through the girl's lips.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't really expect to get anything for a dollar. But sometimes at the Christmas Festival—"

She went to the closet where to Mrs. Allen's eyes the fur seemed impatiently waiting. When it was on her shoulders again, she turned to leave, to forget the bleak room, the unshaded bulb hanging from the ceiling. Then she caught the look in Maria's brown eyes—generations of peasants, barefooted, coatless, watching a file of lords, mounted, resplendent, marching by.

Her throat tightened; what was that in the gospels about sharing your cloak? This girl didn't seem to have anything. She turned again, back to face the room, the cheerless poverty.

"I have a coat for your mother, something warmer, stronger than this."

There was that coat which she had bought last winter, still fashionable, but then—

"Oh, signora, I am so grateful."

Maria broke into a flood of musical vowel sounds and coughing consonants.

Mrs. Allen smiled, a trifle self-consciously, but her heart was filled with a warm feeling. She held her head a little higher, like a gracious lady—"noblesse oblige."

ROSEMARY HARRIS '43

## A Babe

Sweet Babe in a manger  
Most dear to my heart,  
Oh! dear little Stranger,  
Sweet Babe in a manger,  
Protect me from danger  
And fond hopes impart.  
Sweet Babe in a manger  
Most dear to my heart.

MARJORIE KENCK '45

## Greek Tragedy: Its Development And Importance

(Continued from page 1)

were originally defrayed by the state, but later some of the burden was placed on wealthy citizens, called choregi, because they defrayed the expenses of the chorus. From the time of Pericles all were admitted to these celebrations without charge.

The place of the dramatic presentations was a natural choice. The audience sat on the slope of a hill, while the flat space at the bottom was the stage, or orchestra, in the form of a semi-circle. Since the same characters took several roles, it was necessary for them to change costumes. This was done in tents placed behind the orchestra for dressing rooms. Thus we have the word scene coming from the Greek word, skene, tent. Gradually scenery was introduced as a background, and the dressing rooms were conveniently located behind this. Thus the Greek theatre consisted of four parts: the orchestra, or stage, the scenery at the back of the orchestra, and the dressing rooms behind the scenery, while the hillside seating the audience acted as an auditorium.

Greek tragedy not only laid the foundation upon which all subsequent tragedy has been built, but under the three great masters—Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides—it achieved a perfection that has proved to be unsurpassable. For two thousand years no peer loomed on the horizon, and it is only with our own Shakespeare and the later Ibsen that the tragic muse is again heard.

LOIS HINES '42

## Silhouette

Comforting silhouette—  
Great over-stuffed chair  
White smoke rings lost in the jet.  
Comforting silhouette—  
Framed in fire-light glare;  
Safeness is in the air,  
Comforting silhouette  
Telling me Dad is there!

HELEN FITZPATRICK '45

## Greetings For 1942

(Continued from page 1)

are planning for daily instruction in first aid, Red Cross work, air warden-ship, and, possibly, the formation of a unit in an ambulance corps. But especially, our defense plans must center about the spirit of united daily earnest prayer, that Mary Immaculate, patroness of the United States, may move the Heart of her Divine Son to bless our land and bring us a speedy and lasting peace.

SISTER M. DOLOROSA



## Those Thrilling Moments

"Is the mail out? It is 9:30."  
 "I don't know."  
 "Anne, have you seen the mail?"  
 "Nope. I have a class now, bye."  
 "If I don't have a letter, I'll—I'll—  
 scream. I wonder if Miss Brown has  
 a class now. Guess I'll go by her of-  
 fice."

"Ps—s—t. Mary is the mail in  
 there?"

"Yes, but it's all tied together in a  
 tight bundle."

"Can't we just peep?"

"No indeed! The teachers mail has  
 to be taken out."

"Norma, what letter are you wait-  
 ing for?"

"Oh—just a little Mexican boy's."

"It wasn't that last year, was it  
 Anne?"

"No, but I see you are still watch-  
 ing for the same handwriting."

"Oh shush! what about yourself?"

"That's different."

"Different, my eye! you still get  
 just as big a thrill now as you did  
 then."

"Oh! oh! oh! jumping stars, I have  
 a class now and it's Miss Brown's  
 French. I'm in trouble again."

"If she is teaching she won't be  
 sorting the mail now. Let's come back  
 at 10 o'clock. If I could lift the corner  
 of that bundle maybe I could see the  
 postmarks."

"If you want to get yourself in  
 trouble, try it."

"No use standing out here in the  
 hall. Let's sit in the lounge."

"Here comes Kathy. You could make  
 a map out of her postmarks."

"Wish I got a letter every day?"

"Wish you got a letter every day?  
 She gets two or three."

"All I can say is that when it comes  
 to answering them, she can have that  
 job."

"Here comes Miss Brown at the end  
 of the hall. Oh, some one stopped her."

"She let class out early. I bet she is  
 hoping for a letter."

"Now for the mail. There is a lot to  
 sort. Keep your fingers crossed."

"Girls!"

"That's us."

"Here is your mail. Sort it accord-  
 ing to floors."

"Thank you, Miss Brown."

"Here we go. First floor—first floor  
 —Elizabeth—hum, what floor is she  
 on?"

"Third."

"Here's another for third—second  
 —second—fourth . . . Interesting this  
 is postmarked Santa Clara . . . hum!  
 Hum! Notre Dame."

"Really and truly."

"As if she did not know."

"Anne here you are. Looks rather

familiar. . . . Oh Norma, where are  
 you? Mexico City answered."

"Can I have the stamp for my col-  
 lection?"

"Sorry, but I promised someone  
 else."

"That was fast. Here is the end of  
 the pile. Guess the professors must  
 have received all the mail."

"Let's try something new and put  
 a sign on Miss Brown's office, the mail  
 is out."

MARY ELIZABETH PANSINI '43

## The Mail Arrives At The Mount

Whenever I think about mail, my  
 conscience shoots arrows at me. That  
 stack of unanswered epistles in my  
 desk drawer is a headache. Why, then,  
 do I join in with the hungry throng  
 that hounds the President's office  
 every morning about ten-thirty? All  
 of us anticipate, yet none actually dare  
 to expect that bit of postmarked sun-  
 shine, and the disappointment would  
 be too much to bear. And so, daily at  
 ten-thirty, a group of young ladies  
 suddenly and surprisingly transform  
 into a pack of wolves, licking their  
 chops for those juicy tidbits which  
 might be theirs. Helter-skelter! A  
 touchdown for the one who gets her  
 nose within sniffing distance of the  
 envelopes with postmarks from all  
 parts of the country (somehow favor-  
 ing men's universities). Occasionally,  
 I manage to curve my lengthy beak  
 over some short individual's head and  
 inquire whether I have been favored,  
 or numbered among the orphans.

Of course, before all this disturb-  
 ance arises, the mail must go through  
 the process of separation. The Sisters'  
 correspondence is placed in one pile  
 and the students' in another. Then the  
 latter's is divided according to floors,  
 that is, providing there is any mail  
 left at this point. As a rule, the object  
 of my discussion does not remain in  
 the office quite long enough to go  
 through the last process.

I repeat—why have I let myself be-  
 come one of those "mail hounds?"

KAY CORFIELD '45

## Pickaninny's Prayer

"Yes, AH's black, don't stare at me!"  
 I heard the pickaninny's plea,  
 I saw two big black saddened eyes,  
 Look up to God through opaque skies,  
 Two tiny arms stretched forth in  
 prayer,

She seemed to find the comfort there.  
 "Oh God," she prayed, "I'se black ah  
 knows,

But can't you make these white folks  
 see,

You sent Your Son for them and me!"

MARY PAT HANSEN '44

## Triolet

My eyes were slowly closing  
 But Oh! my triolet.  
 I felt my pencil slipping  
 My eyes were slowly closing  
 And soon I was dreaming  
 Of a gay little Chansonette.  
 My eyes were slowly closing  
 But Oh! my triolet.

My eyes were slowly opening  
 And Oh! my triolet.  
 And where was my pencil wandering?  
 My eyes were slowly opening  
 And I had waked from dreaming  
 But where was my gay Chansonette  
 My eyes were slowly opening  
 And Oh! my triolet.

DOROTHY VANCE '45

## The Homing Pigeon

Oh, winged victor  
 in heaven's battlefield  
 Steadfast you keep the way  
 Soaring, Soaring  
 toward . . .  
 Home? . . . Death?

LUCILLE MCCULLAGH '43

## The Working Girl

A vacation—get away from it all—  
 heaven! Not to hear the steady click  
 click of the typewriter alone would be  
 paradise. But I have two weeks off—  
 fourteen days of nothing to do . . .  
 Shangri La! Utopia! I'll need some  
 clothes—resort togs. It will be fun  
 picking them out. I must get that red  
 slack suit in Macys'—five dollars. It  
 says here that one must have at least  
 three slack suits to get along at a re-  
 sort. Oh, Dear! "Mrs. Uppington is  
 spending two weeks at her twenty-  
 four room shack on Newport Bay . . .  
 Mrs. D. S. Barrington Jr., and two  
 dimpled darlings are going to rough  
 it for a month at their lodge at Arrow-  
 head." A vacation! But it takes  
 money . . . I have that . . . all my  
 lunches for the past year. I feel the  
 salty breezes; I see me a nymph on a  
 board; I create a sensation in that  
 orchid chiffon—two hundred and  
 seventy-five dollars. Oh, yes, I have the  
 time—money—but I've sent in this  
 notice to the society editor . . .

Miss Susy Rodgers, Stenographer at  
 Wilbur's Pill Factory, is spending her  
 vacation on the swanky Mrs. Brown's  
 Boardinghouse Roof. She expects to be  
 gone two weeks.

LUCILLE MCCULLAGH '43

## A Tear

Spunglass on pink cheeks  
 A glistening opal pool  
 But, ah! who knows  
 The pain behind this single jewel



# INTER-NOS



Vol. VIII, No. 2.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MAY, 1942.

## The Mass Of Brother Michel

The most precious gem among the treasures of Catholic liturgy is the Mass. Michael Kent, in *THE MASS OF BROTHER MICHEL*, portrays its beauty and power in an unusual, yet appreciative, manner. Through the yearning of Brother Michel, we feel our own devotion grow with the story. Anyone who reads this novel will be aware that the magnetism of Infinite Beauty is attracting his heart toward the Divine Sacrifice.

In this book we discover a story possessing the freshness, vivacity, and charm that is sorely absent from most literature of the day. The smoothness and ease of the author's workmanship, complement the flowing quality of the story. A descriptive thoroughness of detail is balanced by breadth of theme and extent of thought. Especially pleasing are the portraits of minor figures—Brother Joseph; Baptiste, the servant; and Marceline, the capricious donkey. Skillfully molded to enhance reading interest, this novel presents a noble, refreshing ideal to a public grown weary of stereotyped baseness.

The effects of Luther's Revolt on France, in the uprising of the Huguenots, provides historical background for the story of Michel de Guillemont. Michel, a handsome, promising youth, is badly maimed in a boar hunt held just prior to his wedding day. Because of his disabilities, a bad limp, the loss of one hand and two fingers of the other, his father disowns him and the affections of his promised bride are usurped by his brother Paul. Crushed and forsaken, he is given a haven in the monastery Notre Dame de Pres. There, his soul is awakened and he is spiritually stunned by the glory and significance of the Mass. It is then he realizes that his greatest sorrow will last for the duration of life. His disfigurement will always bar him from attaining his strongest desire—to officiate at the Mass. Accepting his cross, he becomes a lay brother, bound to the service of God. The story of Michel reaches its climax after he has made this decision, and to divulge more would be to divest the whole of its charm.

To Catholics, it will afford a chance to become better acquainted with the most sublime of rituals. To Non-Catholics, it will present valuable information concerning the fundamentals of Catholic liturgy.

## Sky From A Veil

When your bare feet scuffed dust in Nazareth,  
Were there no waxy, languid flowers sagging  
Green-hearted shrubs? No veined hibiscus flagging  
Your eye when you came from Elizabeth?  
The tales we hear of Palestine have none  
Of May's crisp, budding ground.  
They legend just  
The desert's loneliness, the city's dust,  
And how you gave the sin-soiled world your Son.  
Yet, Mary, you are spring-time. Yours is May.  
The blue-bells learned their tranquil, trailing motion  
From your eyes. And now in spring devotion  
They strain their day-spread faces to the sky.

WANDA CORLETT '42

Prize Poem Published in "First The Blade" 1942

## Pioneer Widow

So long, so long it seems since she felt lace  
around her throat, and ruffled on her wrist.  
The most familiar pattern she can trace  
is the plow handle or a rusted twist of iron from a broken wagon wheel.  
Yet sometimes, sloshing suds in the tin pail  
for supper dishes, she could almost feel  
the foamy mist that made her wedding veil.  
So much behind, but there's no time to think  
with children to be washed and put to bed,  
when weeds are lapping at the pasture's brink,  
and cattle must be watered and be fed.  
Almost a stranger now—that youthful girl  
proud of her gold ring set with a seed pearl.

FRANCES ITA PIERCE '42

Accepted for "First The Blade '42

## White Nostalgia

Gay leggings on  
A running child  
Chinchilla coat,  
And stockings listed.  
Cod-liver oil—  
One lost mitten;  
A stinging wind  
Nose frost-bitten.  
Glass icicles  
Black leafless trees,  
Long underwear,  
A sudden sneeze.  
Deformed snow-men  
With clinker eyes—  
Dad's old top hat;  
Tart apple pies.  
A spitting fire  
Wood to splinter,  
Marshmallow roast,  
This is Winter.

PATRICIA GARNETT '42

## Congratulations!

Congratulations from the Faculty and Students to our prize winners of the English department.

To Mary Panzini winner of a prize in the Phi Beta Kappa Essay Contest for her essay "Geramit": to Frances Pierce winner of two prizes out of the three offered by the college anthology "First the Blade" the prize for the best sonnet, "Spring Soliloquy," and for the best lyric or narrative poem "The Gypsy's Jacket."

Congratulations to Wanda Corlett who received Honorable Mention for her poem "Reluctance"; to Mary Emerson the same honor for her poem "On Waiting."

All the prize winners had other poems selected for publication, as did also Patricia Garnett, Lucile McCullagh and Lucille Robinson.

As the number of poems published was limited, it is a matter for encouragement to our young poets that fifteen of their contributions were included in this choice volume—a greater number than from any other of the eighteen colleges represented among its contributors.

SISTER M. DOLOROSA

## Offertory

Pure, young priestess,  
Mother, maid,  
Your hands the paten,  
Whereon was laid  
The Spotless One.

SISTER TERESA LOUISE, C. S. J.



## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor ..... Mary Sibilio  
 Compilers .... Rosemary Harris, Mary  
 Helen Emerson, Lucile McCullagh,  
 Wanda Corlett, Frances  
 Armstrong, Helen Bryan, Lucille  
 Robinson, Patricia Garnett, Kath-  
 leen Trounce.

## Editorial

June seventh is Commencement Day for the Class of '42. The Seniors are going forth that day into a war-tossed world. They will carry with them the culture and traditions of Mount Saint Mary's College. Fortified by this Christian heritage they may shed that aura in whatever career they enter. That Christian heritage which the Seniors have received in their four years of college life has within it the power of giving to each of them the true sense of loyalty to God and nation. As individuals, they represent the Christian woman whose ideals are being stressed and needed in every phase of life today. They practice those ideals of sportsmanship, fidelity, and cooperation that have equal force in the home, in the business world, and, especially, in the work of our national defense—that imperative occupation in our present-day curricula. They will carry those ideals with them across the threshold of life on Commencement Day for they will always hold dear in their hearts the gift which is Mount Saint Mary's College.

The Class of '42 will stand forth as guides at a time when the nation needs them—persons of responsibility to take in hand the problems that arise during and after a war! The inevitable dilemma that follows world-wide strife will face a strained humanity, and it will be women—women, who persevered in their studies in order to present to the aid of their fellows the pure fruit of their talents—who will help to upbuild our nation.

To the Seniors we offer congratulations for their scholastic achievement, but, particularly, for their admirable fulfillment of a great duty toward their nation by doing so. May our Lady who prays for our college and our land, bless them in their careers.

MARY SIBILIO '42

## Sea Foam

Frothy lace fluffs about  
 the soft, warm throat  
 of land,  
 And flutters back  
 to leave lace patterns  
 on the sand.

MARY SIBILIO '42

## Defense Begins At Home

The Reverend Mr. S. Higginbotham awoke with uneasy, little butterflies fluttering at the pit of his stomach. This was the morning after effect of one of his wife's ideas, always delivered in the fashion of an ultimatum the night before they were to be put into execution.

"National defense—we're goin' to give dinners for defense workers. The first batch is comin' tomorra night, so quit readin' that magazine, Paw, and come to bed. Yul have to get up and help me in the mornin. We'll clean the house and then you can peel apples for the pies."

Lamblike, Mr. Higginbotham went to bed. The futility of protest was plain from the tilt of his wife's glasses. They were sitting high on her nose in an "I mean business" attitude.

The sun streamed across his bed, into his eyes. Lucy Higginbotham had no sympathy for the lazy man's spirit that prefers to wake in a room with drawn shades, cautiously adjusting itself to another day's toil. Feeling old and driven, he lay listening to his wife's voice above the clatter of breakfast dishes strongly and tunelessly praising the Lord, and he rather pitied the Lord.

"Paw, come on now. I've been up a whole hour."

Breakfast consisted of lukewarm coffee and left-over toast. Lucy was already busy with dough for the pies, flour on her forehead and vagrant grey hairs scattering on either side of her nose as she snorted thoughtfully.

"What kind of defense workers? asked the Reverend.

"What kind d'ya suppose? From the airplane factory."

"How many?" he continued after another sip of the coffee.

"Paw, stop plaguing me. What difference does it make, anyway, so long's they's enough to keep us eatin', too?"

During a long moment Paw gathered the leaves of his courage.

"Lucy, Reverend Bridges is moving to Oklahoma and he won't have anyone to take his church. You remember when I preached over there a couple Sundays when he was sick. Well, his congregation liked me pretty well, and he told son-in-law Neville to tell me that if I wasn't retired for good I had a spot all set up for me. You wouldn't have to bother about giving dinners then. My salary would keep us goin'."

"Paw, you aren't thinkin' about moving over to Willobrook. Honest to goodness, what gets into you? Daughter and son-in-law'd be after us in a week. Sure as we left the baby'd get

(Continued on page 3)

## Landsman's Tale

Grandpa goes  
 down to the sea  
 in a rocking chair

Caribbean seaman  
 to the argent docks  
 with a stalking air

Cogent mariner  
 in the wake of waves  
 on a whaling lair;

Atlantean skipper  
 against a squally wind  
 like an impugning mare

But  
 Grandpa goes  
 down to the sea  
 in a rocking chair

LUCILE MCCULLAGH '43

## Wind-Winged

Spiniker wind  
 I board your plank  
 ever racing to the sea.  
 To feel the sting  
 of fresh salt air  
 and deck my bed  
 beneath the free-blown clouds

Stalwart of the deep!  
 Carry me to Kubla Khan;  
 To the land of Prester John  
 Stop awhile at happy valley  
 and come to port at Estalan.

Home again—I must, I must  
 But, my roving heart  
 is ever figment with the sea!

LUCILE MCCULLAGH '43

## The Passing

Our soldier came to me last night,  
 John, while I slept. I felt his warm  
 lips press a kiss on mine as he has  
 always done since baby days.

I did not see his face, but held him  
 close, and tried to call, that you might  
 share with me the visit of our son.  
 But he was gone, leaving a tear upon  
 my cheek, close to his kiss.

Here are your slippers, John, and  
 here your pipe. Rest near the fire.  
 You look so pale, so tired. What is it,  
 John? That yellow paper clutched  
 within your hand?

Brave, gentle heart, as ever, shield-  
 ing me, You need not speak. I know  
 our boy is dead. He's yours and mine  
 alike—will ever be. I tried to call you,  
 dear, but he was gone; He'd only time  
 to stay a little while, Just time to kiss  
 me on his way to Heaven.

S.M.D.



## Defense Begins At Home

(Continued from page 2)

whoopin' cough. I guess I know what I'm doing."

"Well, you haven't made any for about three years."

Turning with a disgusted snort, Lucy said acidly, "No, and I wudn't be making any now if you hadn't left a perfectly good congregation just because the treasurer wudn't give Christmas baskets to that family that never came to church. Get to work and peel those apples."

Little was said for several hours but bitter thoughts prevailed. Due to an unprecedented slip of the memory, Lucy forgot to turn up the refrigerator and the salad didn't jell. In haste Paw went to the market for lettuce and a jar of mayonnaise. The meat proved what Lucy had always said of meat in this country—tough as a gad and mostly gristle. The peas burned because Paw was reading the paper during the minute and a half that Lucy was out gathering the washing. Canned corn was quickly substituted, but Lucy hated corn. So did Paw, but he didn't mention it just then.

At six-thirty eight young men arrived to find Paw in his apron setting the table. Their quiet snickers didn't help his composure and his long grace sharpened their appetites so that the little dinner disappeared before the elderly couple had finished the first cup of coffee. To fill in time till dessert Lucy asked about families and home towns. Answers were laconic and to Lucy's mind suspicious. She began to feel that defense workers were not as lonely or deserving as they seemed. The pie was served in silence until the Reverend asked one of the men, "What church do you belong to?"

"None," was the reply, "I kind of think it's a waste of time."

In righteous anger Lucy removed the dessert plates, and did not offer more coffee or ask the men to visit a while in her friendly way.

It seemed to the Reverend that his daughter and her husband might welcome a period of rest, when they could recover that adult feeling which his wife's supervision dispelled. He knew from his own experience that her frown made one feel like an awkward ten-year-old trying a job much too big for him, but the young growth of his courage had been sadly frostbitten and he reached silently for the paring knife.

Half an hour later, Lucy's mood was as black as the coffee grounds being washed down the sink.

"Paw," she said, "this dough isn't

acting right. Flour in this country is just no good at all."

Paw looked up from the meager pile of apples which lay sliced and browning on a paper before him.

"Maybe you're thumping it too much."

"Don't talk nonsense. I've made pies ever since I was sixteen."

"We'll leave the dishes," she said to Paw when the unfilled guests had gone. Hurt and disappointed she went to bed, but Paw followed with a light heart.

The next morning the Reverend Mr. Higginbotham woke without offensive sunshine in his eyes. Lucy lay beside him, her faded blue eyes surveying earthquake cracks in the wall. Stretching and yawning softly he made her know he was now ready for suggestions.

"Time to get up, Paw. We've still got the dishes."

But she made no move and he lay quiet, gathering stray, little leaves of bravado.

"Lucy, how about my seeing Reverend Bridges about that church?"

"Might be a good idea, Paw."

His courage grew and bloomed, a plant of personal defense.

ROSEMARY HARRIS '43

## The Lolly Leopard

Once upon a time there was a leopard skin coat. Now this coat was the most beautiful coat in the whole country. It was beautiful because it was different. Its difference lay in the fact that it had all of the colors of earth and sky spread over it. These colors were only those of the twilight earth and sky, however. They were the tawny east and the warm orange of the west, clotted with soft brown like great pieces of newly turned earth after the sun has set.

This coat was so beautiful that it could belong to no one but the king's wife. But it had not always belonged to the king's wife. At one time—many twilights ago—it had belonged to a leopard.

Now when this leopard was very young he had only been the color of desert sand. All of his brothers and sisters were this way too and they all had green eyes. Leopold, that was the leopard, had remembered hearing his mother say once that his were the greenest eyes, being the color of the smooth moss that splayed the surface of a pool below their neighborhood.

It was by this pool that Leopold was sitting late one afternoon; sitting and watching little yellow fish stir the forested surface. He was looking at

the fish and seeing himself sometimes too. When, all of a sudden, over his shoulder, he saw himself twice—with even greener eyes.

"This is mine," he said to himself, "my eyes are growing darker." But they weren't. Because they weren't even his eyes and he knew it when he heard a shrill voice say—"Pooh! Is the Lolly Leopard lookin' at himself?" and the eyes that weren't his blinked hurriedly, and one even raised an eyebrow!

Leopold didn't like this voice, those eyes, or that eyebrow. Without even turning he said haughtily—

"I am looking because as soon as I see something nice enough—all I have to do is say so, and it will mirror itself in me for the rest of the world. And I shall not be like any other leopard."

Leopold turned to see what the taunting leopard would say, but he was gone—scurrying off to the hill to tell the folks that Leopold was pond-struck.

So, since there was little else to do until dinner time, Leopold leaned over the edge of the water again. There was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. The sky was floating on the pond. The clouds were bright orange, and the yellow fish played in them. Leopold breathed deeply, and said—

"Oh, I wish truly that everything I see here could be me." And he knew that he had really wished it when he began to feel warm all over, and he looked down at his paws. They were looking like a sunset, and so was all of him!

He was so frightened that he rolled over on the bank, and kicked his legs in the air. The soft stream-edge made smears on his coat, but he didn't notice this because when he was tired of kicking he stopped. When he stopped it was dark, and he jumped up, and ran over the hill to his mother's cave.

But his family in the cave wouldn't let him in because they heard he was pond-struck, and they were sure of it when they saw his colors.

Since he had no home it made it very easy for the hunter to see him, and his colors made it even easier than that. So when a hunter spied him sitting beside a little stream, and weeping morning-dew tears, he took him away, and made a coat out of him.

Now, how the king's wife got the coat is even a nicer story because, although she wished through many sunsets, she always spoke to the king about them the very first thing in the morning.

MARY EMERSON '43



## Jim

"Do not forget your flowers and gifts for Blessed Mother tomorrow," said Sister Monica as the second grade filed out of their classroom. Jim thought about this all the way home. Sister had said that the flowers would decorate Blessed Mother's altar, and the other gifts would be given to the poor. Jim's mother had been able to give him some canned fruit last year, but his father had died since then and Jim knew that now there was hardly enough to eat in the house.

"But I can't take Blessed Mother nothing!" and thought Jim, "I must get her something somewhere!"

Jim lived a long distance from the school, and he had to pass a row of stores. As he came up to them he saw some fresh fruit nicely arranged outside a store. There was no one around—maybe he could hide an orange or two in his pockets.

"But Blessed Mother wouldn't want stolen fruit!" he muttered. He ambled on towards his home. Jim never hurried much about anything; that accounted for the row of C's on his last report card! As he gave the tenth kick to the rock which he had adroitly kept in front of him, an idea came into his head. One more tremendous kick sent the rock over the railway bridge, and Jim turned into his house. He greeted his mother and told her that he was going into the yard. He sat down on the step and pulled his speller out of his pocket. Jim had always taken his speller home with him at night, but somehow or other it never got removed from his pocket until he wanted it in class the next day. But now it was different. He took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and scribbled the words on the concrete pavement. Over and over he repeated them. His mother called to him to have his evening meal. Jim's usual cheerful chatter was replaced by "r-a-b-b-i-t, rabbit, s-o-a-p, soap, n-i-c-e, nice, p-a-p-e-r, paper." Mother wondered at this, but she said nothing.

It was the same at breakfast the next morning. Over and over he said the words. When he had finished, he scampered down the road and across the lot. A few wild flowers grew there, and Jim picked them as he went passed. He arrived at school before the other children, and he ran to Our Lady's shrine. He put the flowers on the ground, and knelt as close as he could to the statue. He did not see Sister Monica, who was by the side of the grotto arranging the vases. She looked up to see who was there, and she smiled as she saw Jim, kneeling with his eyes fixed on Blessed Mother. But she guessed with how much love

Our Lady must have smiled at Jim as she heard "r-a-b-b-i-t, rabbit, s-o-a-p, soap, n-i-c-e, nice, p-a-p-e-r, paper."

SISTER M. BENEDICT, D. M. J.

## Soldier Prayed For

You died happily. I heard  
Through a red breasted bird  
Who chose to use  
The backdrop of an arch  
And intense sky  
Behind his bright, steep march.

A prayer, Spring-whispered, sent  
Him up; I know you went  
With prayers enough  
To make your singing soul  
Lie close to God's;  
Or I betray my role.

MARY HELEN EMERSON '43

## My Masterpiece

My Mother, I cannot limn your beauty  
as Murillo did  
Nor phrase in glowing words your  
charm, your grace, your spotless  
dignity,  
Nor cut in marble white your features  
—you who mothered God,  
Yet in my heart, framed in all loveliness  
You are a masterpiece, my Mother.

SISTER M. ELEANORE, C. S. J.

## Tanka

That white sail fluttering - - - the  
quiver of a handkerchief  
Waving goodbye to those who go to  
war across the sea.

KATHLEEN TROUNCE

Accepted by "First the Blade" 1942

## December Seventh

A peaceful calm of settled years  
encloses in its folds  
The flickering of swaying skirts  
and blue haze of sundown.

The people sing  
of joys already spent  
Of matchless nights  
and love  
beneath an ageless and triumphant moon

The harbor sleeps in simple quietude  
and traced against the sky  
The shadowing masts and rocking  
hulks  
and barracks still—still in fathom  
deep.

The soldiers dream  
of nights before  
of lazy days  
and walks

beneath an understanding and triumphant moon.

A yellow beam outlines the giant  
wings  
a roar proclaims the might  
that could be theirs. A strike  
Oh, God what anguish fills the air

The afflicted cry  
of deepened pain  
Of weakened bodies  
and hearts  
beneath a cruel and unrelenting  
moon.

They left a trail of bloody souls;  
brought back the wounds of time  
But freedom will again be ours  
to win, to keep and love

The people sing  
of sweet and sacred peace  
Of days to come  
and lives  
beneath an ageless and triumphant moon.

LUCILE MCCULLAGH '43

Accepted by "First the Blade" 1942

## Transition

Fall is dusk and burning leaves,  
Pumpkin pies and golden sheaves,  
Red-cheeked apples, frosted panes,  
A cheerful fire when daylight  
waned.

Winter-snowflakes, zero weather,  
Sleigh rides, times when families  
gather,

Christmas trees and *Auld Lang Syne*,  
And March 15th-income tax time.

Spring is lambkins, meadow-larks,  
Clear cool streams and blooming  
parks,

New spring hats and longer days,  
Easter shopping (Father pays)

Summer picnics, boats and trains,  
Fishing trips and sudden rains,

Post-card views, and school days call  
Just in time to welcome Fall.

LUCILLE ROBINSON '45

## Our Lady To A Modern Maid

Your red-shod feet that seek me here,  
Restless, fleet with need,  
Impulsive, wistful, speed  
You to my shrine, entreat my ear.

Your red-tipped fingers strain in  
prayer,  
Small flags, close-furled, weak.  
Red splashed, warm lips speak  
Woe; bowed low your red-spun hair.

Red-lacquered contradiction, you,  
With faith your grave eyes wide,  
And, oh my dear, inside  
Your heart glows love-red, too!

SISTER M. PATRICIA, C. S. J.



# INTER-NOS

AQ1



Vol. VIII, No. 3.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MAY, 1943.

## The Star Of Satan

Recently motion picture companies have discovered that within the heart of Catholic tradition lies the drama they need for box-office appeal. Spencer Tracy plays the lead in "Keys Of The Kingdom;" Jennifer Jones is the saintly girl in "Song Of Bernadette." Still further along the path of Catholic literature some producer may meet the peasant priest, Donissan, who fights to free humanity from its servitude under the "Star of Satan." He may come upon the old French chateau where a marquis is murdered, or find Satan a horsedealer on the moonlit road to Etaples. Some dramatic actress may see herself Mouchette, the murderess, and prepare to be saved by the stubborn priest while the devil is snatching her soul from a dying body. Also, there may be an actor to represent the sophisticated Parisian who expected to find Donissan's peace in rusticity and green country fields, but found it instead a priceless and terrible thing wrested from a lifelong struggle against evil.

This is the story of a wary fighter, Christlike in sanctity and aloneness. Recognizing the power of his enemy Donissan never relaxed in vigilance nor slackened his attack. He was a pessimist, a pessimist as only a priest can be who has felt the devil's breath upon his back and seen the evil star's light in the depths of souls. His whole life was consecrated to the battle for spiritual freedom, and everything of interior joy was sacrificed. Even death refused to be gentle to the old warrior. It met him in the confessional where he had saved so many, forcing him in that last hour to fight for himself.

Georges Bernanos is the outstanding Catholic writer of modern France. In Father Donissan he has portrayed the power and sorrows of the mystic. He has made of the priest a model of sanctity, gifted with the ability to see into souls and to read there the record of sin. A reader is impressed by two special points of Bernanos' philosophy: First, that those who really follow the path of Christ are always misunderstood, and second, that the greatest worldly evil is the lie which man uses to cloak his imperfections from himself. If in the end he is to be freed from the "Star of Satan," he must learn like Donissan to strip himself of deceit and to stand humbly before God.

ROSEMARY HARRIS '43

## Abraham

When Pappy brung me home to nite Mammy didn't lambaste me for ruinin' my good green dress like I 'spected she would. She just said, "Liza take off dat dress. Maybe cold water 'll take da stain out." I weren't a wishin' that though. I wanted dat stain to 'member him by.

Dat war my best dress. Mammy had fixed it up somethin' scrumptious. It war de dress she wore at my baptism. She cut it down to fit me an' used de black velvet from her ole coat, where it warn't worn, to make little bows down de front, an' a belt. Lawdie! It sure war pretty. Dis year it war kinda worn 'round de sleeves, nobody war goin' see dat if I kept my arms down.

Yes dat war my best dress. But to nite, I didn't care cause, Abraham war killed this Pee em. Dey buried him jest a little while ago in de corner of de south pasture. He use to like it dair. Durin' hot summer spells he'd be a standin' dair knee deep in grass, lookin' at de horizon an' thinkin'.

Dat's where I'm goin' to now—to his grave to set a while an' grieve. Grievin' 'bout all dat you can do for a critter dats died, leastwise dats what da Preacher done says, but Abraham war 'most like a brother to me. He war better den Master Gardner, our boss, when he ain't walkin' steady. Abraham never done no licker drinken nor no swearin' at us colored folk.

De moon ain't bright 'nuff to see real well by, jest a capital "C" layin on its back in de sky. I'm kinda frighten too. De night bird's song is so ghostlike in de dark an' de trees is so big an' black. Dey look like los' souls dats holdin' up der arms an' prayin for salvation.

I sure 'nuff oughten't be out 'lone dis late. Rest a my folks is sleepin'. I tried to sleep too, but I couldn't. Kept a thinkin' 'bout dat dress a mine dat's all bloody where his head lied. Den I started cryin'—hadn't 'fore, not all de time dey war a buryin' him—

I war afearin' my Pappy heared me an' come to try an' passyfy me. Pappy sure has 'markable ears—why he can hear a mouse in de hay way up in de loft an' I warn't a wantin' him hearin' me, nor comin' 'round tryin' to passyfy me, not tonite leastwise.

Tomorrow we'll be havin' a talk, me an' Pappy. He'll say, "Liza don't you be frettin'. Maybe efn you trust in de Lawd's will an' judgeme't He'll

(Continued on page 3)

## Romance Of Magazines

For weeks I have been debating as to what I should do this summer. Go to summer school, work in a defense factory, or go back to the bank.

Last night I was still in doubt, when I picked up the latest copy of Charm magazine. On the front cover, besides the picture of a very beautiful young lady was the caption, "How should you spend a War Summer? What holidays—clothes—jobs?" At last some one to solve my problem for me!

Eagerly I turned to the given page, seeking the solution. There, to my dismay, were the words, "A Farm Holiday." My problem wasn't solved after all. But as I began looking at the pictures, my interest was again aroused, and I continued looking and reading.

On the first page were four pretty girls, attired in well tailored slacks, jackets and straw hats, gingerly holding sheaves of beautiful, golden wheat. I turned the page, and there was another, equally as beautiful, young girl in a striped play suit, lying on a pile of stacked hay, sunning herself. Across the page was a dairy maid with French pumps, silk hose, and in an organdie pinafore, tenderly holding a rope, at the other end of which stood a small calf. Again I turned the page, and there before a huge fireplace stood a tall girl, dressed in a very becoming housecoat, with the words, "Early to bed, et cetera. . . with a moment for fireside meditation."

At this point I was ready for any farm. If I could look like the girls in the pictures, that was the place for me. The following pages showed more girls, some in crisp white dresses feeding chickens, some in sports dresses, ready for bicycling, some in "Sunday-go-to-meeting-cottons," and finally, those dressed to go "a-courtin'."

It's strange how quickly a big problem can be solved. At last I could relax, and start planning my summer wardrobe. If I left about a week after graduation, it would give me about three months on the farm.

I went to bed feeling very happy and satisfied. But I had the craziest dream last night. Yes, I did! I dreamed I was back on the farm, getting up at 4:30 a.m., working all day in soiled overalls, with a few minutes off for lunch at noon, and coming in at night

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## Editorial

In this second year of World War II the need of women in the ranks of the United States has reached the point of necessity and demand. Fields which before limited its women employees have thrown open welcome doors to them, careers singularly women's jobs are not receiving enough candidates, and, yet, other positions considered impenetrable by them have now reached the stand of near-conscription.

At the Front of the nation side-by-side with the fighting men stand nurses and women auxiliary troops. In the various war industries women labourers hold skilled posts. At the desks of public administrative bureaus women clerks have predominant positions.

Since the outbreak women have come to the fore in active, efficient work which has taken them from the home for much of the time. There are training schools and apprentice periods for the different war activities women may partake, but with the solid background of education which begins in the childhood years and is carried through collegiate youth women have a priceless acquisition which neither time nor circumstance can remove. Wise women ration their time to allow for the pleasant tasks which maintain a happy, Christian atmosphere within the family. An education coupled with an aim to maintain high Christian and patriotic principles is a vital part in the make-up of the American women of today. We have noticed their endeavors, their failures, and their successes, and we join with their families, their friends, and their fighting countrymen to raise a toast for the courage America's women show.

MARY SIBILIO FRARY

A Student's Wartime Education:  
Excerpts

When the order for gasoline rationing became a certainty, I was annoyed. It meant giving up my car for daily use and riding a streetcar. . . The first day, even the first week, I was cognizant only of blue serge, brown gabardine, musty tweed, of silk, cotton, wool and felt; but insensible to human hearts pounding behind these materials. . . And then like a tide, slowly at first, later relentlessly, and at last surging into my mind as the water laps the dryness of a beach, I knew I must become a part of these people. I hesitated to thrust myself upon them. Only a short time ago, the thought of mixing with the masses in the melting pot of the streetcar would have repelled me. Now I wanted to become part of these people. . . One day, when I was fortunate in having a seat, I asked a young school girl if I might hold her books. She smiled gratefully as she handed them to me. That smile was a reward, an incentive; the text books were an olive branch.

After that, I gave up my seat, not through habit, but understanding of someone more tired than I. . . I could not ride with these people every day without becoming conscious of and being affected by a new spirit, a growing generosity, a planting of good humor. . . I began to ask myself questions. What do people riding a streetcar signify in the present crisis? How does it affect me? People are symbolic. People are the nation. I am part of this nation, a part of this new spirit seeping into the hearts of the people. And for the first time the importance of education strikes at me as a whip, and I am aware of the purpose of education, and consequently, of my place in the nation. There is no word for the new spirit. It could be called patriotism, but it goes deeper. . . It must be left for a future essayist at a time when his "emotions recollected in tranquility" can lift his hands into the mist to grasp this intangible spirit bringing it to earth named. . . I am only one of an aggregate of optimistic youth. I can see no black clouds, because I look above and beyond them to a sun-glinted sphere. . . because I have found my voice and said "Good morning" to the man on the corner selling papers where I wait for the streetcar. . . I have left my car at home in the garage, found my seat on the streetcar, and I ride with America.

PEGGY JEAN KIEFFER '43

The Battle Of Peace:  
Excerpts

As each battle-weary day is joined by another, we watch total war encompass and obliterate the pursuits of peaceful existence. This rapid transformation has created a variety of attitudes among the American populace. There are those who make an abysmal moan for the days when a coupon book had but one significance, the means to obtain a premium gift of chinaware or bric-a-brac. In unison with them at the wailing wall are those pleasant folk who have been deprived of their favorite outdoor sport—congesting the main highways on Sundays and holidays. That they have many counterparts varying in degrees of disgruntled humor is painfully evident to the grocer, the filling-station attendant, the street-car conductor, and the shoe-repair man. These predominantly self-centered types represent a noticeable percentage of our civilian population, but not all. With increasing apparency a new, farsighted attitude toward the war and its effects claims adherents. In all groups and classes, and even in opposing political parties, this futuristic viewpoint gains its vitality from the zeal of those who recognize the horizons of tomorrow in the routine communiques of today. These earnest persons strive, by ignoring the petty, nagging discomforts caused by a major conflict, to forsee the exigencies of a post-war world, and to consider plans for the greatest strategy of all, "the winning of the peace."

Prominent in the development of widespread interest in this subject, is the work of the American colleges. the buoyant hope of youth has therein been intelligently directed into useful schemes, and has been made the guiding spirit of various discussion clubs and forum groups. Of course, the curtailed enrollment in the colleges and the War Training programs adopted by most institutions have impeded the movement to some extent. But the will to improve on the confused planning that followed November 11, 1918, is indomitable in today's "lost generation," and, one may be certain, it will continue its study of peace and the post-war world as long as it remains out of the field of active duty. . .

As a college student I am confident that in the years to come America will not lack leaders. It is my conviction that the training and the sense of political responsibility I have received through membership in student discussion groups is only a fragment of the progress made by countless collegians. To share what I have gained  
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## Abraham

(Continued from page 1)

reward you. Mister Gardner might be lettin' you break dat little brown mare for his dau'ter, an' come harvest time he'll give you ole David. Mister Gardner likes you Liza, he says you got a way with hosses."

Tonite I ain't wantin' to break in de brown mare, an' I ain't a wantin' ole David. I loved my ole "paint" Abraham. Folks though he war de cussidest horss dey ever done seen on 'count he war always a runnin' away every chance he got. Dey said he war too lazy to pull a load for anybody. He'd work for me though, work an' work. 'Spect he loved me, I sure did return his 'fecion.

Abraham war half Thoroughbred, but what de other half war nobody knowed. His mammy, who war Mister Gardner's favorite, died when Abraham war born. Mister Gardner fired all de grooms an' den never knowed how she done got mixed up with some no 'count horss. Den his anger turned on dat helpless lit'tle colt, he hated it an' would a let it grown up wild with no education, never even namin' it, ifn it hadn't been for me. I named de little critter an' when he war big 'nuff I rode him. Together me an' Abraham use to help Pappy in de fields.

One day, when no one war watchin', Abraham went adventurin' an' got into Mrs. Gardner's flower garden. He trampled de violets, ate de nedges, an' tore down de sweetpeas. When he war discovered he sure had had his self a 'markable time. Der had been a big party de night 'fore an' Mister Gardner warn't his self. Gettin de whip, he war always threaten' to use, he said he war a goin' to teach dat horss a lesson. Mountin' Abraham he raced him over de hard paved roads, whipin' him whenever dat poor wind-ed horss tried to stop. When he brought Abraham back I could see dat he never do no more racing. Der warn't a sound leg on Abraham.

Nobody said nothin' to Mister Gardner. He sure war 'shamed of his self. Next day stoppin' me he says, "Liza, ain't you goin' say good mornin'?"

"Mister Gardner I ain't got nothin' to say to you." I says.

"Liza, don't be mad at me," he says in a way dat jest 'bout makes my heart de—solve.

"You is a white man an' our boss, an' ain't a meanin' to be disrespectful sir, but you is a cruel man an' de Lawd sure am goin' a punish you for what you done." I started to cry. I sure war 'fraid Mister Gardner be angrey at me. Well if he doesn't hand me his handkerchief. "Now der don't

cry. Liza. I am 'shamed of myself. Your right de Lawd will sure punish me."

When I done recovered myself I says "Sir, you wouldn't be at all bad ifn you control you self."

"I'll have to learn me, or better you have to teach me," he says. Den, "Liza I'm a goin to do somethin' I should a done long time 'go."

An' low an' behold how good de Lawd is, ifn he don't give me Abraham an' speaks good soundin' words 'sides. Halleluia! Never forgit dat glory day.

So just can't go blamin' Abraham for runnin' 'way, de way he war treated. 'Sides dat I always 'spected der war wild blood in him an' he war always longin' to go back to de hills.

Dats what happen' tomite. Mister Gardiner was havin' folks for supper, everybody war in a hurry. De pasture gate warn't closed tight an' he got out. I seen him from de kitchen window where I was a helpin' Mammy with de vittles. He was a headin' out 'cross de field full speed, limpin' with dat hurt dat had made him mine.

"Pappy! Mammy!" I screamed, "Abraham 's on de loose again." Out de back door I rushed kickin' off my shoes, which is too small, being Mammy's 'fore her feet spread, an' rushin' after Abraham.

Den I thinks I've got my best dress on, de one in which Pappy say I look like a Oak tree come Mid-summer. I hopes nothin' 'll happen to it.

I seen Abraham way ahead of me. He war down near de railroad tracks. I thinks it's 'bout time for de five-fifteen to be a comin' through—sure 'nough I hear de whistle a blowin' an' der she war a comin' full speed.

"Abraham! Abraham!" I calls, "get off dat railroad track!"

Maybe he hearded me cause he sorta slowed up. Den de train hit him. I saw him go a flyin' way up in de air like a piece of hay inde wind. He war a screamin' like a human. Never forget dat cry 'till trumpet day.

Abraham landed on de other side of de train, away from me. Dey never stopped. Had to wait 'till seemed 'hundred cars an' a caboose went by 'fore I could go to him.

Den I rushed to where he lay all bloody. I war screamin' his name. He lay real still. He warn't dead yet, but I could see he warn't long for dis earth. I sat down an' lifted his head outa da dust onta de lap of dat green dress of mine dat didn't matter none, not with him dyin'.

"Abraham! Abraham!" I moaned, "you ain't ever goin to learn you lesson is you? Oh, why didi you di it?" I hugged his head an' my arms war covered with a wet red mud. He war breathin' fast an' loud, like da motor

of a trashin' machine. All dat time I war 'memberin' him when he war a baby all 'lone with no Mammy to tell him, "See here boy dis is right." or "Boy, you is all wrong." An' now cause he look so lonely I stole him an' brought him down to our shack. Pappy didn't understand. He licked me with dat big brown belt he got at de county fair, an' de color come off on me, "countin'" it war all wet from him plantin' de fields in de sun. Den he made me bring Abraham back, an' 'poligize to Mister Gardner.

De sharp pebbles done cut into my skin. I didn't feel de pain from dat for in my heart der war bigger pain. I could 'most feel it breakin', like it war being hashed by Mammy's potato masher.

When Mister Gardner, Pappy an' de others came he war dead. Dair warn't nothin' anyone could do. Mister Gardner said, we had to bury him right 'way so he wouldn't 'tract no varmint.

Dey got a truck an' hauled him aboard. Everybody, even de visitin white folk helped. Dey dug his grave an' covered him up. Dat war de trouble, dair war too many folks dair. Dat's why I'm a goin' tonite—to cry a little an' to say good-bye real slow.

ONRIETTE LEBRON

## The Battle of Peace

(Continued from page 2)

with others is but the fulfillment of a debt of gratitude to those who have made me aware of a great heritage. . .

There are some, of course, who scoff at this work and try to discredit it. With more vigor than logic they question the advisability of post-war discussions at this time, and deny that youthful minds can grasp the seriousness of such problems. These objections can be met easily, for the answers are all too evident. To say that it is inadvisable to probe into post-war problems at this time is really absurd, for unless the ground-work is laid now, the signing of the armistice will find us in a state of confusion and disunity. Likewise, it is the result of near-sightedness to say youth should not attempt consideration of such serious matters, for it is our generation that will have to live on in whatever kind of world is evolved from this conflict. It is both our right and duty to strive to make it a better world. HELEN BRYAN '43

## Romance of Magazines

(Continued from page 1)

so exhausted that I had no time for "a moment for fireside meditation."

Now I'm wondering what to do this summer. Go to summer school, work in a defense factory, or go back to the bank? MARGARET MARY THALKEN



632-07-01

My love has no name,  
He has gone to war.  
He stands in silhouette  
Above the bannered world  
Wherever pilot mounts  
The man-turned meteor;  
Wherever tank takes weigh;  
Where soundless dead are curled  
He stands—or follows,  
However heroes go—  
All this without a name;  
And it is better so.

MARY HELEN EMERSON '43  
"First, the Blade" winner

### ... Shall Make You Free

Day of laughter in the sun  
Lilting youth with freedom won  
Fear is beacons by a sponson.

Sunset shadows meet the noon  
Whispers hush the friend and boon  
Fear careens across the moon.

Dusk of somber martial clanging  
Sideling glances! Angry, daring  
Fear clouds mass upon the clearing.

Night of dread and flaunting terror  
Tossed with troubles, shuffling bearer  
Of the fear that blacks the glare.

Dawn streaks red on earth and sky  
Faintest rustles breathe, but lie  
Masked still with stifled cry.

Morning weak and born of hope  
Grasps with souls that peer and grope  
Past the fear that hid the scope.

MARY SIBILIO FRARY '43

### That Cat

The custom in numerous homes of our  
land

In regard to the treatment of Kitty  
Is altered in ours by one of our band,  
Because she thinks it a pity

For cats to be wandering into the  
night

To roam through the streets of the  
city.

If ever a door is left slightly ajar,  
The notion to roam strikes the cat,  
And Kitty takes leave in the light of a  
star,

So, we, right in step, grab a hat.

The case that I mention has smiles  
and has tears,

Depending on notions of Kitty,  
When I think of the chase I lose  
pounds, and gain years,

You'll agree upon reading this ditty  
That if Kitty steps out for a bit of a  
fight,

It's not an affair of the witty.

MARY PAT HANSEN '44

### The New King To His People

The king,  
My father, is dead.  
I stand here wishing to play the new  
king—  
the earnest man, the man of vision—  
yet  
my tongue is stopped with grief,  
my eyes are shuttered with tears.

The Lot's wife within  
turns my shoulder and my heart to the  
dear past,  
until I look  
out upon the land—  
this hardy, beautiful land of peaks  
and valleys—  
down upon your faces,  
up-searching for comfort and shelter  
I am ashamed to have grieved  
for myself.

We shall all be orphans soon—  
children whose mother, whose coun-  
try, is gone.

You turn to each other in wonder  
This is not the message of hope  
This is not the pledge of foreign aid.  
But I shall not keep from you knowl-  
edge of the hurricane in whose  
path we lie,  
that we are alone to meet its blast.

In the forest of nations  
we are a circle of grass,  
ready for the heel of the storm.  
This time even the greatest oaks shall  
be felled.

For they have not heard  
the growling of the thunder at its  
birth.

They have extended their branches in  
opulence and pride.

to you  
that is a picture of desolation  
and destruction.

To me  
it has the shadow of promise.

We are a nation of three thousand—  
the strength of the enemy's village.  
Yet who among you,  
shepherds and mountaineers,  
have not seen the sturdiest goat grass  
bend to the land  
as the hard-hoofed ponies of the wind  
ride over?

Who has not seen the grass straighten  
in the sunlight  
when fallen trees remain to rot?

Here,  
like the grass,  
we must bow and cling to the land,  
though everything beside is swept  
from our grasp;

here  
until God  
stands tall on the mountain tops  
and bids us rise

ROSEMARY HARRIS '43

### The Daylight Limited

On tip toes up the hill  
she races  
shouts. . . .  
and rides the clouds  
back down again.

Tulare and  
Goshen Junction  
Chawchilla and  
Tehachapi.

The winding tracks are home,  
adventure  
in every stretching blade.

Her rock-a-bye of rails  
Sings a sleepy chant  
of open fields,  
ebbing pools;  
of half-awake towns  
and village schools.

"Almost there!"  
"Almost there!"

it whispers. . . .

"Won't be long!"  
"Won't be long!"

On tip toes up the hill  
she races  
shouts. . . .

and rides the clouds  
back down again

LUCILE McCULLAGH '43

### The Shark Song

I scuttle the waves  
with a bleak black stroke—  
Clearing the sea  
of fin and folk.

LUCILE McCULLAGH '43

### The Knowing Wind

The wind could tell  
I wanted to see  
What was happening to the  
poplar tree.

He blew the door  
And I had to fly  
Up from my desk to hold back  
the sky.

That wind—he knew  
And he tempted me  
With bribing the latch and bending  
the tree.

MARY HELEN EMERSON '43  
First the Blade winner 1943

### Immortality

A small black book  
Within whose covers  
A sinless life and  
Eternity hovers.

RUTH MACKEY '45



# INTER-NOS

Vol. IX, No. 1.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, JAN., 1944.

## Mary

The fingers of fear  
Hold and limn  
Her young face.  
She folds Him close  
To shelter Him.  
From the wind that whips  
Their frail roof?  
From the rude, rough cloaks  
Of the shepherds?  
From the heavy hooves  
Of the restless ox?  
Or from the sword  
Already in her heart?

PATRICIA CROMIE, '45

## "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"

R. I. P.

The last month of the Semester brought sorrow to the students and faculty of Mount Saint Marys, Patricia Davy returning from the holidays after a brief attack of influenza suffered a relapse which developed into pneumonia. Every effort which prayer, medical skill and loving concern could devise, was spent on this dear student. But God's good time had come, and He called her home, on January twenty-fifth, from her sick room at St. Vincent's Hospital, while her father, mother, relatives, and members of the faculty knelt to aid her passing, with their prayers and Father Vaughan was present to bestow the final absolution and recite the prayers for the dying. Patricia's companions of the Freshman class attended her funeral and acted as pallbearers. Students from other classes and a number of the faculty were also present. Patricia is the only student of the College to be called by death, with the exception of Miss Faela Work, who enrolled in 1932 but was stricken with a fatal illness during the first week of her college days. May they both rest in peace.

## Why?

I walked by the bend of the river,  
Where the breeze taught the willows  
to sing,  
And spoke to the bird whose music we  
heard,  
Listening together, last spring.

## Extempore

That must be the building where they are holding the meeting. Those people on the steps don't seem to belong here any more than I do. Oh, my goodness, am I late? It's so quiet. No, it's all right. Here's the auditorium. I wonder where the rest of the Mount girls are. Oh, well, I won't be as conspicuous if I just slip into this seat as I would be walking up and down the aisles looking for them. "Problems of Global War and Peace." Hmmm . . . well, we have lots of problems, all right, but I don't know how to solve them. I wonder if I can just sit and let everyone else talk . . . they have probably been reading up on this for weeks . . . no, Sr. St. Francis said to be sure to talk . . . but what'll I say? Good heavens, the chairman is asking the delegates from each school to rise in turn. Mount St. Mary's . . . there they are, all in a group, and miles away from me. Well, I won't stand, 'way over here. Whittier . . . oh, oh, I'm right in the middle of the Whittier delegation. What'll I do? If I stand, they'll denounce me as an imposter, but . . . it's too late now. I bet I looked silly sitting here with Friends in the front of me, Friends to the right of me . . . Now that's a sensible idea. They're dividing us up in small groups. We . . . they'll accomplish more that way.

Oh, dear, these people look so intelligent! That man is probably brimming with statistics, and look at the stack of reference books under that girl's arm. I'm not going to be able to say a word . . . I know I'm not. Well, I'll just take notes of what they say. Goodness, my hands are shaking. Now, see here, that's just foolish . . . you've talked in front of larger crowds than this . . . and besides, you've decided not to say anything, remember? What's he saying? We have nothing to fear from Russia? Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman! May I take issue with the delegate's last statement?

PATRICIA CROMIE, '45

And then, by the bend of the river,  
The breeze taught the trees a new  
tune,

Why couldn't they sing the songs of  
spring

That we heard together last June?

MARY PAT HANSEN, '44

## Iron From the Mesabi

I am one of the Thousand-Tons of Ore from Minnesota. You can call me A Thousand-Tons to distinguish me from the huge number of the rest of my family in the Mesabi Range. We live snugly in the hugest deposit in the world, but I had to leave recently; so I want to tell you about my trip.

As I said, we live comfortably in the Mesabi Ranges of Minnesota, tucked down about sixty feet underground. Over us is a warm roof of loose gravel and sand, left long ago by the passing of a glacier. Why I tell you about our roof is because some machines came along a few days ago and tore into my section of it. As soon as they came to the Thousand-Tons of Ore family, they started to carry many of us away. No sooner did they get us up on top of the whole family than they dumped a number of us together and clattered us away over a railroad to a dock, some of us to Duluth, some to Superior. In either case we received the same treatment. We were hauled out onto the high dock, dropped into great pockets beneath the cars, then rolled down long chutes into boats. This all happened so fast that we had a hard time staying together. But ten of us Thousand-Tons got in one boat, and we had a lovely ride directly across the Great Lakes. It was rather hurried, but we found that we were hurried constantly after we left the darkness of our home.

In no time at all we were being taken off at a Lake Michigan port. Huge buckets lifted us off in parts and put us in a waiting car—railroad car, you understand. Off we whisked to the eastern part of Gary, Indiana—a well-planned country! You must go there sometime—and stopped to visit a few minutes with a pile of cousins from other places. Before long we had to go through the coke oven to get rid of some gas everyone was complaining about. Between all our stops, let me mention, we were supplied with railroad transportation. In the blast furnace we were broken down a little. What I mean is that our iron and ore were separated. Our iron melted and ran to the bottom of the furnace, our oxygen was driven off, and our earthly impurities combined with the limestone and ash we had met to form slag, which floated on top of the liquid iron.

In almost the same process, we were

(Continued on page 2)



### "Good Neighbor Policy" Always a Practice of the Mount

In these days when on every side we hear of "Bundles for Britain" and "Our South American Neighbors", and while to the East Hawaii clamors for admission to the statehood, it is with pride that we can look at our college as a very nucleus of "The Good Neighbor Policy." This is not a recent policy, the "Mount" has always welcomed students from other lands, who wish to seek an education under its guidance. From Mexico City, Mexico, we have *Senoritas Rosalia and Gabriela Pulido*. Their father is a business man and they knew Mount Saint Mary's because their sisters, educated at Saint Mary's Academy, were friends of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. Both young ladies graduated from French High School, in Mexico. Rosalia plans to be a business woman, while Gabriela's great ambition is to learn English. They are very glad to be with us. By the way both of these charming *Senoritas* have made gratifying progress.

*Senoritas Cecelia Arce and Nora Guardian* are cousins. Both come from San Jose, Costa Rica. There they graduated from "Our Lady of Sion" High School. Both are eighteen years of age and studied English in their own country. Cecelia's father and mother are to remain in California for a year. Cecelia wishing to take a Commercial Course heard about the "Mount" in Costa Rica from one of the Fathers from Loyola. She finds the climate of Los Angeles much cooler than that of her native San Jose. Nora, whose father is a business man, was recommended to our College by Cecelia's father. Both young ladies make charming additions to our student body.

*Senorita Melody Amado* comes from Marañibo, Venezuela. Her father is a bacteriologist and business man and she had her preparatory education under tutors. The Amados have many friends from the United States and it was from them that they heard about Mount Saint Mary's "Good Neighbor Policy". Of all other things, Melody, loves best the utter freedom in our land. "Here," she says, "I wear what I please. It is not so in my own country where, when I put on a dress, I must ask myself if the neighbors will like it and think it all right." After graduation Melody plans to stay in Los Angeles. Her ambition is to be a landscape artist. Knowing her great talent, success is certain for this lovely South American. Miss Wilma Kop comes from Kaimaki, a superb of Honolulu. Her father is a business man. She is seventeen years old and a

(Continued on page 3)

### The Romance of Dishwashing

While I was home during the Christmas holidays, I had a most interesting experience—I washed the dishes. Are you surprised that I should call dishwashing interesting? It had never seemed interesting to me either—that is, until my last vacation, and then things suddenly dawned on me in their proper light. Let me enlighten you too.

It isn't lack of acquaintance with dishes which makes them interesting. I assure you. Many a day I have wept salty tears into soapy water while I caved in at the fates which brought dishes and me into the same kitchen. But as long as dishes are apparently such an irrevocable social evil, one may as well look at the bright side. And if there isn't a bright side, make one up.

For instance: The prelude to dishwashing is always a happy time. My mother and I sit at the table after every meal for hours—well maybe ten minutes—gossiping. Then when the time comes to give the dishes their customary bath, my mother suddenly decides she has to go shopping. And there I am—stuck! My little brother breezes merrily in and out, but obviously I haven't offered him sufficient bribe as yet, because he most assuredly isn't of any use.

To continue—. As I clear the table, there is always the problem of whether to feed the left-over food to the dog or attempt to find a vacant spot in the icebox. You should see my father trying to figure out why the dog keeps gaining weight.

But when the preliminaries are over and I can splash suds and water all over the kitchen floor—Then comes the enjoyable part of dishwashing. As this occupation takes little intelligence and no concentration, my mind roams happily about at will, and I can think about everything from my very wicked past to the date that I like to think I am going to have the following Saturday night, without any twinges of conscience over wasted time. Very often I go so far as to carry on imaginary conversations with everyone from Frank Sinatra to my favorite Sister. (At the present moment, I am wondering whether you are beginning to develop an interest in dishwashing, or doubting my sanity). Anyway I thoroughly enjoy myself before I have to rope my mind back to where it belongs.

Other things happen to keep washing the dishes from becoming dull. For instance, one could hardly describe the look on my Mother's face as "dull" when I dropped her favorite dish. Incidentally, if I remember correctly, I was talking to Frankie at that particular moment.

Then there was the time I neglected to dry my hands before picking up the cat. The enraged pussy rudely brought my mind back to earth with a swift slap across my nose.

Oh, I almost forgot about the time I absent-mindedly put a glass of soapy water in the icebox. You should have seen the look on my father's face when he tasted his coffee the next morning.

And so you see, when I hear about people who consider dishwashing dull, I pity them and realize that they are probably concentrating on the dishes, which, as I have tried to point out to you, isn't the proper attitude at all.

ROBERTA FAWCETT, '47

### Iron From the Mesabi

(Continued from page 1)

drawn out as liquid iron into molds called pigs—that was probably why they tagged on us the ridiculous name of pig-iron. No one was satisfied even yet. As pig-iron in the blast furnace we had taken a shine to some carbon from the coke; so we had to go through a converter to remove all impurities except the little amount of carbon we required for steel.

Most of us were made into steel by the short Bessemer process; we could adapt ourselves to that method because we had started out as very high grade ore. But we noticed that most other ore families had to undergo the long, ten-hour open-hearth process. When we came out of the converters as molten steel, we went into more molds; this time into a kind called ingots. We stayed there until a demand came along for steel in a certain form. Then as ingots we were heated to a temperature that made us workable; and we passed through great rolls of steel. The rolling mill turned us out as steel rails.

Now I'll tell you the best part of my story. Do you remember I told you I met a pile of cousins there in eastern Gary? Well, I heard they were made into steel rails, too; they were shipped to Topeka and are now lying somewhere in Kansas along the Santa Fe trail. But I didn't end up with them; that's why I began my story as I did—as part of the Mesabi deposit—You see, I was shipped back to Minnesota to hold up the railroad car that stands at the mouth of the mine.

WANDA CORLETT, '42

### God's City (revised)

I see God's lights, the stars.  
I feel God's fan, the wind.  
I hear His sounds, roadrunner, coyote.  
My barefeet print His sidewalk on the sand.  
This is my city too, the desert.

MARGARET MILLER, '45



## "Good Neighbor Policy" Always a Practice of the Mount

(Continued from page 2)

graduate of Sacred Heart Academy, Honolulu. Wilma was recommended to our college by the Sisters of St. Joseph in Honolulu and also became interested from reading about it in an advertisement in the Sacred Heart Messenger. She thought that the "Mount" was not too far away from home (only eighteen hours by Clipper) and she would not be too homesick. Wilma plans to major in science. She thinks the scenery around the college much like her Honolulu. She told us about Hawaii under army rule after Pearl Harbor. No lights could be shown after sunset and everyone had to be off the streets before ten o'clock. Because every window had to be blacked out, the heat at night was almost unbearable. She said it was a great relief to see lights again, but thinks Los Angeles weather is freezing, not yet having experienced our Spring and Summer. Miss Gladys Trask comes from Kaneohe, which is about five or six miles from Honolulu. She is eighteen years old, and also graduated from Sacred Heart Academy. It was from the Reverend Mother there that she heard about the "Mount". Gladys' father is a senator of Hawaii and an attorney. She saw the bombing of Kaneohe Naval Air Station and said nobody seemed to realize what was happening. The Japanese airplanes flew right over their home and still they just couldn't believe it. After everything was over Gladys went into Honolulu and assisted in giving First Aid. Miss Margot Glyn-Davis comes from Sheffield, an industrial city in the black (coal) country of England. She left England after Dunkirk, her mother judging it safe for her younger brothers and sisters. While crossing the Atlantic, their ship which was carrying fifteen hundred persons, eight hundred of them children, was nearly torpedoed by a German Sub. Our enemy made a mistake in its target, and sank a prison ship carrying German and Italian prisoners of war. After reaching our continent, Margot traveled through Canada then down to New York and on to the West Indies, which she considered "fun" and finally flew to Miami. She has now been in the United States two years and graduated from Miss Harker's School in Palo Alto. Her father is a gynecological obstetrician. Margot also plans a career in the field of medicine, but her chief interest is pathology. All these young ladies love the college and remark on the friendliness of the student body of Mount St. Mary's, and the kindness

of the nuns. For our part, let me say, that we welcome them, and the culture they bring with them, giving us greater understanding of and liking for our world neighbors.

### Geoffrey Chaucer

"Whan that Aprille, with hise shou-  
res soote,  
The droghte of March hath perced to  
the roote  
And bathed every veyne in swich li-  
cour,  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;  
etc . . ."

These are lines with which all who are educated in an extensive course of English literature are acquainted; the first four lines of the prologue to the Canterbury Tales, written by Geoffrey Chaucer. These tales which are told by pilgrims on their journey to visit the tomb of St. Thomas a Becket in Canterbury Cathedral, capture one with an unforgettable and unescapable rhythm. They are regarded as the greatest collection of narrative poems in English literature, carrying on the medieval tradition of a poetry orally sung or recited, yet modified by the more dignified Italian novella manner.

Chaucer's experiences in Italy greatly influenced his writing. Probably he had many such, because he was sent on several diplomatic missions to this interesting country. His early works, "Troilus and Criseyde," "House of Fame," and the "Parliament of Fowls" were influenced by his travels in this country of once gay, lighthearted people, mirrored today by sad, heavy hearts.

As Chaucer's imagination led him to write tales about them, so today could many tales be told. Perhaps now, soldiers, friends of yours and mine, are relating interesting experiences to their comrades, as they sit on blood-stained soil staring into space.

The Chaucerian tradition of telling stories is carried on today and enjoyed by many people. Even if they are only true happenings being related, at the climax so much more is added, that one finally has a good story.

In "The Prologue to Canterbury Tales," the characters are very well described. For example:

"There was also a Nonne, a Prioressse,  
That of hir smylng was ful symple  
and coy

Hir gretteste ooth was but by Seinte  
Loy,

And she was cleped Madam Eglen-  
tyne."

There follows a description of a Prioress who was very well mannered. She let no morsel from her lips fall, nor did she wet her fingers in her

deep sauce. She could carry a morsel well, and not let it drop upon her breast. She wiped her lips so clean, that in her cup no farthing could be seen. This is a free translation of the quotation as it goes on, but from it, a reader gets a very clear picture of the person.

There is very vivid imagery in Chaucer's writing. I think this is particularly true in his "House of Fame." For instance phrases such as;

1. "O thought, that recorded all that I dreamed and locked it in the treasury of my brain" etc . . .

2. "And hence each thing has its proper mansion to which it seeks to repair, and where it is ever at its best" etc . . .

3. "For as flame is but lighted smoke, sound is broken air."

Such lines as these form pictures in the mind of the reader and add color to the well-told tale. When they are translated from Middle English they are much more telling.

I think the principle of continuity in literature certainly has proved to be true, by producing Geoffrey Chaucer as a successor of a generation of good writers.

EVELYN BONADDIO, '44

### 7:00 A. M.

The car's in the shop! After the first tinges of that buzzing realization drifted into my sleepy brain, I lay there, smothered in comfort, not caring—trying to decide whether beds were nicest at night, when getting into them, or in the morning before getting out. The problem of reaching the bus without the car now entered the peaceful dilemma. Oh well, it's too early to think of that now . . . Jack will wake up in a minute and arrange everything. I looked over at Jack—hmmm—she wasn't doing so well at waking up. Oh! where's that alarm? It ought to go off in a second, and I'll pretend not to hear it—that's it—I hardly ever hear alarms anyway. Look at her—not worrying about a thing—oops! she's turning over—hmmm just a little more comfortable that way, I suppose . . . Nuts! Good, there's the alarm—she's moving again—I can't move or she'll think I'm awake . . . oh dear! Why doesn't she turn it off—I know she's awake, I saw her move—Why doesn't she get that alarm?—Maybe she likes that sound—Well I don't! Come on Jack, turn it off—it's nearest you. Hmmm pretending to be asleep eh? Shirking all responsibilities—don't you know we haven't the car this morning? You did *not* forget—you mentioned it last night and I just thought of it this minute!

MARY PAT HANSEN, '44



## I Sing "The Song"

With a final exam in the muscles facing me, two biographies to make up in History, and about two hundred pages of English Survey to be read, I lightly tossed my obligations, social, academic, and economic, over my left shoulder, and acquiring as casual an appearance as is possible when one's red and white corpuscles are doing the conga, stepped into the outer office of the 20th Century Fox Publicity Department. The uniformed gentleman in the iron cage had announced via telephone my name, address, social security number and A gas ration book before he'd received the final word to let me go through the gate. The involved process led me to believe I'd been paged for some horrible crime by the F. B. I. instead of a considerate friend who had suggested me, thinking I could profit by the experience of writing a few articles for the studio's epic of the year, "The Song of Bernadette." I made the outer office, but before stepping into the inner office it was necessary to brace myself with a deep breath and a mental hypodermic. The sudden call to report to the studio had baffled me and I did not until that moment consider the actual writing of the material (I wasn't sure what or how much I was to write.)

The office was peopled with rare looking specimens which added to my uneasy state, for I felt conspicuous and out of the ordinary somehow, in my conservative convent girl clothes. Had I worn red sandals, striped slacks, and a leopard skin fur coat I might have been less outstanding. Sitting at the desk was a hawk faced blonde creature who must have expected just what I was, for she did not question my identity, but flatly demanded my availability certificate, height, weight, and phone number. I complied. After seconds of nervous anticipation I was ushered into the office of my sole acquaintance on the lot and was relieved by his genuine confidence that this publicity assignment would be no hurdle to me. The studio wanted some articles about the Saint by a Catholic student, for the Catholic papers. The material could be of my own choosing and the interest was to be drawn mainly about Bernadette herself, not necessarily about the production. Later I attended a special showing of "The Song of Bernadette", the projectionist and myself being the only seculars among the six hundred nuns.

There was another girl present in the publicist's office that day when I prepared to embark on my professional career, and I took for granted she was to do the same type work. My

Poets' Corner of  
the Mount

## Dove Mother

Sharp sticks their home.  
So crude I feared a hurt  
For that grey purple lightened breast.  
This a squabs' brown platformed shelter

Where from she flies, returns, flies,  
And then again returns to rest.

MARGARET MILLER, '45

## Forest Frolic

Night heralds the starlight hour,  
Wood nymphs creep from trees,  
And tiptoe to a scented bower  
In wary companies.

King Puck sits in majesty;  
And fairies make a dance  
Of life, of mirth, of destiny  
Entwined with romance.

Then Robin's merry horsemen drive  
Upon the peaceful dell  
And elfin sprites whisk to hide  
In a shielding frosty shell.

MARGUERITE CARLTON, '45

## The Skater

She comes  
Across the frozen rink  
Light and fleet  
In linking crescents.  
Cheeks crimsoned by the wind,  
Eyes brilliant and laughing,  
Smiling lips parted  
By quick breaths.  
She speeds  
In shell-like whirls,  
Smooth,  
Secure.

importance grew in my own mind as I took notice of the fact that she was little more than ignored in the course of instruction and his attention was directed toward me. At our introduction her name hadn't registered and her apparent lack of interest astonished me. She could not have much talent as a newspaperwoman was my conclusion. Of course I had never proved that I had, but self confidence is a priceless gift. She took leave of my friend and me, and as the door clicked he sighed and said, "Charming, don't you think?"

I thought so. "Lovely," I replied, "Who is she?"

The look in his eyes as he answered was one of pity mingled mildly with disgust. "Bernadette!" he answered.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, '46

Her vesture gently  
Sways and dips  
Like noiseless wings.  
Men stop and smile  
To see her go;  
Her steely footfall  
Quicker rings  
On knife-edged blades  
Wounding the ice.  
She speeds by  
Not glancing.

M. J. MCGUIRK, '44

## Airplane

Power on wings through the air  
Dives to a mother's heart.  
The drone inspires a prayer  
For one apart.

Blue eyes misted with tears  
Raise in a silent salute.  
The cry of the metal bird sears,  
And then grows mute.

MARGUERITE CARLTON, '45

## Civilian G. I.

Empty meat shops  
Crowded busses  
Gas restriction  
Everyone fusses

High butter-points  
And rationed milk  
Retreads limited  
Victory silk

Waiting coupons  
No elastic  
Metal for defense  
Everything plastic

Enlisting WAVES  
If over twenty  
Boys overseas  
Fighting plenty

Juvenile delinquency  
Officials huddle  
Money everywhere  
Taxes double

Buildings burn  
No priorities  
Four shoes a year  
Leather minorities

Waiting for taxies  
Jeeps for cars  
War bond drives  
Blood bank scars

Little ice cream  
Insufficient gum  
Shortage of labor  
Radios hum

Stars in windows  
Mail increase  
A nation humbly  
Prays for peace

MARGARET MARY THALKIN



# INTER-NOS

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Vol. IX, No. 2

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MAY, 1944.

## Reflections on Patriotism

Webster tries to define patriotism as: "devotion to one's country;" but patriotism isn't a mere definition, words on a page. Patriotism is a young marine dying alone in a foxhole; a pilot turning his plane towards the deck of an enemy ship so as not to have died in vain; a mother seeing her only son off to war; knowing in her heart that he will never return. Patriotism is eating hot dogs at Coney Island and throwing pop bottles at an Umpire. It's all the great and small things that make up the wonder which is America.

The Colonists learned the meaning of patriotism. Their teacher was the poisoned arrow of the Indian. The Minute Men of Washington's time learned the meaning of the word, starving through a freezing winter at Lexington. The North and South received their lesson when they looked into the eyes of their brother's and friend's before pulling the trigger which destroyed them. They were fighting for their own interpretation of the word patriotism. Our fathers learned how to appreciate their heritage in the forests of Belleau Wood and The Argonne. And now we too are learning the great lesson on the bloody fields of the Philippines, the Marshalls, and Italy. It is a lesson for which all have to pay dearly. It is a lesson when once learned is never forgotten.

The spirit of patriotism today can be summed up in quoting directly from a letter written by Ensign William R. Evans, Jr. to a friend shortly before he was reported missing in the Battle of Midway. "...If anything good or great has been born of this war, it should not be valued in the colonies we may win, nor in the pages that historians will attempt to write, but rather in the youth of our country who were never trained for war, and who almost never believed in war, but who have, from some hidden source, brought forth a gallantry which is homespun, it is so real."

Our boys have always come through and always will come through because their love of country comes from their hearts and not from a proclamation issued by a fanatical dictator. They believe what they are fighting for is the right thing and they will die rather than relinquish their proud heritage.

When he's fighting, every American  
(Continued on page 4)

## In Defense of Cicero

People are funny, aren't they? And so they have been throughout the ages ... So much so, in fact, that many are the "literati" who have branded Cicero as one who did not believe in the immortality of the soul. We Latinists have found in Cicero's *De Senectute* obvious statements which refute the advances of the "literati."

From Cato, Cicero's mouthpiece, we learn, "Quod quidem ne ita se haberet, ut immortales essent, haud optimi cuiusque animus maxime ad immortalitatem et gloriam niteretur." This is one among many passages concerning the immortality of the soul. In no uncertain words Cicero writes, "Death should certainly be despised if it extinguishes the soul, or hoped for, if it leads the soul to a place where it shall be eternal. No third alternative can be discovered. What then should I fear, if I shall not be unhappy after death, or rather if I shall be happy." And again, "When the end of life comes, only that which one has accomplished by virtue and good deeds will remain." Another beautiful thought is suggested: "The nearer I approach to death, the nearer I seem to see the land, as if after a long voyage I am entering the harbor." Note the similarity of Tennyson's figure in "Crossing the Bar." Cicero condemns suicide by quoting Pythagoras, who forbade his followers, "to depart from life except by order of the Commander", that is, without the command of God. He also tells us that his ideas of immortality were strengthened by his readings of Socrates, Pythagoras, and Plato. That death was regarded with complacency by Cato is specifically stated in the concluding chapters of *De Senectute*. Cicero represents death not as an end, but a way. He makes Cato express his anticipation of the joyful reunion in a future life with his son, his friends, and great men of antiquity, and closes with the striking thought, "When the soul has departed from life, then at last it will begin to live."

Great was Cicero's faith! It must be remembered that Christ had not yet proclaimed the doctrine of life after death. Cicero lived in a literally pagan era, but his philosophy was not as pagan as that of some of our outstanding educators! At the close of our Latin course, we shall truly be able to say, "Cicero was in the groove!"

LINDA TRIVOLI, '47

## Hail and Farewell!

I stepped out into the cool of the morning and tightened the cord of my robe, I accepted the whiffet of fresh air that the open sky offered me and gazed down from the "deck." I looked at the vastness of a city that most of the inhabitants of the globe have at one time spoken or heard of. I half-smiled to myself as I recalled the prejudiced words of my brother, "Marvelous! If it weren't California, I would like it!" Surely if he could share this view with me now, he would at least be tempted to change that statement to "This is California! and I do like it." The night before the station wagon had brought me to the college that I was to call "home" for nine months. The fatigue of travel had prevented the words of the driver from meaning a great deal to me as he explained what buildings we were passing on the famous Wilshire Boulevard, and my foremost thought was the hope that the Mount would have soft beds. Now gazing from this vantage point, I began to wonder what the year would bring. What should I expect of this college?

What would the college expect of me? Would my determination to pursue higher studies only result in dullness or inspiration, or maybe—both! What would Los Angeles itself offer? and the girls—they would have to take the place of my family to a certain extent. Would they be the ordinary companions that can be found anywhere or the Catholic friends that can be found only in this sort of environment? The sound of voices broke my thoughts and as footsteps approached, I straightened up and said to myself, "Smile now this is the chance to find out." If I walked out on that deck today I could answer all those questions, for nine months will have soon passed since I first asked them. Naturally enough, there have been times during those nine months, when the end of the final one seemed too far away. Yet each time someone said, "And what will you do when you are *minus* the Mount," I've felt a warm security in the fact that I am not a Senior. Looking back into what I have gained by being on top of a hill twenty or more miles from the city is like turning the leaves of a book back to the beginning.

Of course I can do nothing but admit that sometimes I have slammed books down and expressed my regards to  
(Continued on page 3)



## Our Part

The war in Europe drives on with persistent and terrible force. Our hearts are deeply anxious for the welfare of dear ones or filled with grief for our dead. Italy, a focal point, causes an added worry, because of our love and reverence for Rome and for Our Holy Father. The Great White Shepherd of Christendom, who has rejected all offers of safe refuge in neutral lands, electing to remain with that portion of his "world-flock," which is suffering the same vicissitudes that he has been urged to escape.

Let us daily offer extra prayers and sacrifice for his welfare and for the preservation of Rome. Let us also speak to God in fervent supplication for the guidance in wisdom and justice, of those who are at the helm, in the government of our country.

## Honolulu

The purpose of this essay is not to "sell" anyone my way of life. It will serve to correct, I hope, mistaken notions about living in the Pacific islands.

"I want to go back to my little grass shack in Honolulu, Hawaii." Yes, there is no other spot where I would rather be. Only it is not a grass shack,—not really. It is a little white house with green shutters. How I lived and where I lived was just the result of circumstances, not of choice. My parents were born and raised as true Hawaiians. I knew no other way of life until I left it to study in a big city.

Imagine my surprise when I learned that people on the mainland actually entertained thoughts about savages in connection with the Hawaiian Islands. I thought it funny that they should know so little about us. That they thought we lived in grass huts and roamed about in wee grass skirts. Islanders live in a manner similar to that found in any part of the United States, with of course, slight alterations in minor details.

"Take it easy," is the theme song out there where the trade winds blow and the palm trees sway. We live in a carefree manner, never looking too far ahead. Tomorrow is another day. Perhaps the main factor of this attitude is the size of the territory. The islands are comparatively tiny.

Aside from the theatres, entertainment is the product of our own ingenuity. Oh, at times we have rare treats. A circus comes to town, or some concert performer on tour gives a recital. We find pleasure in the simple things of life.

We do have our show of financial  
(Continued on page 4)

## Class of '44, Congratulations!

Looking toward the future:

Jane Ameche, English major, plans to engage in secretarial work.

Evelyn Bonaddio, English major, has signed a contract to teach in the public school system of Compton.

Ida Chapman, history major, plans to return to her home in Mexico, before making permanent plans.

Marie Louise Dodge, economics major, hopes to do government work. She is engaged to be married to Lt. Robert P. Ferren U. S. M. C. R. The wedding will take place when he returns from overseas.

Helen Marion Gellerts, social science major. She may engage in teaching in grammar school.

Marguerita Geier, music major, will return next year to "the Mount" to prepare for a teaching credential.

Mary Pat Hansen, English major, has no definite plans for the immediate future. She is engaged to be married to First Lt. James W. Sullivan U. S. M. C. R. The wedding will take place when he returns from overseas, which we trust will be soon as he has been overseas for more than eighteen months.

Patricia Hayes, music major, plans to teach music to children of grammar grade age. She also plans a postwar marriage or perhaps an earlier one if the favored gentleman returns soon from the South Pacific.

Mary Holt, history major, hopes for a position in the Navy Department, at San Pedro or Long Beach.

Clementa Kirby, social science major, has rather indefinite plans for the future. She may work for a secondary credential.

Patricia Jean Logsdon, history major, plans to teach in an elementary school.

Victoria McCabe, art major, hopes to carry on with her art.

Margaret McGuirk, nursing education major, is already a registered nurse. She will continue her chosen work.

Mary Frances McKenna, home economics major, with dietetics as her special field. She describes her future plans as rather "foggy," but would like to enter a California hospital, as a student dietician for her field work.

Katherine Elizabeth Reidy, science major, hopes to secure a position in the industrial field of chemistry.

Patricia Loretta Rohe will probably enroll for a kindergarten credential at U. C. L. A.

Alice Anita Shannon, chemistry major, intends to work in an industrial chemistry laboratory.

Beatrice Laura Teresi, English major, intends to teach in an elementary school.

## Good-by, Bill . . .

Bill slammed shut the empty dresser drawer, stooped to pick a soiled handkerchief from the floor and stuffed it in his pocket. On the wall opposite he saw a Carls-at-the-Beach menu which he removed and slid sideways into the carton of his own personal items. There really wasn't much point in keeping the stuff, he thought; he doubted if he would want it when he returned. However, parting with his teenhood accumulation would take more courage than he possessed at the moment, so Bill's treasures remained intact. The box was unneatly packed and on the top was a prom bid which he fingered reverently, remembering dancing with Betty—forgetting to give her the bid—. With his deflated football he threw an imaginary fifty yard pass. After a drop kick he fancied himself on the receiving line of the play, lost his balance and sprawled over the bed.

Bill's mother came in, her watery eyes poorly disguised by her rigidly set smile. Her son was a head and a half taller than she.

"You don't mind my giving the room to Tess while you're gone, do you, Bill? When you come home you can sleep in the den."

"No, Mom, that's all right." He had moved all his own things so his sister really couldn't harm the room. Girls really should have large rooms, his mother explained. "Say, mother, you won't forget to pack my letterman's sweater in moth balls, will you? You'll be real careful with it?"

"Yes, Bill." He didn't mention the tweed suit he'd been given for Christmas. They went out to the dining room where Bill's father was drinking his third cup of coffee since lunch. Bill sat down, tasted the milk before him, nibbled at a cookie. Tessa and one of her starry eyed girl friends came through. They both wished Bill good luck. His mother sat silently, ate nothing. "It won't be so bad," he said, his voice wavering now that it was time to go. "After my first four weeks I'll get a three day pass, and I won't be so far that I can't get home. His parents made no reply to the hollowly cheerful statement. Bill's father looked at his watch, then questioningly at the boy. All three rose and Bill pulled on his jacket. He placed his arms around his mother's shoulders, kissed her cheek. "So long, Mom," he turned to the door so that she might not see his face and followed his dad to the car. He was relieved that she hadn't cried or anything; after all, he wasn't a baby. Bill straightened his shoulders, quickened his pace. Couldn't she see that he was an inch taller already!

JOAN CUNNINGHAM, '44



## Hail and Farewell!

(Continued from page 1)

ward a regulated routine. My roommate has listened many times to my wishes to revise the requirements of a degree to studying a movie at Westwood or knowing the order of the Hit Parade numbers, with the Pladium as my technical lab!

It is good to know that the road from the Mount has lead to Los Angeles itself, where the essence of intelligence has been demonstrated so well. How many times has the station wagon headed for an opera at U. C. L. A. to the Wilshire Ebell or the Newman Club where its passengers can see Catholicism in Action.

And if we cannot go to find the renowned, they come to us! The English department refers to a famous poet passing through Los Angeles and two days later we sit listening to Alfred Noyes! A well known English publisher also visits California and we assemble in our own auditorium to listen to the great Mr. Sheed!

Above all, the most important question I asked myself nine months ago has been answered superbly in the affirmative. The farewell I shall bid the friends I have found here will have to be a quick one, because if it is slow, all the memories of classes together and recreation—Westwood, the beach, our dances and dates, will invariably make for a choking sensation and moist eyes! The greatest contribution the Mount has given me is that assurance and echo of the one supreme thought, "I know why I'm here and where I'm going." On the last day of May I think I shall take another walk on the deck and look down on that view once more, and if no one is looking I'm going to say aloud, "Good-by, and Thanks California! You've given me all this and Mount Saint Mary's too!"

MARY HEFFINGTON, '47

## Class of '43

How are you all? We have missed you, so we are going to take a bird's-eye view of what you are doing.

BERNICE BRADY (Mrs. Chas. Medinnis) resides with Major Medinnis and baby in Philadelphia.

HELEN BRYAN an English major, is teaching part time at St. Mary's Academy, and also working for an M. A. at the University of Southern California.

MARY HELEN EMERSON, English major, is doing graduate work at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. She will soon receive an M.A.

ROSEMARY FOX, science major,

works as a dietician at Mercy Hospital, Chicago, her native city.

WINIFRED GATZ, art major, is teaching in the public school at Willowbrook, California.

ROSEMARY HARRIS, (Mrs. Ed. Brady), English major, is with Lt. Brady in Bakersfield, where he is an instructor in the Air Corps.

PEGGY JENNINGS, music major, (Mrs. Douglas Roberts), is with Sgt. Roberts in Oklahoma City.

PEGGY KIEFER, English major, is employed in the engineering department of the Douglas plant.

JOAN KUNTZ, economics major, returning to her home in Whitehall, Montana, accepted a position on the local newspaper.

PATRICIA LAUBACHER, science major, is employed as a laboratory technician at Children's Hospital, Los Angeles.

LAVONNE LERCH, sociology major, is employed on the staff of the Catholic welfare bureau of Los Angeles.

PATRICIA MAHONEY, social science, is teaching in a public school in Wasco, California.

MARIAN MARTIN, sociology major, is on the staff of the Catholic Welfare Bureau, Los Angeles.

GERALDINE MURRAY, (Mrs. G. Wooden), sociology major, is employed in welfare work.

LUCILLE McCULLAGH (Mrs. L. Hellenkamp), English major. We regret to note that her husband has been reported killed in action over Germany. Lucille is planning to enter the Waves.

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR (Mrs. T. P. Foye), English major, resides with Lt. Foye in Miami, Florida.

MARY PANSINI, English major, has enrolled for her M.A. at the University of Southern California.

ELIZABETH SEPICH, social sc. major, is teaching in a public school in Long Beach, her home city.

DAISY SEVILLA, science major, is visiting in Mexico, where her family resides.

MARY SHANNON, science major, is employed in the chemical laboratory of the Shell Oil Co.

MARY SIBILIO, (Mrs. J. Frary), English major, lives in Long Beach, and keeps busy in the care of her husband and baby.

GRACE STARK, science major, employed by the Standard Oil Co. in the Army Air Force Division.

MARY JO TIMPANI, sociology major, is doing Welfare Work and resides with the Social Service Sisters.

KATHLEEN TROUNCE, English major, fills a secretarial position for the Eleventh Naval District in San Diego. She plans to enter the Red

Cross in the near future.

ELLEN TYO, science major, is employed at Children's Hospital, Los Angeles, as a laboratory technician.

MARJORIE WEBER, mathematics major, is teaching in a public school at Torrance, California.

## Home Front

Jim Clark was awake long before the usual time. He tossed uneasily in his bed, trying not to make any noise, because he wanted to think this thing out. Maybe he was taking the whole thing too seriously, but Morrison seemed like such a good man for the organization, and the equipment he had would help out so much. Seemed like it was getting impossible to get everything they needed to operate efficiently, with steel shortages and war priorities, and red tape. And he was losing men constantly. He started, nervously, at the blast from the whistle of that new factory out on G Street. Things had certainly changed in Milltown since the war.

Jim looked at the clock. Not quite seven-thirty. If he skipped breakfast and went right over to Morrison's house, he might catch him before he left for downtown . . . get to him before Burton had a chance. He dressed quickly but absently, his mind considering and discarding various approaches, composing imaginary dialogues in which he smothered Morrison with logical reasons for coming in with him, and disposed of the threat of Burton with a few curt, off-hand remarks.

As he raced down the stairs and out the front door, he heard, "Jim! No breakfast? What's wrong? Jim!" but he didn't hesitate. His decision made, he didn't want to think of anything but getting to Morrison as soon as possible, before his more cautious self could get in any arguments.

Jim rounded the corner and saw Morrison coming down his front steps. He slowed down. It wouldn't look well to appear too anxious. "Hi, Morrison." Jim's voice hit a falsetto note as he blurted out, "Say, I've been meaning to talk to you. You know I'm boss of the K Street Commandos? Well, us guys have decided we'd like you to come in with us. We're meeting Burton's gang on Cotter's vacant lot this afternoon . . ." He was out of breath. Morrison didn't wait for the rest of the sentence. "Boy, will I! I was on my way over to your house to ask you if you could use me. I heard about the pasting you gave Burton and his outfit." Jim shrugged slightly. "Oh, well, they're not too good, and with you on our side, we ought to wipe them out today."

BY PATRICIA CROMIE, '45



## Salton Sea

Breath of my desert, that fanning wind  
Ruffled her moon silk gown.  
Wavelets slapped the sand-edged beach  
With a laughing, busy sound.

We heard waves gossip round the pier  
Of two swimmers, you and me;  
And we listened to the locust songs  
And tunes of the Salton Sea.

Tonight that sea broadcasts the news  
Of bombing practice near.  
Tonight the planes drown out the noise  
Of wavelets on the pier.

And you, the swimmer that tore one  
night  
The water's ruffled gown;  
You are flying another sea  
And bombing an alien town.

MARGARET MILLER, '45

## Farmer's Wife

This spring was different from the  
last.  
Bright April song you knew  
While two hard hands pushed a steel-  
edged plow  
Against the furrowing earth.  
A robin's call drowned long ago in  
cannon thunder  
Did not awaken slumbering meadows  
Crushed before the bloom.  
We knew the spring had changed  
When battle wagons riveted our land  
First stirred by the grain.  
My heart leaped a deer-pace  
When your hand left the plow.  
If we must part  
So meet them with greater strength  
than steel  
Shaped for angry men.  
Go armed with bright April spring  
When a robin calls  
And the meadows bloom.

ANN STEPHEN MAULSBY, '45

## Tramp of the Earth

The wind breathes into you  
A spirit.  
It rips the shores with madness.  
The mountains  
Throw their winter veil  
Into your currents.  
They rumple and shatter it;  
The ravelled threads  
Buried in deep stillness  
Prelude Spring, trailed by Summer,  
Branches bend to touch a stone—  
Then, Autumn,  
And trees that were Spring-shy  
Drop their leaves into the river.  
Rumbling—  
Now your roar to the beating time  
Of winter's baton.

EVELYN BONADDIO, '44

Poets' Corner of  
the Mount

## Invasion

France lies dead,  
A thorn in her heart  
Pierced by a red summer rose.  
The rose—a cause made fierce  
In blood of her million sons.  
Cover her with a lace-spun shawl  
Ring mellow chimes across the seas  
Where freemen wait to return at last,  
The rose to its wedded thorn.

ANN STEPHEN MAULSBY, '45

## De Libris

Orange books,  
Green books,  
The kind-you've-never-seen books.  
Yellow books,  
Plaid books,  
The kind-to-make-you-glad books.  
Books of painting,  
Books of singing,  
Books that set your head a-ringing.  
Large books,  
Small books,  
Some to-make-you-bawl books.  
Histories  
Mysteries  
Biologies  
Psychologies  
Funny books  
Novels  
Books for poor men's hovels  
Books on snails  
Fairy tales  
Books to drill you  
More to thrill you  
Thick books for the men with glasses  
Text books for professor's classes  
Books, books, books, books,  
Libraries of books to read  
Shall we let them go to seed?

MARY PAT HANSEN, '44

## The Nurse

Consider the nurse in her little sphere,  
Armed with confidence, banishing  
fear;  
Dons her uniform, smiles and sings,  
Starting her day on duty's wings.  
Feeding the baby, answering the bells;  
Taking temperatures, giving pills,  
To remedy mankind's numberless ills.  
Blessing the newborn babe's first  
breath;  
Closing the eyes that are stilled by  
death;  
Going off duty at seven o'clock  
Tired, discouraged and ready to drop.  
Oh Lord, will You give them each a  
star  
To wear in their crowns when their  
tasks are through  
In that city above where the 'Head  
Nurse' is You?

M. J. MC GUIRK, R. N., '44

## Eng. 110B

To be a great writer, you should be  
a hermit, shutting yourself away from  
the world, except for yearly eight  
month pilgrimages back to civilization  
to see how the other half lives.

Since most of you cannot make the  
supreme sacrifice for your art, the  
next best thing you can do is to get  
rid of all your friends, relatives, and  
acquaintances—insult them, slam the  
door in their faces. They must go, for  
you must be entirely free from all dis-  
turbances in order to create. Besides,  
they'll forgive all and put flowers on  
your grave after you've been post-  
humously awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

After they are gone, the next step is  
to forget all about housework. Leave  
the beds unmade, the floor unswept.  
Forget the dust and cobwebs, for you  
have an important message to give  
the world. Never mind the unwashed  
dishes—give the poor cockroaches a  
chance to make a living.

Writing is your job. Have no other.  
Make it a trite case of sink or swim.  
Write, write, write! Starve yourself,  
beat yourself into creating, and after  
having created, revise the trashy first  
draft into something salable.

Do this, and after the usual num-  
ber of rejection slips, you sell a story  
and perhaps find yourself a success.

The proper thing to do at this point  
is to sicken and die of overwork, leav-  
ing all the critics to lament the loss of  
a rare and beautiful flower, whose  
petals were not yet unfolded.

Besides, if you live, you will find  
yourself a friendless, socially starved,  
anti-social unsanitary out of date  
neurotic.

BY ONRIETTE LEBRON, '46

## Reflections on Patriotism

(Continued from page 1)

has some place in particular for which  
he is fighting. Whether it be a  
crowded metropolis, an isolated farm,  
a mansion or a modest farmhouse, to  
him it means home. Love of home is  
the basis for all patriotism, because  
love of country begins with love of  
home. Kipling must have had this in  
mind when he wrote in "Sussex":  
"God gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordained for each, one spot should  
prove  
Beloved over all."

MURIEL ROCHEFORT, '47

## Honolulu

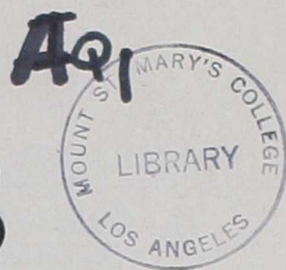
(Continued from page 2)

headaches, but far be it from a Ha-  
waiian to turn gray trying to make  
ends meet. Hawaii is a place for lei-  
surely living.

WILMA KOP, '47



# INTER-NOS



Vol. XI, No. 1.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, JANUARY, 1945

## "My Peace I Give To You—"

(To the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Coranadelet who point out the Way, the Truth, and the Life.)

Men are searching peace for a durable world society. Some are looking for it in man and the universe. Some are looking for it outside and above man. All are directing their actions towards objects which they hope they can possess and by possessing them satisfy their desires. But the question of peace is not necessarily what men want, but what men were created to want.

Peace according to Saint Augustine involves three elements; the rule, the ruler, and the ruled. Before men can know the rule they must know who the ruler is and what he has planned for the ruled. One argument for the existence of a ruler is developed by Saint Thomas. He saw the planets, the moon, the sun and the stars passing in their courses with such precision that he believed they received their power and direction from an All powerful All Intelligent Being. If this Being was to be the first source of their power, he could not at the same time receive His power from some other being. A ruler does not lack that necessary quality which needs to be fulfilled by something outside itself. The source of all power causing the movement of the universe he called God.

God, the Supreme Ruler knows that the ruled want peace because He created them out of His own goodness. In willing Himself, God wills other things which are likenesses of His own goodness. When God created the world, He placed His creatures into two categories—spirit and matter. Spirit has the power of knowing and willing.

The soul of man was created to know the supreme peace of God. Its final determination is heaven. The Scholastics have proved that the soul is intrinsically united with the body as its first principle of life. When the body dies it corrupts because it is matter. But the soul lives forever because it is a simple, spiritual, immortal substance. It is simple because it has no parts, but operates harmoniously for the good of the whole organism. The soul is spiritual because it has the power of intellect and will. Only the intellect could abstract the essence of a universal idea. Only the will could have free choice. Because the

(Continued on page 3, col. 1)

## Christ's Star

*A Fantasy*

And when the little star heard the Saviour was to be born she sang for joy, and she sought to impart the news to earth. At her voice all the other stars became dim. She alone in heaven sparkled and twinkled at her best. She guided kings and shepherds to His birthplace. All rejoiced and all forgot the little star that had shone until she was almost consumed by her flame. Still shining, she followed Christ through long days and nights. Her light grew weak until no one on earth but Christ could see her. She was on Calvary. She was above His sepulchre remembering the day He was born. Unseen her light wavered and she wished to die there.

Christ arose from the dead and the little star was glad. She liked to shine for Him, but it seemed that she could not leave His sepulchre. Here the Saviour found her. Her last dying sparkle faintly glimmered on His hand. He sought for her an honored place, and today the little star twinkles, twinkles, happily near her Lord close to the tabernacle door.

MARY S. GUMOYE, '46

## A ROUND TABLE

### Browning and Tennyson

Robert Browning, the "scholar's poet," is well deserving of the name. Yet there is an intense joy of living manifested in his poems. His courage and faith is magnificently shown in the famous "Pippa's Song"—  
The year's at the spring  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorne;  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world.

The great mutual love of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning has served as an inspiration for some of his greater poems. "The Last Ride Together," "You'll Love Me Yet," and "Never the Time and the Place" are rich with the perfect love and happiness that filled Browning's life.

Browning's "Epilogue" shows his courageous philosophy of life, and might well serve as an inspiration for the ages—

"No, at noonday in the hustle of man's work-time

Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as  
either should be,  
'Strive and Thrive! cry Speed—fight  
on, fare ever  
There as here!"

GARLAND O'RONRKE, '46

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An appreciation of Robert Browning? What shall I say? Shall I be frank and bluntly admit that I do not understand him? I do understand some of his poems—What a rich "some," that is too! Yet how many I read with a bit of perplexity and little enjoyment.

Let me think. I did relish "My Last Duchess." It amused me. "Cavalier Tunes" and "From Ghent to Aix" (Though the incident never happened) stirred me. "Herve Riel" touched me. But others! In some I came across bulky phrases for which we would be butchered in "Creative Writing." Still Browning is Browning, to many beside Elizabeth Barrett. Frankly he himself said, when questioned, "When that was written only God and Robert Browning knew what it meant. Now only God knows."

JOAN CUNNINGHAM, '46

## The Sun-treader

"One may do whatever one likes In Art: the only thing is, to make sure That one does like it."—Sordello

In the above quotation Robert Browning, modern beyond his times, expresses his forward looking nature in regard to his life's work—poetry.

"—his arm he flung against the world." Browning assumed a realistic attitude toward human life, and its individual problems of living that makes him understood and appreciated in our day. His poetry is akin to ours. His contemporaries read into his poetry a religion, for his central theme was "flesh helps the soul" and the soul helps in the enjoyment of physical pleasure. However, Browning suffered more than other writers from the universal tendency of readers to regard an author's works as expressions of his personal experiences.

When the Victorians finally took Browning to their hearts, it was because they saw in him a teacher, and leader rather than an artist. But he was an artist and his goal was to present what he called eternal truths as

(Continued on page 2, col. 3)



### The Common Becomes Sensational

When someone mentions molds, I imagine you have a mental picture of an unpleasant smelling, grayish-green growth on the top of your favorite jelly or that catsup you paid those precious points for. After reading this article, you may begin to look for that very same thing you would have wrinkled your nose at a few weeks ago. All of us know that our highly flavored foods such as cheese owe their delicious flavor to molds. The important role that this common contaminant of bread and other foods was to play became manifest by Professor Fleming in 1929 concerning *Penicillium notatum*. This British bacteriologist found that a chemical of some sort was being produced which could destroy certain disease germs. Little was heard about *Penicillium* from then until 1940 and 1941 when its curative possibilities were announced to the medical world.

*Penicillium* is a much talked of and widely discussed subject, but how many of us actually know the facts about this common mold-drug? In the following paragraphs we will attempt to present a summarized view of this increasingly popular drug which is manifesting heretofore unknown remedies for diseases which have resisted the latest discoveries, such as the sulfa drugs.

This remarkably potent germ fighter is extracted from the mold, *Penicillium notatum* which is cultivated in our Mycology laboratory on Sabouraud's agar medium. Since this mold grows rapidly at room temperature, we have no trouble obtaining subcultures from which we prepare slides depicting the different microscopic characteristics. After studying the spore formations, we were able to obtain pictures of the chandelier-like growths and other features with the aid of the micro-camera.

This marvelous mold is now grown in gauze dressings which are saturated to provide food for the *Penicillium*. When these inoculated dressings are planted over a wound, the pain decreases and the infection heals in a shorter period of time.

The use of penicillin on the battlefield is probably the prime factor of importance today. The dramatically successful results in the treatment of septic gunshot fractures offers new hope. It not only controls the infection but helps fight anemia in chronically infected battle casualties. It has been purified and filtered to such an extent that no toxic or poisonous effects occur. Results of treatment

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### H'mmmm

"Huh? Never heard of it—, that's Greek to me . . ."

Familiar phrase, isn't it? Whenever anything sounds the least bit obscure or difficult, that simple and exact language, Greek, is blamed. Inevitably, Dagwood Bumstead-Americans (99% of us) hide their ignorance behind the Greek mask at the mere mention of anything outside their respective spheres. How come Greek has become a "pons asinorum" or late?

Early in our schooling the Greeks play an important role in the study of ancient history. Our memories of that period are scarred with the seemingly unpronounceable names of Greek gods, heroes, artists, writers, and statesmen. Could it be that our first introduction to history has blurred our perspective?

Time was when society was not appalled at the thought of Greek. In fact, it was not an uncommon subject in an elementary curriculum! During a recent Ethics lecture, Father Vaughan inadvertently mentioned that he had studied Greek at the age of twelve. The resulting Ohs! and Ahs! of amazement stopped him from elaborating on the matter. (Of course, I admit that Father could be classed as a member of the 1% club).

On Mondays and Wednesdays six Dagwood Bumsteads assemble in room 119 for instruction in elementary Greek. I'm willing to wager that none of them has a very elevated motive for exposing herself to the subject—probably no better reason than Latin evasion or curiosity.

The Greek instructor tries to inject the blood of Greek grammar into the veins of these same six girls, lest they too be found guilty of the "that's-Greek-to-me" irreverence.

Now, for a person to person interview with some of the Greek Bumsteads—I believe Lorraine La Murphy has six suggestions on "How to Study Greek and Digest it." If inquisitive please see them posted in her room.

Barbara Markel (being the only Freshman) calls herself the "Baby Dumpling" of the class. Greek seems to agree with Barbara—says she, "My favorite subject!"

Mary Ellen Benkert asks, "Why do I study Greek?" She answers her own question with, "Sometimes I wonder really. Even while I'm sitting in the class looking at the Greek script, I say to myself or to Helen Ennis, 'Is this ever Greek to me!' I like it though. I guess it's good for me to have to work so hard to obtain a rounded education."

Good Homer! I feel like a raving  
(Continued on page 4, col. 2)

### Coming Events . . .

"Zoom! Nyaaaaammmmm! Zoom!" shrilled a child's voice as Dickie banked his arms for a turn. He was an airplane, but his motor sounded like the "G" string of a cello. A car swerved up the driveway and Dickie banked another turn—too late!

Seventeen years later a pair of nicked and worn crutches, hidden in a musty corner of the basement under a pile of newspapers, and a scar on his mother's heart testify to his accident.

On a famous day in December, 1941, Dickie pledged his loyalty to his country as he became a member of Uncle Sam's Army Air Forces. In two month jaunts from Atlantic City to Greenwood, Mississippi, Dickie became a lieutenant and a pilot. Now he zooms in reality through the air as he did in his play as a five-year-old.

A few weeks ago Dickie, with five "zeros" to his credit, won the Distinguished Flying Cross, but,—he had zoomed his last in a streak of flame across the sky.

All have forgotten his days of pretending except his mother who, with another deep gash in her heart, notes the relevance of his two major tragedies, "Zooming was my Dickie's life."

KATHLEEN O'HANLON, '46

### A ROUND TABLE

(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

he saw them, and in this effort he showed the true artist.

"Would you have your songs endure? Build on the human heart."

ONRIETTE LEBRON '45

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Qualities which appealed to me in a study of England's poet laureate, Alfred Lord Tennyson, were the delicate touch in his descriptions of nature, which he loved, and his deep reverence in treating religious subjects. Though adhering to no definite faith, he felt "Christianity always tugging at my heart." "Crossing the Bar," is his confession of his belief in man's immortality.

Although intolerant critics have belittled his work as being too English and too Victorian, the present age is recognizing the beauty of his lyrics, the imagery of his words, the loftiness of his ideals and the perfection he often achieved by careful workmanship.

MARTA TERRAZAS, '46

(Continued on page 3, col. 1)



**"My Peace I Give To You—"***(Continued from page 1, col. 1)*

soul cannot annihilate itself or be annihilated by any created being, it is immortal. The soul was created as the First Principle of life in man while he is on earth and his eternal life after death. It stands to reason that man will find peace for a durable society in his own being if he fulfills his own destiny.

After Adam's fall, God wished to redeem mankind and Christ the Redeemer came into the world. He said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." He chose to be crucified that men might again find the Way, learn the Truth and follow the Life.

While Christ was here He taught His apostles and when He left the earth, He appointed Peter to establish His church. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and to thee I will give the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

This was the Church which Christ commissioned His apostles to establish after His ascension into heaven—the Church which Christ chose as a means to convey the Way, the Truth, and Life. Those who join the Church by baptism become a part of the Mystical body of Christ. When Christ said, "I am of the Life," it was His wish that all men should become a part of His body which could unite them again with God.

Durable society begins with the Church where individuals have become members of Christ's Body. It is only there that men can find peace; for it is only there that the Ruler, the rule and the ruled can be found.

Let us realize that our college is a sanctuary where the Prince of Peace rules. Let us partake of His Divine Peace and make our souls the living cells which guarantee a durable society. ANN STEPHEN MAULSBY, '45

**A ROUND TABLE***(Continued from page 2, col. 3)***Robert Browning**

A poet by whom you will be fascinated! A man whose deep and diverse emotions vibrate steadily with the sentiments of his readers. As witness one may point to a worn volume, which has been marked in many places, and let the pages open in their natural creases.

The warm, poignant glow of the inspired words, "It was roses, roses all the way, And myrtle mixed in his path like mad," is like a pearl burning on a satin pillow. One sees the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem

as a joyous occasion, without the completely human fanfare of a presidential inauguration.

A diamond gleaming cold, brilliant and complacent is the duke who is able to say, "E'en then would be some stooping. And I choose never to stoop."

The gay remembrance of a happy youth is caught in the spirit of the young lovers who had never met and who knew that "It once might have been once only," and a comfort to the aged. Does not the optimism sound in the immortal lines, "Grow old along with me, The best is yet to be, The last of life—for which the first is made"? There is a sentence that has sunk into the hearts of millions—"God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world." How timely a consolation for the world of today, groping in its chaotic misery for some hope to combat its despair.

MARGUERITE CARLTON, '45

**Are You "Eligible"?**

Did you say you wanted to be a teacher, or are you still having trouble trying to discover that particular niche in society which will make you a contented person? I believe I have found mine.

It is true that asked, "What are you going to be?" a woman will invariably answer with the promising—or not so promising—hope of a salaried job; while she retains in the innermost recesses of her mind the vision of herself as wife and mother.

Some of you will violently object, but just for the sake of argument, let us say that we all have an eye on the career of careers—marriage. However, as we have often heard, there is a war going on—and along with the shortages of gas, butter, and red points there is also a very evident shortage of eligible men!

The war will not last forever and the men will come home. With them they will bring a vast number of new experiences. Their minds will have broadened from the things they have seen and done. Their hearts will have expanded into regions of courage, fear, and other emotions which heretofore they have never felt. These men will have gained something which, when they have made their choice of a life partner, will help to establish a richer and more complete marriage relationship.

What have you to give?

It is my opinion that in the teaching profession a girl may nourish those particular virtues which will enable her to complement the fine qualities which the men will bring home from the war.

It takes two to make a marriage—and I hope that ours will not lack cer-

tain qualities which mark a well ordered union.

I am going to make teaching the contributing force in making me a better person, no matter what my eventual status will be.

LYLA BURROWS, '46

**A ROUND TABLE****Alfred Tennyson**

In speaking of Tennyson, Edgar Allen Poe says: "I call him, and think him the noblest of poets—not because the poetical excitement which he induces is, at all times, the most intense—but because it is, at all times, the most ethereal—in other words, the most elevating and the most pure. No poet is so little of the earth, earthy."

If Tennyson was ethereal, he was also simple. His choice of subjects the everyday loves and duties of men and women, of the pains and joys of humanity, of the aspirations and trials common to all ages; but he made them new by beauty of thought, tenderness of feeling, and exquisiteness of shaping. The main lines of the subjects are few—are simple—are clear.

Tennyson had the power to see beauty and the power to shape it. He was faithful always to this loveliness.

MARGARET MARY THALKEN, '45

**Lord Alfred**

Poet-Laureate and one of the greatest writers of lyric poems of the nineteenth century poets, Tennyson himself defines the type of writing he created by this quotation from "In Memoriam." I think it is the best definition of a lyric to be found. "Short swallow-flights of song, that dip their wings in tears and skim away."

The spirit of the Victorian Age affected its authors. Few writers found answers to the problem of the relations of the individual to his environment or to the questioning of the foundations, upon which religious faiths had been built. Tennyson was challenged by this skepticism, but he found his way to a belief in God and the necessity of faith. He has proved this in the final lines of "Crossing the Bar":

"I hope to see my pilot face to face. When I have crossed the bar."

Religious feeling, also expresses itself, in the following:

"That God, which ever lives and loves, One God, one law, one element And one far off divine event."

One of the most beautiful tributes to Tennyson was given by Chesterton. "Tennyson is the exquisitely ornamental extinguisher on the flame of the first revolutionary poets."

EDALYN EWELL, '46



### Spain's Heritage

One of the most historic and best beloved spots of "The City of Kings," is the Santo Domingo Cathedral. What makes this church the object of such reverence is not its age—more than three hundred and fifty years—nor its huge electrical Rosary over the central nave; but its side altar of the Lady of the Spaniards as it is called in remembrance of those who brought Her long ago to that favored spot.

The statue is life size; the face has that sweetness and love one looks for in the Mother of God. Her natural black hair and crystal eyes give Her a most life-like appearance. She holds the little Baby Jesus in Her arms in such a way that one cannot help feeling She is offering Him to everyone.

Devoted clients, as tokens of gratitude for Her many miracles, have enriched her wardrobe (for She has a real wardrobe of beautiful dresses) with silver crowns and many lace mantillas. There is a purple dress for Lent, rich with silver and precious stones; and a rich deep-red velvet, a light blue, a white, a rose, and so many others, all embroidered by loving hands.

How privileged have been those who have gazed on and prayed to Her! A statue that was the guide of a Saint to whom the Mother of God Herself used to convey Her wishes. For did She not speak to Saint Rose of Lima and change her name from Elizabeth to Rose of Saint Mary?

Such are the bonds which hold Spain close to the Latin Countries—Spain's heritage of faith.

MARY JOSEPHINE GUIMOYE, '46

### The Common Becomes Sensational

(Continued from page 2, col. 1)

have been most effective in fighting *Staphylococcus aureus*, the germ responsible for common boils, food poisoning, and certain dangerous blood infections. Even more important is the fact that this new weapon has proved to be one of the most effective agents in overcoming *Gonorrhea*, the disease which the sulfa drugs have been unable to put to rout. Another encouraging achievement of this germ killer is its triumph over *Pneumococcal pneumonia*, where the infection was again resistant to sulfa drugs.

The study of *Penicillium* has been one of many interesting topics delved into by the Mycology students. Such up to the minute subjects at Actinomycetes and its possible control of Rabbit fever have aroused new interests. Excursions prove to be a vital means of obtaining knowledge, also. The class recently visited the Mycology laboratory at Los Angeles General hospital

and was cordially received by the Laboratory technicians. A short talk on *Coccidioides* and *Medura Foot* were supplemented with illustrations. By this time you must realize that we are very enthused about the field of Mycology and thought we would take this opportunity to let you in on a glimpse of what we are doing.

MARY CATHARINE STEHLEY, '46

### H'mmmmm

(Continued from page 2, col. 2)

reporter—. While trying to record the enthusiastic opinions of my classmates, I find myself paganly hoping that the gods of Mt. Olympus will forgive us for any gross mutilation of their language. How about it, Jupiter?

LINDA TRIVOLI, '47

## Poet's Corner of the Mount

### Enigma

Something that has puzzled me  
I often thought, but never said it.  
God the Father made the world  
But Mother Nature gets the credit.

MAC.

### First Formal

Sparkling dew  
At the sun's embrace  
Golden gems  
On filmy lace,  
Inky black  
As the storm-filled night  
Raise my dreams  
To a soaring height.

Dainty bows  
Of a baby hue,  
I could weep,  
And I ask you who—  
Who would wear  
Such a childish dress!  
"Like it, dear?"  
And I answer, "Yes!"

KATHLEEN O'HANLON, '46

### Life's Cycle

Minute exactness  
Piercing the blackness  
Shines from afar  
And they call it a star.  
Wondrous light  
Disposes of night  
The day has begun  
And they call it the sun.  
The earth hears a cry  
And a sweet loving sigh  
A woman beguiled  
And they call it a child.

Life's cycle goes on  
Commencing with dawn  
Death is the night  
Eternity—Light.

GARLAND O'ROURKE, '46

### Spring Tears

In Spring sad tears rain down from  
heaven  
Thus too my tears may fall and not  
say why,  
For none ask questions of a human  
fool  
When even angels cry.

When angels weep, the leaves and  
flowers  
Lift up their faces, giving sympathy—  
O do not laugh because I dream your  
face  
Is kindly turned toward me.

GENEVIEVE DE ZAYAS, '47

### Little Playmate

I have a little playmate  
An elfin bundle she,  
With hair so soft and fluffy  
And eyes that match the sea.

Her antics are too funny  
So is her button nose,  
Her passion is the knitting ball  
Her fear the garden hose.

She keeps my chairs, my family  
And my stockings on the run,  
And what in me would bring rebuke  
In her is labeled fun!

G. DE ZAYAS, '47

### A Mother's Message

He gave you solace on the battlefield  
He gave you courage too.  
He gave you power and strength to  
fight  
God has remembered you.

Now the guns are crashing nearer  
The sky grows dismal blue,  
But my son keep fast your courage  
God still remembers you.

G. DE ZAYAS, '47

### My Vocation

Jesus, keep me pure and good.  
Help me do things that I should.  
Take my heart and make it Thine.  
May Thy will be ever mine.

Lord, what are Thy plans for me?  
I must do all things for Thee,  
Gain Thy end with perfect love  
Brilliant as the sun above.

Lord, then let me know Thy scheme.  
Send Thy grace, direct that dream  
Guide me along Thy way  
Happy to Thy feet, someday.

RUTH CHICK, '48



# INTER-NOS



VOL. XI, No 2.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MAY, 1945

## He Remained With Them Forty Days

Nowhere in the Gospel history do we find the personality of Christ pictured more vividly, than in the visits He paid to His apostles during the forty days between His resurrection and ascension.

The total lack of detail about one of His earliest appearances on Easter Day itself, gives evidence of the tender consideration of the Man God. "The Lord is risen indeed and has appeared to Simon," is the only news item we have of this momentous meeting of the humble heartbroken confession of Peter, of the whole souled forgiveness from the Master he had denied.

Again on the evening of that immortal day, when Jesus stood in their midst, fear of a ghostly visitant, precluded welcome. He did not upbraid their forgetfulness of His promise that He would rise from the dead; with loving humanness, he soothed them. "Fear not, It is I, myself, a spirit has not flesh and blood, as you see me to have." When even then He seemed too good to be true, He asked for something to eat. They brought some broiled fish and honey, and He ate before them.

On another occasion we see Him on the shore telling the weary fishermen to let down their nets once again. While they dragged the net, now filled to breaking point, He waited with their breakfast all prepared. There were hot coals, with a fish cooking on them and a plentiful supply of bread. Knowing the fishermen's heart he told them to cook some of the fish from the net, that they might taste their own fresh catch.

After they had eaten He reinstated Peter, wiping out the stain of the threefold denial by a gentle questioning, which drew from the Prince of the Apostles, an ardent yet humble threefold protestation of his love.

When, too soon, the day came for His return to His Father, soothing their pain, He promised the Holy Spirit. He had already given the priceless legacy of His abiding presence in the Eucharist. With His parting blessing there remains a last word, an inspiration for His Church in dark hours of trouble and persecution, "Lo! I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

SISTER M. DOLOROSA.

## Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet Celebrate Diamond Jubilee of Arrival in Arizona

### EXTRACTS FROM SISTER MONICA'S DIARY

The following extracts are taken from a diary kept by Sister Monica during the eventful journey of seventy-five years ago, which as one of the little group of pioneers she made from the Mother House at Carondelet, St. Louis, to a far away mission in Tucson, Arizona. The journey was made by train to San Francisco, thence by boat to San Diego, and by wagon to Tucson.

To commemorate the establishment of the first academy, the first hospital and the first orphanage, in the State of Arizona, St. Joseph's Academy at Villa Carondelet will be the center for a pageant of scenes of early days and representing each of the houses now operating in Arizona.

Sister Monica writes:

SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1870

With the exception of some little occurrences, we had a pleasant trip to San Diego, where we arrived safely on Thursday morning, May 3. We stopped at a boarding house until Saturday, May 7, when we left in a private conveyance for Fort Yuma. The carriage was too small for all to ride inside, consequently one was obliged to ride outside with the driver. Sister Ambrosia volunteered to make the great act of mortification and humility. It is beyond description what she suffered in riding two hundred miles in a country like this, without protection from the rays of a tropical sun. Yet poor Sister did this. About 10 o'clock we passed a white post that marks the southwest boundary of the United States. We dropped a few tears at the sight of it, then entered Lower California. At noon we halted and took lunch in a stable 12 miles from San Diego. Sister Maximus and I went in search of gold; seeing quantities of it, we proposed getting a sack and filling it. Just think a sack of gold!—but we soon learned from experience "That all is not gold that glitters."

At noon, next day, we came to a cool shady place in which we rested. The ranchman (a person who keeps refreshments, stable feed, etc., on the western plains), invited us to dinner. He offered us a good meal of all we could desire. There were several

ranchmen there from the neighboring stations, but no women. There are few women in this country. After dinner they became very sociable. We retired to the stable, where our driver and only protector was, and they followed. Some of them proposed marriage to us, saying we would do better by accepting the offer than by going to Tucson, for we would all be massacred by the Indians.

SUNDAY MAY 22.

We had a lamb this morning for breakfast; we called it our Passover. After offering up our prayers and placing ourselves with renewed confidence under the protection of Heaven, we resumed our journey at rather an advanced hour of the day under the rays of a scorching sun, the average heat in the shade being 125 degrees. We reached a ranch at noon and were accommodated with a room where we enjoyed the luxury of a "good wash and change of clothing" a refreshment of which we were sorely in need. We dined at 3 o'clock and after getting a supply of fresh water for our journey, we started at 6 o'clock p. m. We entered the Arizona desert, travelled all night, and were so much fatigued, that almost everyone fell asleep. The driver permitted the horses to go at will. Father and his driver slept so soundly that Sister Martha was obliged to drive nearly all night.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were then approaching Picacho Peak, where the Apaches are accustomed to attack travelers. A fearful massacre had been perpetrated there, only a week previous. The road winds through a narrow pass in the mountain, where the Indians conceal themselves and throw out their poisoned arrows at the passers-by. The place is literally filled with graves—sorrowful monuments of savage barbarity. Each one prepared his fire-arms; even good Father Francisco. The citizens pressed around our carriage. The soldiers rode about like bloodhounds in search of prey. In passing through the peak, the horses began to neigh, which is a sure indication of the proximity of the savages. "The Indians! The Indians!" was echoed from every mouth. Whip and spurs were given to the horses—we went like lightning—the men yelling all the while, like so many fiends, in order to frighten the savages. The novelty of the scene kept us from being afraid. We traveled in  
(Concluded on page 4, Col. 3)



## How Would You Organize the World Peace at the Peace Conference Following World War II?

I, a mere individual am asked to proffer suggestions for the organization of world peace. The insignificance of my name has its greatest meaning in that insignificance. I am an individual, a fractional part of the only element that is important to the accomplishment of international comity. Justice to the peoples without whom and for whom is the single measure of lasting peace terms. It is axiomatic, therefore, that peaceful relations among states must proceed from universal cognizance of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Echoes of history prove that leaders of men have protested against the survival of this principle. Failure to secure an equitable peace this time will be an indictment upon our civilization.

One who is a peacemaker at heart but unfamiliar in the ramifications of military and diplomatic terms can only recommend certain criterion or principles upon which such concrete action may be based.

A just peace must be organized to guarantee the preservation of man's dearest treasure, his freedom. He must have the right to develop his own culture, unhampered by vindictive reparations. A just peace tempered by charity must effect the readjustment of civilizations victimized by experimental ideologies. The new proposals must satisfy three universal needs: guarantee of human rights, national integrity and economic justice; further, it must provide for the collective responsibility of all peoples and nations for world security. Predicated on these Christian principles, mankind can, insofar as his fallen nature is capable, establish an enduring peace.

What provisions should the new peace make to meet the need for a guarantee of human rights? The disposition of conquered countries must be carried out with stern justice, distinguishing necessarily between "war criminals" and the citizen body. The United Nations must be prepared to acknowledge with unprejudiced mind the actual needs with whom it is concerned. When order is established, the right of the people to self-government and the right to choose that form of government must be recognized. In the interest of harmonious international life and all humanity, it should promulgate an International Bill of Rights which would embrace those individual rights common to all men everywhere, in every age, which have

wrongfully been made purely relative in application to a particular State's conception of justice. This Bill of Rights should reiterate the right of all human beings to freedom of conscience and religious worship; the right of free expression, free assembly and free petition of grievances; the right to own private property; the right of education of children as desired by the parents; the right of trial before and protection under the law and the right of a fair opportunity for social security irrespective of racial or religious minority status. The nature of these rights is such that they may not be abrogated in the name of expediency.

What is the obligation of the peacemakers with regard to the second need, namely a guarantee of the preservation of the national integrity of states? Nations as individuals, have a right to life and independence. It is not within the power of any other sovereign nation to suppress this right. As ascribed to in the Atlantic Charter, the United Nations should execute "no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned." "Power" and "size" are merely descriptive terms and in their adjective capacity are not included in those elements which combine to make a state; neither do they influence the equality of a state in the international community.

How can the new terms of peace procure the third great need, a guarantee of economic justice? It is fundamental that the economic law be made compatible with the moral law. Punitive measures and restrictions should not exceed their end, nor reduce a people to sub-standard living and insecurity which can only breed hatred in a new generation. In order to sustain national life, all nations must have access to raw materials which presupposes freedom of the seas. The aggressor nations must be made to disarm and following this the Allied Powers should gradually reduce their armaments.

Mature nations must know that a relationship does exist between International Law and international peace. War is brought about through violation of International Law and yet in a crisis the community of nations fails to show a sense of collective responsibility. Cooperation for the common welfare is shadowed by opposing alliances. Each state becomes a judge in its own case. The peace should provide for the establishment of a juridical institution whose decisions would be rendered in the light of the universal, unchange-

(Concluded on page 3, col. 2)

## A Small Portion of the Large G. K. C.

"The serious work of his life was an appeal to humanity or rather to human beings. He saw the image of God multiplied but never monotonous." 1.\*

No quotation can adequately convey the wealth of thought in Chesterton's *St. Francis of Assisi*, but from this line can best be found the key to Chesterton's personality, for besides describing St. Francis, it too is a perfect description of Gilbert Keith Chesterton, and tells why no modern author is regarded with anything approaching the affection which he received and merited.

His conversion in 1922, the highlight of his life, was a confirmation of the spiritual and intellectual development of his doctrines as expressed in "Heretics," in which his religious views and philosophies were like the argument by which a madman suffering from persecution mania proves that he is in a world of enemies; it is complete, it is unanswerable, yet it is false. The madman's mind moves in a perfect but narrow circle.

The cleverness of Chesterton reveals itself in his literary style, a style eminently bright and entertaining; and the most conspicuous feature of that style is its plentiful sprinkling of paradoxes. Some paradoxes, those of Oscar Wilde, for example, stress the words; others, like Chesterton's, stress the idea. Chesterton's method is to take some belief that everyone accepts as true, turn it upside down, or inside out, and then prove that his manipulation of it accords with reality. It was this habit of saying things in a new and unexpected way, and his delightfully whimsical humor, that gave him his universally wide and continued popularity.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton died June 14, 1936, on the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, the feast of his reception into the Church, fourteen years earlier.

"The Lord became my protector and He brought me forth into a large place. He saved me because He was well pleased with me. I will love Thee O Lord my strength, The Lord is my firmament and my refuge and my deliverer." 2.\*\*

1.\* G. K. CHESTERTON, *St. Francis of Assisi*.

2.\*\* The Introit of the day which was printed on Mr. Chesterton's memorial card.

MARY LOU KENDRICK, '45



### A Challenge

"Americans in general are not deeply interested in world affairs, and one gets the impression that Catholic Americans are, if anything, slightly less interested than their fellows," quoted from "Catholics in Politics," an article recently published in *The Catholic Digest*. This indifference is found not only in politics, but in educational affairs as well. As an example, note the interest which music educators from non-Catholic institutions are displaying in the Good Neighbor Policy.

Music education in the South American Republics offers a great challenge and at the same time promises significant rewards in both general education and intercultural relations in the Western Hemisphere. Since the establishment of the Music Division of the Pan-American Union in 1941, music education has been given a prominent place in the development of the Union. Among activities that have been recorded, is a survey of music education in fourteen Latin American Republics. In each country contacts were made and information obtained to ascertain how the Pan-American Union can best help the Republics in the field of education. Among the universities and institutions listed, is the Catholic University of Santiago de Chile, the University of Santa Maria de Valparaiso, Chile, the Cathedral Choir of Havana, as outstanding in the field of music.

Catholic music educators are neglecting a vital opportunity for a better understanding of Americans whose religion is the same as that of most of the Latin countries. It is admitted that the Latin American Republics are not exactly waiting with open arms for the culture the United States is presenting them. Their attitude is a natural one probably arising from two sources—the unjust criticism of Spanish culture and the ignoring of the Catholic faith; or the open attacks upon it. The Catholic Church stands as a living fundamental reality in those countries and the Catholic tradition is so deeply rooted in the hearts of millions of Latin Americans, that any efforts which tend to ignore or attack this tradition are doomed to failure.

There lies the opportunity for the Catholic educator. The common background of our Catholic faith places in our Catholic hands a wealth of Catholic music, art and literature. There is too much at stake for Catholic education to remain passive. Can we not do for Catholic education what the Music Division of the Pan-American Union is endeavoring to do? Can we

not make a similar survey of Catholic colleges and institutions? It contacts are then made with the different Catholic colleges in Latin America, a new postwar field will be open to future teachers. The research carried on by the Pan-American Union was financed by the countries visited. These countries would provide the same opportunity to interested Catholic educators. —SISTER M. CELESTINE.

### How Would You Organize the World Peace at the Peace Conference Following World War II?

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able, natural moral law that is within every man and which is the basis of codified International Law as it exists today. Public opinion would be as always, the strongest sanction of public acts.

This planet is already too swollen with the blood of men who have died for freedom and human liberties. The peacemakers cannot remove the enemy from this earth. Enemy and Victor alike are destined to live together within the limitations of a single globe. It remains rather, to seek out those causes of rivalry, hatred and ambition which precipitate war and work without ceasing to achieve mastery of them in a manner complimentary to a Christian civilization. The United Nations must not default the obligation imposed upon them to make the peace fruitful. Life in the family of nations must be so enjoyable as to be endurable. HELEN FITZPATRICK, 45.

### Dream Sea

Many have had their dream lands, whereas I had my dream sea. Would you like to hear about it?

I encountered my dream sea in geography, a subject required for fourth-graders. The nights spent in memorizing the location of the East Indies or the exports, imports, and manufactures of England seem almost wasted; I remember so little of those facts which I then learned. Remarkably, I do recall one thing, the Pacific Ocean. I liked it, perhaps because of its striking name. Geography was only the beginning, however. While reading some thrilling adventure stories, one of which occurred on a pirate's boat that sailed the Pacific Ocean, I thought, "Then this geographic place is also full of adventure. If only some day I may see it!"

In history, too, I learned that Balboa stood at the summit of a peak, and seeing a peaceful ocean below him, named it Pacific. I could have been the first to see it if I had been

he, but as it was, I hadn't even observed it at all. But give me time—some day I would leave Southern California and travel to a place where I could view this "paradise" ocean of my dreams.

As I was drying dishes for Mother one evening, it suddenly occurred to me that I ought to share my lovely sea with her. Since I didn't know how to bring up this sacred subject, I blurted out, "Mom, some day I'm going to visit the Pacific Ocean." As an afterthought I added, "And I'd like you to go with me." What came next was totally unexpected. "Why, Barbara Lee, you went there last summer, and the summer before that, and well, you've been there several times. If you want to go, we can drive down tomorrow." Did I want to go? All this time I had been swimming in the Pacific Ocean, seeing it, hearing it, smelling it, and had not even realized that *this* was my ocean.

When I jumped out of the car the next day, I dashed to the shore; I touched the water with my fingers, cupped a handful up close to my face, and then *fell* into my ocean. History and geography convinced me that the Pacific was important, literature told me that it was adventurous, and poetry made it sound romantic, but books never taught me that I lived just a bare seven miles from my dream sea!

BARBS MARKEL, '48.

### A Fairy's Gift

The three fairies standing around the crib had puzzled expressions on their faces. The baby had just been christened and all the other guests had given her gifts, but these three little fairies had nothing to give.

"I just cannot give her good looks; I gave that gift to her brother," said the most exquisite of the little ones.

"There are not any talents left, either," said the next fairy. "I gave all I had to her sister."

The third, a very scholarly little thing, gravely said, "And I haven't any more gifts of intelligence. What can we give to this child? We have nothing left—the other children of the family got them all. What can we do?"

They stood there, worried and uncertain as to what to do, but, at last, they sighed and turned to go. A few feet away from the crib, the scholarly fairy stopped and a light came into her eyes.

"Wait," she said. "I know what we can give!" and with those words she turned back to the crib, smiled and said to the baby, "Listen, dear. Although we cannot give you any talents, or good looks or very much in-

(Concluded on page 4, col. 1)



### A Fairy's Gift

(Concluded from page 3, col. 3)

telligence, there is one thing we can leave as a christening gift. I say that when you are old enough, you will live in the place of your own choosing, in the place that you love best."

The three fairies smiled and nodded in approval, and the baby in the crib laughed and cooed as babies do. She saw the fairies but the grown-up humans in the room did not. The mother walked over to the crib, looked in, and gave a happy exclamation. "Just look at her. The way she's smiling one would think there were fairies talking to her. Isn't she precious?"

The baby grew up and forgot about the gift, but not the fairies. As time went by, the girl began to dream of California and of living in the Golden State. She decided that she wanted, more than anything in the world, to make her home there. The little people heard her wish, made a few arrangements and soon the family was on its way to God's country.

Now, they live in the most wonderful spot in the world. The place, though not pretentious, is Home and it means everything the word implies. It's a pleasant place, the best in the world. It's a place where one can sit in the sun, doing nothing but dreaming. It's a place where company is the rule rather than the exception. It's a place where one would rather be than in any other spot on the globe.

REGINA DECOURSEY, '48.

### My Heaven on Earth

If I were to choose one place on this earth to spend the rest of my entire life, my choice would be Laguna Beach in Southern California, with its ideal location on the banks of the sparkling blue Pacific. Laguna is surrounded by low rolling hills and as you enter it, either from the north or south, you come to the crest of one of these hills. Suddenly there, before your eyes, lies the beckoning, peaceful little village nestling comfortably in its tiny valley with white laced waves lapping lazily at the sandy shores.

As you slowly descend, drinking in the beauty of this scene, as you go, you become conscious of the surrounding structures and the first thing you notice is that the homes and buildings are clean and neat with well-kept grounds. In fact, the complete picture that you view is one an artist might paint with sure, definite strokes; each stroke adding personality, originality, or charm. The shops are adorably quaint and upon entering one of these you must restrain a strong impulse to buy at least some little trinket or gim-crack.

Laguna is not only noted for its appeal to the younger generation for swimming, hiking, and other athletic activities, but also for its healthful climate which varies little during the year. A cool, tantalizing, salty breeze from the sea sweeps through the town and fills its inhabitants with vitality. During the summer season, if perhaps it becomes a bit too warm, it is but a few minutes walk from any section to the shore where you may find relief in a refreshing dip in the surf.

Laguna has everything that is necessary to assure a full, enjoyable life. Its attributes are many. For this reason, I choose this small, compact plot of land as my "Heaven on Earth."

BARBARA BARNES, '48.

### Observations of a Receptionist

The job was mine. It offered three months of answering telephones, making appointments, and sterilizing of articles used in a doctor's office practice.

Before long, I was aware that excellent opportunities existed for me in the waiting room. Patients are worth-while studies of human nature.

A normal human being, when he develops a pain or other symptom of disease, and finds himself sitting in his physician's office waiting his turn to enter the consultation room, develops certain characteristics which undoubtedly explain some of the odd things he does. He doesn't feel well and the uncertainty of what the doctor has in store for him makes him nervous. He expects the worst. This ill-at-ease feeling manifests itself in a fidgety patient, a talkative patient, or a sullen patient.

There is nothing more irritating, nor more interesting than one or more patients of each type in the room at one time. A typical fidgeter is a woman of middle age. She spends her wait staring at the receptionist or the other patients, jumping up thinking it is her turn every time you appear at the door to usher in the next patient. You are glad when she leaves the office.

Men can be as talkative as women. They tell you and anyone else who cares to listen about their families, their troubles, and especially about their sickness. They usually don't stop talking long enough to give the receptionist a chance to answer the telephone or the doctor's call. It is from this type patient you learn the most in your human nature study. They tell you their likes, dislikes, and interesting anecdotes. In spite of their faults, I like them.

The sullen person is depressing. Usually convinced that his days are numbered, he tells you he doesn't care,

and that life offers him nothing. There is nothing you can say to this pessimist to make him change his mind. If you look at his case history, you usually find that his case is not hopeless, but that he requires rest and care which he thinks too much trouble to give himself.

The three months and my job over, I came back to my books so that I could be educated in the things that a job does not offer.

DOROTHY GRUNDY, '46.

### Impressions

Leaves

Rusty, crusty

Tumbling earthward, gusty

Golden-red ground, dusty, lusty

Fall

Snow

Banking, flanking

Roadside stacked high, spanking

Sleigh rungs sliding, riding, gliding

Winter

Wind

Whistling, swirling

Making leaves go twirling

Hustling, bustling, whirling

March

Birds

Singing, ringing

Bell-like voices flinging

Happy, joyful, gay things winging

Spring

GARLAND O'ROURKE, '46.

### Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet Celebrate Diamond Jubilee of Arrival in Arizona

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this manner until four o'clock a.m.

When, having passed through the most dangerous portion of our route, we returned thanks to God for our preservation and continued our journey. When about three miles from Tucson we were met by a procession headed by four priests on horseback. Before we reached the city the crowd had increased to about three thousand, some discharging firearms, others bearing lighted torches, all with uncovered heads. The city was illuminated and balls of combustible matter were thrown in the streets through which we passed; at each explosion Sister Euphrasia made the sign of the Cross. On reaching the convent we were welcomed by our good Bishop and a group of ladies and gentlemen. The crowd then fired a farewell salute and retired.

Our house is built of adobe or brick dried in the sun—simply mud; and consists of but one story.



# INTER-NOS

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VOL. XII, No. 1.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, DECEMBER 1945

## Robert Southwell, Poet, Priest, Martyr

Robert Southwell, an English-Catholic poet, priest, and martyr, born in 1561 in Norfolk county, was the third son of Richard Southwell of Horsham St. Faith's. Educated at Douai and in Paris, he entered the Jesuit order in 1577. His simple vows were made in 1580 in Rome. He was ordained priest in 1584, and became prefect of studies in the English College at Rome. In the same year as his ordination, a law was passed forbidding English-born subjects who had become Roman Catholic priests, since the accession of Queen Elizabeth, to remain in England more than forty days on pain of death. Southwell was sent from Rome to England in 1586 as a Jesuit missionary at his own request. For six years, with the help of friends and under various disguises, he went from one Catholic home to another. He was zealous and successful in his missionary work. In 1592 Southwell was arrested, betrayed by Anne Bellamy, daughter of the owner of the house where he was apprehended. The notorious informer, Richard Topcliffe, who made the arrest, imprisoned him for a while in his (Topcliffe's) house. He was repeatedly tortured on the rack in the hope that he would give up information concerning other priests. Upon the failure of this torture he was transferred to the gatehouse at Westminster, which was infested with vermin. His father petitioned Queen Elizabeth to have him brought to trial, and if found guilty, put to death, or removed in any case from his disgusting prison. Southwell was taken from Westminster and confined in the Tower. But not until February 1595 was he brought to trial. On February twentieth he was tried for treason, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. This sentence was carried out the next day at Tyburn prison, which is now the Hyde Park Corner of modern London. Before he was hung, he declared that he "never entertained any designs or plots against the Queen or kingdom," neither "had I any other design in returning home to my native country than to administer the sacraments to those that desired them."

Father Southwell's poetic works were published posthumously. Most of them were written during his confinement in prison. His writings were extremely popular with his contemporaries,

and his religious poems were openly sold by booksellers. Ben Jonson declared of one of Southwell's poems, "The Burning Babe," that he would readily destroy many of his own poems if he could have written such a one. The glow of his religious faith is felt in the poem.

### The Burning Babe

As I in hoary winter's night stood  
shivering in the snow,  
Surprised I was with sudden heat,  
which made my heart to glow;  
And lifting up a fearful eye, to view  
what fire was near,  
A pretty babe all burning bright did  
in the air appear,  
Who, scorched with excessive heat,  
such floods of tears did shed,  
As though His floods should quench  
His flames which with His tears  
were fed;  
"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born in  
fiery heats I fry,  
Yet none approach to warm their  
hearts, or feel my fire, but I!  
My faultless breast the furnace is, the  
fuel wounding thorns;  
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,  
the ashes shame and scorns;  
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy  
blows the coals;  
The metal in this furnace wrought  
are men's defiled souls,  
For which as now on fire I am, to work  
them to their good,  
So will I melt into a bath to wash them  
in My blood."  
With this He vanished out of sight,  
and swiftly shrunk away,  
And straight I called unto my mind  
that it was Christmas Day.

His poems about children captured their ways and ideas, and his love for the Christ Child inspired much of his poetry. "A Child of my Choice" is the next finest of Southwell's works. His poems give forth his contempt for life, repentance for sin, and a desire to be with Christ. His style is pure and simple. His writings show genius and originality. "Mary Magdalen's Tears," "Triumphs over Death," "Short Rule of Good Life," "Epistle of Comfort," and "St. Peter's Complaint" are some of his well known poems.

BILLY GEIER, '46.

## Host on Christmas Morning

He comes  
Silent as the  
Mist,  
White  
As burning, molten  
Love.

He lies  
Waiting on a  
Kiss—  
Patient,  
Hovering like a  
Dove.

He moves  
Gentle as His  
Mother,  
Captivating  
By golden grace  
A heart.

He goes  
Joyful as no  
Other,  
Knowing  
Another of Him is  
Part.

MARY JOANN LINDENFELD, '49.

### A Baby's Tear

Hush, Little Baby  
Mother is here.  
What frightened my Baby  
To bring on a tear?  
Was it morning's soft rustle  
Or cricket's wee cry,  
Or mocking bird's hustle  
Or a kitten's small sigh,  
Or because of an unpeaceful world  
Do you cry?  
Is that why?

GARLAND O'ROURKE, '46.

### New Year's Greeting

The President and Faculty wish you all a New Year filled with those blessings which come through the possession of the grace of God, Who born of a Virgin Mother, announced through angel choirs His mission, to bring peace on earth to men of good will.

Let the accomplishment of this first wish of the Divine Infant be an intention in all our prayers, that light may be given to our government, that avoiding the lure of political expediency, it may stand firm in charting its course by the principles of morality.



**Vachel Lindsay: A Discussion**

The scene: The Cunningham Living room.

The Characters: My brother Jack, our mother, myself (Joan).

The Time: One evening after dinner. (Jack is seated comfortably in the big chair, reading the Sports pages of the evening paper. Mother is in the kitchen finishing up the dishes. Joan is sitting on the couch, books, papers, and notes scattered about.)

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Joan: Well, I'm stumped!

Jack: (Looking up from newspaper) Why?

Joan: I have to write a paper on Vachel Lindsay and his contribution to Children's Literature. I don't know how to begin it.

Jack: Vachel Lindsay! He wasn't a children's poet. I did an essay on him when I took American Lit. (Goes over to desk, starts hunting through papers.)

Joan: Oh, Jack, he wrote things besides "The Congo" and "General William Booth Enters into Heaven." Here's a poem in this book which he wrote for children of about first grade level.

Jack: Mother, where are those papers I had around the other night?

Mother's voice (from kitchen): Look in the lower desk drawer.

Jack: (doing so) Oh yeah. Here they are. (Crosses over to couch. Opens notebook.) Here's my theme on Lindsay. He was born in Springfield, Illinois, in 1879 and he died in 1931.

Joan: Dates don't interest children. I'm going to put things in my paper like, well, the fact that he was born in a house which belonged to Abraham Lincoln's sister.

Jack: I have something in this paper about that. In 1922 when Lindsay was once again living in that same house he wrote: (reading) "My mother, though having many Southern ideas, was all for Lincoln. And I have in many ways agreed with her, but not enough to alter the fact that Mason and Dixon's line runs straight through my heart."

Joan: Hmm. Do you have anything else about his family or his early life.

Jack: (looking through paper) Let's see. His mother was said to have been quite talented and she brought him up in an atmosphere of culture and wide reading. When he was a boy he read Rawlinson's "History of Egypt" and all of Edgar Allan Poe's works.

Joan: I know he at one time intended to be an artist.

Jack: Yes. For five years he studied art, both at the Art Institute of Chicago and the New York School of Art. He wasn't successful making a career

of this, though, so he set out on a tour of the country as a vagabond. There's the part of his life that would appeal to children.

Joan: Yes, I guess it would. He tramped over the United States reciting his poetry, considering himself both a minstrel and a missionary.

Jack: He had published a pamphlet which he distributed on these trips. It was called "Rhymes to be Traded for Bread." Most of his living he made as a lecturer, though, even before he went on his vagabond tours. For five years he had been a lecturer for the Y. M. C. A., and for one year for the Anti-Saloon League.

Joan: He preached what he called a gospel of Beauty, after the ideas of Ruskin and Morris. A group of his poems were published under this title.

Jack: I have a note about that here. This note was in that book when it was published. (reads) "I recited these three poems more than any others in my late mendicant preaching tour through the West. Taken as a triad, they hold in solution my theory of American civilization."

Joan: All this information is most interesting but it is his work as a children's poet with which I am concerned in my paper.

Jack: Well, in 1912 *Poetry, Magazine of Verse* was first published and he is said to have been one of its first discoveries. The first of his works to be printed in this was "General William Booth Enters into Heaven."

Joan: (thumbing through a book) Here is a description of the type of poetry he wrote. "It is known for vivid imagery, vigorous rhythm and dramatic conception."

Jack: He believed that poetry, instead of merely being read by the eye, should be spoken and sung after a fashion suggested by ancient Greek lyric recitation.

Joan: Here is a quotation from his volume, *Collected Poems*, in which he advocates a whispered reading, for, he says (reading) "All poetry is first and last for the inner ear, and its final pleasures are for the soul, whispering in solitude."

Jack: (going through the books and notes) I should think with all this information you'd be able to get together some sort of paper on him. Here are some of his children's poems in this book. "In Praise of Johnny Appleseed." This book says that is in the class of seventh graders. And listen to this little ditty he wrote for kids in about the second grade:

"The Grasshopper, the Grasshopper  
I will explain to you:  
He is the Brownie's racehorse,  
The fairies' kangaroo!"

And here is "The Little Turtle" which he wrote for the first grade, and "The Mysterious Cat" for the fourth.

Joan: (reading) "An Indian Summer Day on the Prairie." That's in the sixth grade category. Oh, here's one I like. It's at the fourth grade level.

Jack: That's why.

Joan: (ignoring him, reads)  
"The Moon? It is a Griffin's egg,  
Hatching tomorrow night.  
And how the little boys will watch  
With shouting and delight  
To see him break the shell and stretch  
And creep across the sky.  
The boys will laugh. The little girls,  
I fear, may hide and cry.  
Yet gentle will the Griffin be,  
Most decorous and fat,  
And walk up to the Milky Way  
And lap it like a cat."

Mother: (enters) Jack, there's a telephone call for you.

Jack: (about to go to phone) Well, go ahead and start your paper, Joan. There's enough information around about him. Use my theme for reference if you want to. (exits)

Joan: (takes up pen, begins thumbing through notes, books, etc.) I'm still stumped!

FINIS

JOAN CUNNINGHAM, '46.

**It's All Greek to Us**

The line "It's all Greek to us" may have been appropriate when Shakespeare wrote his play, *Julius Caesar*, but it certainly does not apply to the thirteen sophomores who make an elementary knowledge of Greek their aim for this year.

Any Tuesday or Thursday morning at 9:20 they can be found in room 106, reading and writing with the use of an alphabet which until September of this year was completely foreign to them. If you are interested in hearing more, just ask one of them a question about the subject. Quicker than one can say epepaideukei the girl you question will explain to you a few of the intricacies of Paroxytone and Properispomenon nouns, or upon request she may even give a discourse lengthy or otherwise, on the many and various idiosyncracies of the Proparoxytone.

Contrary to any impression the above paragraph may have created, the Greek class wishes to make it known that Greek is not the formidable subject that it is "painted." We, the Greek class, chose Greek because we believed it would prove a fascinating study.

We are not disappointed.

ANN HALL, '48.



## No Room

But I must get a place, my wife—"I tell you, I have nothing. You're not the only G. I. with a wife," roughly barked the clerk, at the housing committee headquarters.

Joe turned away. Not Tarawa, not Saipan had clutched him with the black despairing fear, which his averted face could not hide. Fumbling for something hanging from the chain at his neck, he whispered, "St. Joseph, help me. You've always been my Pal." A hand on his shoulder drew his eyes to a middle-aged man, who fell into step with him.

"Soldier, young fellow, I have a hunting shack out in the Arroya—not much—I spend occasional week-ends there. But there's a bed, a couch for a friend who sometimes happens in, and a fireplace with plenty of logs to keep a body warm. I keep bedding on hand and a few supplies—canned soup and beans and biscuits—. It's yours for the taking lad, until you can find a better."

"O thank you, Sir, and God bless you," gasped the boy. "It seems like it can't be true. Mary, my wife, is coming so we can be together, for my leave. I have two whole weeks, Sir. She's bringing Joey, my son. He'll be a year old tomorrow, New Year's Day. I've never seen him. O boy! I can hardly wait."

"Where are they now?"

"They're on the train. Due here at 3:15. Mary hasn't had it easy. I send her about all I make, but her mother isn't keen about me. You see, Mabel her sister, married a Major. I guess I'd have to stand up just about all the time, if I visited them," chuckled Joe.

"Let's hurry along then," said Joe's new friend, with a sympathetic smile, at the boy's eagerness. "It's not far, but not too easy to find. I'll take you there, and have a look at the place. Pancho, an old timer in those hills is a sort of caretaker for me. He lives near-by, and is glad to earn a little. He's fond of me, besides. You see, his people for generations, sort of belonged to our family. The Spanish hacienda idea, you know. We'll start the fire, put Pancho to work tidying up, and hurry back to meet the 3:15."

"Sir," said Joe timidly, as, after seeing all in readiness, they were returning to the depot, "I'm saying to myself and I want to say it to you, Thank God he came! Thank St. Joseph! and, Thank you, Sir, a million. I'm sure they sent you, for as I turned away from that brute, I wanted to kill him, worse than I ever wanted to kill a Jap. I wondered if America was worth fighting for. You see I'm a Catholic, and I couldn't receive Holy Commun-

ion with Mary tomorrow, if I kept on hating that fellow."

"Don't hate anyone, Joe. It only harms yourself. I understand how it feels to be snarled at by a young man in 'civvies.' I was in the last war, and would have been in this one, but they wouldn't take a gray haired chap like me. They gave me a war job instead, sort of a secret one."

"You're the real America, Sir, the one worth fighting for—fighting the Japs, and fighting the devil." Joe blushed a little as he added, "I was just hating him. Then you came, and then the cozy little cabin with the fire and the table all set up for our supper. You've done this for me, Sir, and I won't forget it. Why the way I feel now, I wouldn't even punch that fellow's nose, if I met him alone in an alley. Hi. There's the whistle of the three-fifteen, and we're right on time."

As evening crept in, on that eventful day, it smiled on Joe and Mary cozied by the big stone fireplace. Little Joe, never for a moment, afraid of his tall soldier daddy, slept trustingly in his arms. Pancho had done himself proud, spreading the bed and couch with clean warm blankets, and the table with a luscious meal—quail on toast, steaming frijoles with tortillas, and fragrant coffee. Now they were alone, just themselves, Joe's little family.

"Dearest" whispered Joe, stroking the head that rested on his shoulder, "I'd like just this to last forever, but you are tired after that long journey, and we must be up early for Mass tomorrow."

On their way from the train they had dropped into the Plaza Church for confession, where Mary in gratitude for Joe's return poured out her heart to her Eucharistic Lord, revered in that oldest of Los Angeles churches, by perpetual adoration.

"Yes Joe, let's get the baby ready and then get some rest ourselves. I am tired—my body is—but my heart keeps singing 'We have two whole weeks together, and the war is over.'"

The night was chill, but the warm glow from the log fire shut out cold and darkness from the little cabin. Mary and their son were soon asleep. As he stretched himself on the couch, Joe pressed his medal to his lips, whispering, "Thank you, St. Joseph, you've never let me down."

It did not seem to him that he had even dozed, when his attention was arrested by unfamiliar sounds, the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle. Starting up he cried out, "Where am I? Is this the housing bureau?"

Near him a man was standing. A

man in his prime, poor, but speaking with a quiet dignity. "A Son was born to my wife last night. There was no room at the inn, nor elsewhere. She and the Child are in an animal shelter on the hill. It is very cold there, I must find a better place for them. They are of the House of David."

"Better stay where you are," the clerk of census, muttered, "another might take it. No house available here. Money has bought up everything. Certainly good fortune has come to Bethlehem."

Was that the shadow of a cloud that suddenly dimmed the sunlight, bringing in its train a chilling wind?

"Good Fortune, Tidings of great joy," murmured the stranger, turning as if dazed. Timidly G. I. Joe plucked at his purple mantle, "Sir, we have a shack in the dry river bed. It's small, but it's warm and there's plenty of food. Mary and I will make room for you, come on," as the man seemed to hesitate, "let's get your wife and baby, and I'll take you all home wie me."

Surprise and gratitude drove out the hurt and disappointment from the eyes of the courteous stranger. "He's poor," thought Joe, "but I'll bet he's somebody."

They were nearing the customs' exit, when stopped by a harsh command. "Ho there. Halt! You say a child was born in Bethlehem last night. What name? Give data for the census, and hurry with it."

Turning but slightly, the man answered "The Child is called Jesus, Son of Mary of Nazareth, my wife."

A log crashed, scattering a shower of sparks. Joe awakened with a start. "What's happened. Oh, where did he go?" The glowing embers smiled at him. The night outside was dark and still.

Tiptoeing to the hearth, Joe spread some Eucalyptus twigs on the hot coals, topping them with a log that would burn till morning. "My but I wish that hadn't been a dream."

Afar off whistles shrilled and sirens moaned. It was New Year's Day, 1946, in the good old United States of America. With a soft kiss on Mary's curls and on Joey's dimpled hand, Joe dropped back to sleep, whispering in drowsy content, "Only fifty points needed for mustering out and I have f-o-r-t-y n-i-n-e."

SISTER M. DOLOROSA.

## A King?

A dim light burns forever  
Because a Child was born  
A crown of rough straw on His head  
His Mother saw the thorn.

KATHLEEN O'HANLON, '46.



### Blood Typing

As many of you know, via the Red Cross, one of medicine's greatest aids in saving our fighting men who suffered loss of blood during the war, was life-saving plasma and whole blood transfusions.

Since ancient days, scientists have experimented with blood. Many met with disastrous results until it was discovered that the donor's blood must be compatible with that of the recipient. The method for determining this compatibility is known as blood typing.

Landsteiner found that the blood of all human beings could be divided into three groups which he called O, A, and B. Later a fourth group, AB was discovered. The blood group, or type can be found by tests dependent upon clumping of cells, or agglutination.

A number of you who have been brave enough, have gone to one of the members of the Hematology class and let her "type" you. Perhaps you are still wondering how she could, after half an hour, send you on your way with, "Thanks for coming; you're type A," after spending that half hour performing what you thought were mysterious rites. For your information, this is what happened to the drop of blood YOU donated.

First it was placed in a saline solution to dilute, or thin it out some. Next a drop of this solution, known as a cell suspension, was placed on a slide and well mixed with a drop of A serum (courtesy of Marcella Malarkey) and another drop of your cells was mixed with a drop of B serum (courtesy of Dorothy Grundy). The slide was then set aside for fifteen to thirty minutes.

The serum used is the pale liquid part of the blood that remains after the cells have formed a clot and settled to the bottom. It was taken from a type A donor and a type B donor.

After the above-mentioned time, the slide was placed under a microscope and "read." In compatible serum, your cells should be separated; in incompatible serum, they are clumped together in groups. If your cells were separated in A and clumped in B, you are type A. You can receive blood from a type A donor, or the universal type O donor, without disastrous results. If the cells clumped in A and not in B, you are type B.

Now here is a confusing statement. If your cells were not clumped in either serum, you are type O, the universal donor, who can give blood to any blood type, but can receive from a type O donor, only. For this reason, type "O" blood was sent overseas to

be used in whole transfusions on the battlefronts. If your cells clumped in both serums, you are type AB, the universal recipient. You can receive from any blood type donor, but can give to type AB recipient only. This clumping is caused by certain combinations of substances found in the serum uniting with substances found in the cells.

If you are interested in knowing how common or how rare your blood is, and do not know your type the Hematology students will be glad to type you. 45% of Americans and Europeans are Type O; 42% are Type A; 10% are Type B; and only 3% are Type AB.

DOROTHY GRUNDY, '47.

### What Do I Want for Christmas

What do I want for Christmas,  
Last summer's moon would do,  
Stars we have plucked together,  
Maybe a kiss or two.

Rain on my cheek in autumn  
When all the trees are bare,  
Brush of your lips against my cheek,  
Wind blowing through my hair.

Tape for the hurt of broken rhymes,  
Pink lemonade with straws,  
Maybe another date with you,  
Is there a Santa Claus?

MARY VIRGINIA LANGDON, '49.

### To a Little Girl

Is it because the sun shines  
That you dance instead of walk?  
Is it because of the birds overhead  
That you'd rather sing than talk!

Do you greet with that half hidden  
Smile in your eye  
Heavenly folk whom no others see?  
And laugh to yourself over secrets  
To which you alone hold the key?

Do you see the beauty of Heaven  
Hidden away in your ken?  
And is this wide world your plaything  
Because you are only ten?

MARY NEEDLES, '46.

### Dreams of Childhood

The air was heavy with suppressed excitement. Christmas was just around the corner! Tonight would be Christmas Eve. Years and years ago on this night the Christ Child was born. As I sat, chin resting on my fist and legs swinging aimlessly, the raucous voice of my brother broke in on my reverie.

"Come on, let's go outside and rake the leaves for Santa's reindeer."

"Sure" I assented eagerly and at once we sped to the backyard to stack the leaves in a great pile. This was a ritual with us. The reindeer, you see, would be hungry and tired from their long cold journey from the North

Pole. If we did not put food for them, they might tell Santa that two thoughtless children lived at our house and next year he might pass us by.

"What about Santa's lunch," I asked. He'll be pretty hungry too."

"Yep, you're right. We mustn't forget him."

Dashing into the house we got our coffee can, which we set out faithfully every year, and which grateful Santa left behind him, empty. Into it went our delicious Christmas cookies, which Mama made from recipes brought from Germany: Lebkuchen, Pfeffernussel, Springerle, Aniseleibchen. We also piled in thick slices of Gugelupf, Studel and Hutzelnbrot. Forging down the lid we laid on it a grimy scrap of paper, on which we had scrawled, "Two Santa from Julius and Mucki." We placed the can beside the reindeer's fodder. Our preparations were rudely interrupted by the voice of Mother, calling us to take our nap.

Mumbled protests were beginning as it was only two o'clock, but we meekly trotted in remembering that we would stay up late tonight, and even a nap would be fun in the enormous downy bed in Mother's room.

When we woke up, the room was dark and stars were twinkling through the windows. For awhile we lay there revelling in joyous anticipation. Suddenly there was a rushing sound as of something sweeping from the sky. The window banged and then silence fell.

"What was that?" hoarsely whispered my brother. "It was Santa and his sleigh" I whispered hysterically.

With ears fairly sticking from our heads we listened as the front door opened, and a deep rumbling voice came from the direction of the living room. Without a doubt it was Santa. It seemed an age that we lay there with hearts thumping wildly, scarcely daring to breathe. Then came Mama's voice calling us. Madly we rushed to the front room. There, with candles flickering brightly and ornaments glittering in all the colors of the rainbow, stood the Christmas tree!

Eagerly we gazed at the presents, beautifully wrapped, under the tree, but before we opened them, Daddy sat down at the piano, and softly played the carols. Mama turned out the lights and lit the candles on the tree, then together we sang those dearly loved songs, "O Tannenbaum," "O Du Selige," "Morgen Kommt der Weihnachts Mann," and last of all "Stille Nacht." As I sang there, with the tree gleaming before me, I whispered to the little Infant King, so softly that only He could hear, "Thank you and Merry Christmas."

ADELAIDE SPUHLER, '49.



# INTER-NOS

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Mt. St. Mary's College

Los Angeles, May 1946

## Review of Anthology

### Rainbow in the Sky The Cambridge Book of Poetry For Children

*Rainbow in the Sky* was collected and edited by Louis Untermeyer and illustrated by Reginald Birch. It was published by Harcourt, Brace and Company in New York in the year 1935. It has 498 pages and a blue cover with the title in the shape of a rainbow in white letters. At the end of the book there are four pages of acknowledgments; and an Index of first lines. The paper is of heavy weight. The book opens with a Table of Contents and then the anthology is divided into sections.

First there is an introduction called, "A Word With You." This explains that poetry is "first of all, a rainbow in the sky—a rainbow glowing with promise for everyone who will look, delighting the eye and uplifting the heart."

The first section is called, "Jingles Old and New." This includes jingles, catches and tunes heard in England, America, Africa and Australia. Wherever boys and girls have skipped rope or bounced ball these little verses have been sung. Some of the "Important People" named were real persons, for example, Edward the Confessor and Hector Protector are found in English history books and Solomon and David found in the Bible.

Edward the Confessor,  
Slept under the dresser.  
When that began to pall,  
He slept out in the hall.

Hector Protector was dressed all in  
green;

Hector Protector was sent to the  
Queen.

The Queen did not like him, no more  
did the King;

So Hector Protector was sent back  
again.

King Solomon and King David  
And their forty-seven wives  
Raised Cain in old Jerusalem  
And lived ungodly lives.

But when old age came on them  
With all its many qualms,  
King Solomon took to Proverbs,  
And David wrote the Psalms.

The Farmer in the Dell section con-  
(Continued, Column 3)

## 'Tis The Month of Our Mother

"The blessed and beautiful days—" In a college bedroom a slim, white enamel madonna stands shrined in flowers between a portrait of the latest crooner and a plush Bambi with sweeping, sooty eye lashes. A broad-shouldered boy in a leather flying jacket lights a candle and kneels, face buried in outspread hands, at the feet of a blue-robed Lady. Hurrying school children clutch books and gaudy bouquets for the May altar. A scavenger, grimy and bent beneath the weight of his collection can, whistles, "Mary, help us, help we pray," as he scrapes the bottom of the trash barrel. Tiers of rainbow formals frame an arbor where a young girl all in white lifts a wreath of roses to the brow of a statue. In the wreckage of an air liner the lifeless fingers of a world-famous athletic coach tangle about a worn rosary.

You know these things. You have seen them and thousands of others like them. "Who is she that cometh forth, rising fair as the morning," and claiming the love of so many?

In the silent bliss of eternity before God created man and a world, God was, so to speak, lonely. And so God ordained motherhood. Only God could have thought of a mother and even God wanted a mother. In creating His mother God exhausted His omnipotence. He made her so full of grace and virtue that it would seem that even He could give her no more—and then He gave her His Son.

As Mary yielded her will to the ineffable embrace of the Holy Spirit, the Son of God embraced life in her womb. As the soul yields to the Holy Spirit in Baptism, Mary brings forth her Son in that soul, to live again on earth in His Mystical Body, the Church.

Do they know these things—the flyer, the scavenger, the coach, the children? "The heart has its reasons that the reason cannot know." They know that Mary is their mother. That is all they need to know.

SISTER MARY PATRICIA '4

## A Thought on White Hair

My little angel from above  
Looked down on me and said,  
"I think I'll let some snow from  
Heaven  
Tumble on your head."

GENEVIEVE DE ZAYAS '47

## Review of Anthology

### Rainbow in the Sky The Cambridge Book of Poetry For Children

(Continued from Column 1)

tains verses about the farm and barnyard and about all the things that go on in the country. Many of these came out of Mother Goose's collection of tales, tunes and tinkles and many came from other authors such as Robert Louis Stevenson.

The rain is raining all around,  
It falls on field and tree,  
It rains on the umbrellas here,  
And on the ships at sea.

"Boys and Girls" bring to mind many delightful games youngsters play and with them many other rhymes such as Jack and Jill, Little Miss Muffet and Wee Willie Winkie.

A riddle is something that makes us guess the answer and Riddles in Rhyme has thirty-three riddles that are guaranteed to keep you guessing. The answers are provided at the end of the section.

The poems collected under the heading Wind, Weather, Seasons and Charms are lovely and simple. There is for example Christina Rossetti's "The Wind."

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you;  
But where the leaves hang trembling,  
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you;  
But when the trees bow down their  
heads,  
The wind is passing through.

Many famous and common charms are included here:

Star-light, star-bright,  
First star I see tonight;  
I wish I may, I wish I might,  
Get the wish I wish tonight.

In Heaven and Earth the simplest things take on a glory as seen through a poetic eye. We are allowed a glimpse at these "wonders" in the poetry of such men as Tennyson and Longfellow.

The next section, Fin, Fur and Feather, has poems about things that swim, fly, leap, walk, creep and crawl. Although birds seem to be the favor-

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### Review of Anthology Rainbow in the Sky The Cambridge Book of Poetry For Children

(Continued from page 1, Col. 3)

its subject, there is William Blake's tender poem called "The Lamb"; Mrs. Hale's famous lamb poem, "Mary's Lamb" and two delightfully comic descriptions of the dog by Oliver Herford and Oliver Goldsmith. And that is only naming a few of the various animals written about.

I'll Tell You a Story contains some true stories and also just poems. "Barbara Frietchie," by Whittier, was an old lady when Stonewall Jackson invaded her town during the Civil War and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" by Robert Browning is built around a place and a legend. Many of the other poems are acquaintances from our childhood days and the compiler seemed to have picked out those which appealed to him especially.

All serious thoughts should be left behind when one goes through the door named Cap and Bells. Here the poems are merry and amusing and have light and teasing tinkles. Our great poet, John Keats, who was not what one would call a jester wrote "The Naughty Bou" which is top with "The Diverting History of John Gilpin" by William Cowper.

There was an old lady who said  
When she found a thief under her bed,  
"Get up from the floor;

You're too close to the door,  
And I fear you'll take cold in the  
head."

The Road to Anywhere is for those who love to wander. These poems take you wherever you desire but the last poem, "The Little Road" by Nancy Byrd Turner leads the way home.

Lullabies are perhaps the oldest kind of poetry in the world and under the title Hush-A-By lullabies from almost every country are found. Some have been put to music by the great composers Brahms and Schumann but the "Cradle Song" by Blake makes its own music and doesn't need anyone to write music for its hushed lines.

In "Simply Nonsense" we meet our well known favorites Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll and Laura E. Richards. There is no meaning in the lines of this poetry but there is instead music—music of strange and lovely sounds, of queer rhymes and queerer rhythms. Two verses from Lear's New Nonsense Limericks are:

A diner while dining at Crewe  
Found quite a large mouse in his stew

Said the waiter, "Don't shout,  
And wave it about,  
Or the rest will be wanting one too!"

### An Incident During Practice Teaching

"Zoom, whirr, bam!" screamed Jimmy from the front row of the reading group. This was the second week of my practice teaching. I thought I had gained control over my initial fear of those thirty seven children, but now, how was I to cope with this airplane complex.

"Whizz-ooowowow," continued Jimmy, punctuating his remarks with a horizontal movement of his arm and a deep diving motion. Smiling delightedly, Jimmy concluded with, "Swift as an eagle, oow, oowowoo."

My mind was filled with varied questions. Was this child playing on words, on my last name? What psychology should I use? The class was bewildered too, and merely stared at Jimmy, who, contrary to his usual actions while basking in the limelight, returned his attention to the primer, and "A1" reading continued.

Such is an example of the odd situations that often occur in the classroom, especially in the practice teacher's classroom. However, Jimmy and I became fast friends before practice teaching was over. In fact, he was outstanding as one of the most alert boys in "A1" and there were thirty boys in that class.

BETTY SWIFT, '46

### The Survival

Mood. Motion. Rhythm. Tempo. Beat. Pulse. Life living. Death. Non-living. The excluded middle. The contradiction. It is or It isn't. It isn't is and is not at the time. Birth . . . life . . . death . . . So little time. So much time. No time. We live, we work. We survive. Survival is patterned. Type A. Type B. Type C. Type D. Same, same, same! Hello, how are you? Goodbye. Hello. Goodbye. Cling, cling, cling, cling. Step it up. Step it up ZZZzzzzing, next stop Hill Street, Broadway, Twelfth Street, Tenth Street. Local zone. My stop. Off please! Click clack, click clack. Going up please. In please. Step back. ZZZzzzzzzzzzz. Sixth floor, 609, Mr. Smith. Name please. Mary Jones. Be seated. Just a moment. Rows of desks; typewriters, white paper, stacks and stacks of it. Girls with black hair. Tall girls, short girls. Thin girls, fat girls. Pretty girls, not so pretty girls. Mr. Smith will see you now, Miss Jones. Be seated, Miss Jones. Yes, Miss Jones? Yes, Miss Jones. Speed, Miss Jones? Fine, Miss Jones. Report in the morning, Miss Jones. Good day, Miss Jones. Going down. In please. Up and down. In and out. In and out, up and down. Come and go. Work, work, work, work. Live, exist, survive.

JOAN CUNNINGHAM '46

### Koolau The Mountain Mahina The Moon

A hush of ebb tide crept in a foamy edge along the shore. As I dreamily wiggled my toes in the damp warmth of sand, a moon golden with maturity burned a path through the sea. There were nights like this in old Hawaii when the unhindered rampage of nature burst forth where ancient customs still prevailed.

Grandfather told me a tale which happened here along the sea in a village many years ago. It seemed that the ocean whether calm or tidalic had magnetic powers to lure the natives to an amphibious existence. With as much gravity the mountains in its untamed finery tempted women to gather blossoms to wear about their bare shoulders. The men, too, wandered through the valleys in search of delectable fruit or to hunt wild boar and pheasants for the feast.

In the village narrow stone highways wove a life line where age and youth mingled footsteps in delightful harmony of length and pressure and spirit. A tributary leading off the main road appeared worn and yet overgrown with a recent carpet of emerald moss. Torch gingers and ti leaves projected chiaroscuro designs upon the winding path. This led to a stone landing which was the entrance to a low frame hut. The shutters were tightly closed although the warm sun and cool wind teased caressingly. Within the sturdy walls a young man and woman silently moved about their tasks. On the matted floor knelt Koolau mending a well-utilized fish net entangled with a variety of dry seaweed. Mahina's pale loveliness framed in soft brown tresses was a whisper of femininity. Her face was serene and her eyes thoughtful as she tenderly followed every movement of body and feature of her mate. The light from the oil lamp made faint patterns across the ceiling and cast dark shadows in the corners.

A week had passed since Koolau heard the rumor that the government suspected him with being marked with leprosy. At first he laughed and mockingly brought to attention his crimson cheeks and the even golden tan covering every graceful muscle in his majestic physique. The mere thought of the souls destined to a living death in the leper settlement on Molokai made him shudder. Nevertheless, the rumor grew louder and louder until Koolau and Mahina imagined they could hear the haunting tumult pounding against their walls. The uproar came to a crescendo one day when a loud rapping at the door shook the

(Continued on page 3, Col. 1)



## Koolau The Mountain Mahina The Moon

(Continued from page 2, Col. 3)

very foundation of their crude abode. Mahina rose silently but her large brown eyes were pools of fear. Bravely Koolau put his arm protectingly about her shoulders and strength seemed to surge from his touch into her veins. He flung the door open and demanded what reason made such clamor necessary.

The half naked native panting heavily broke out in short rasps, "Soldiers . . . they are coming to take you to Molokai . . . I saw them cross the river two miles back . . . Take Mahina and hurry!"

Carefully Mahina packed a bundle of food and a quilt while Koolau prepared his musket. Affectionately he patted the barrel against his knee as if to say that now was his chance to prove its worth. Not a word was spoken however, although an inner panic throbbed within their breasts. Each of them knew that energy wasted in talk would be greatly needed later.

Within his mind Koolau traced the shortest trail to their destination. However, rocky river beds staggered their progress, but more so was the dense tropical vegetation through which they tore ragged corridors. Out of the darkness they came upon a flat clearing towered by jagged cliffs and a perplexing number of gorges leading in every direction. At one of these gorges Koolau pointed and said, "This we will call our fort because nature will aid us to attain justice. It will be our home, too, for nevermore will I return." That night as the stars blessed their slumber they slept as one, knowing that together they would find strength to preserve their happiness and only apart would they wither into the dusk.

With the dawn a blast echoed throughout the gorges and re-echoed in the clearing. Seeing no need to reveal their hiding place just yet, Koolau remained silent within the protecting jut of rock in the pass. Nevertheless he was tense and keenly aware of each movement and sound.

A slight shadow fell across the mound at the opening and a vicious smoking gun came in sight. Koolau raised his musket to the eye level and waited for countless seconds. In order to aim into the passage it was necessary for the enemy to take a slight stand around the turn. A clear shot pierced the silence and the shadow rolled limply down the base. A charge of uniformed militia boldly confronted the fort and one by one they fell like cocoanuts in a typhoon. The remain-

der fled to report the extraordinary feat. A response of praise vibrated among the village people, a pronounced awe for a true warrior of the great king Kamehameha.

A close friend of the dauntless Koolau, the village sheriff, alone was unabashed. He gathered a posse and returned to the clearing with a plan of duty to capture Koolau without hurting him bodily. At the entrance he begged his friend to allow himself to be taken without further violence and they in turn would promise safety to him and his wife. In answer Koolau's deep vibrant voice rang out, "You are my friend, but even you cannot persuade me. Take one more step and I will shoot off your right ear; take another and you shall die."

Not believing this threat to be true, the sheriff stepped boldly up the mound. Not believing, that is, until a sudden "zing" pierced the air between them, and his right ear was no more. He cautiously retreated and was administered to by his trembling henchmen.

Koolau's fame as a marksman was repeated through all the villages and soon traveled to every shore of the Island group. Since no one could be found fearless enough to challenge the warrior, persecution soon ceased. However, to avoid capture Koolau was forced to spend the rest of his life in the narrow pass like a wild animal within an iron cage peering through impenetrable bars at the coveted freedom.

Every week on a dark night Mahina faithfully trudged to the village to replenish their food and ammunition supplies carrying the precious burden on her once straight back. Many years later in soft twilight, a lone figure bent and crowned with pale white hair sorrowfully laid to rest in the unknown wilderness the body of Koolau. His natural death in old age deprived him of his one ardent wish, but his spirit lived to return with Mahina to their paradise by the sea.

On warm peaceful nights when the moon was in its fullness aged Mahina listened hopefully to the heavy drone of the sea. In her low melodic voice she repeated the story of Koolau to a child of her brother who was my great grandfather. With the low ripple of dark waters the memory of Koolau returned every moonlight night.

Grandfather's tale receded into the white foam of ebb tide and all was still again. A cold finger of the sea touched my bare feet. Trembling with the sudden icy sensation, I struggled through the veil of dreams. The moon was at the peak of night and the sea wallowed in its glow.

JAMIE KUIPO ACHONG '49

## Chinese Cinderella

Long ago, in the country south of the Yangtze River, was a little village shut in by a great stone wall. At the entrance were two great pillars on which giant lanterns were hung. A white banner with the words "Kwong-tung Village" written in black ink, flew over the gate. Inside this village, lived a little girl, Mew Lan, with her stepmother, Mme. Tschai and two stepsisters, Oi Young and Oi Hu. They were very mean to Mew Lan and always kept her busy. Mew Lan had to do all the scrubbing, sweeping, and dusting in the house.

But because of her sweetness and beauty, she was always dressed in rags and her hair made up into braids. In spite of all the ill-treatment, she was always obliging to all their commands and tasks.

One day, Mme. Tschai said to Mew Lan, "Take this basket to the river and fill it to the top with fish and crab before you come home." Mew Lan was very unhappy; she did not know what to do. She went to the valley and sitting on a rock, gazed at the river. Then she began to cry and cry.

As she was crying, a cow approached her saying, "Why are you crying, little one? Please tell me and I will help you."

Mew Lan looked up and said, "Dear Mother Cow, dear Mother Cow, my stepmother gave me this basket and told me not to return home until I have filled it with fish and crab."

"Well," said the cow. "I'll help you. Follow me."

Mew Lan followed the cow down to the bank of the river and watched as the cow drank up the water in the river. When nothing but the fishes and crabs remained, Mew Lan gathered a whole basketful and brought them home to her stepmother.

Mme. Tschai was angry and gave Mew Lan a basket of silk saying to her, "Take these and spin them into thread before you return home tonight."

Poor Mew Lan took the silks and went out into the valley and sitting on a rock began to cry and cry. The Mother Cow heard her and asked, "Why are you crying again little one? Please tell me and I will help you."

Mew Lan showed the Mother Cow what had to be done, and so the cow chewed the silks and turned them into thread. Mew Lan was so delighted that she ran all the way home with the thread.

Now Mme. Tschai became very angry when she saw the silk thread and learned that Mother Cow had helped her stepdaughter. Furiously she said

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## Manfred

The birth of Manfred was inevitable. Byron, after completing the reading of Faust amid the Alpine landscapes had to release the lever controlling his repressed feelings of horror, love, desire and regret; hence, the emergence of his great dramatic poem—Manfred. The first two acts were composed in twelve days while he traveled through the Alps and all the actual scenes of the tour were thrust into the poem.

The action of the play centers in the high Alps—partly in the castle of Manfred in a feudal township and partly in the mountains.

The opening of the play has been compared to Faust; for Manfred, rich, learned, and skilled in magical arts, commands the appearance of the Spirits of Earth, Ocean, Air, Night, Mountains, Wind and his Star, and asks of them, "Forgetfulness." "Of that which is within me . . ." His soul is apparently tortured by the memory of a great crime. The Spirits disappear, Manfred falls senseless, and a tremendous incantation is heard. It is evidently recited against a woman unnamed in the poem but who is thought to be Arabella, his wife.

Manfred, upon awakening, goes high up on the cliffs to be alone. While he laments of the torment and anguish his soul is suffering, a Chamois Hunter quietly approaches him and seizes Manfred just as he is about to spring from the cliff. The hunter takes Manfred to his cottage where he recovers and then departs toward a lower valley in the Alps. It is in this scene that Manfred describes himself. From his youth on he was not like other human beings, and though he wore the form of a human he had no sympathy with "breathing flesh." His joy was in the wilderness, he loved nature and wanted to be alone with it. In his "lone wanderings" he entered "the caves of death searching for its cause in its effect." Then he delved into the untaught sciences until he made his "eyes familiar with Eternity." All through this life of solitude he had only one human tie:

She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,  
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone  
Even of her voice, they were like to mine;  
But soften'd all, and tempered into beauty:  
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,  
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind  
To comprehend the universe: nor these

Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine.

Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not:

And tenderness—but that I had for her;

Humility—and that I never had.

Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—

I loved her, and destroy'd her!

This woman whom Manfred wants the witch to conjure up is called Astarte as we find out later in the poem. She, Astarte, is the person Manfred wants to forget because of the wrong he once did her. The words, "I loved her, and destroy'd her!" were the secret of Manfred's despair, as of Byron's; and through Manfred's lips Byron was crying aloud his suffering.

When the witch fails to conjure up Astarte's spirit, Manfred, as a final and desperate move, enters the Hall of Arimanes and seeks this same boon from him. Manfred is now successful. The phantom of Astarte rises and after much pleading she speaks to him and her words are:

Manfred! Tomorrow ends thine earthly ills. She then disappears and Manfred departs.

Byron finished the third act of Manfred during his illness in Venice. It was a rather short act for Byron did not have Goethe's gift for handling the supernatural in vast blocks, but it was interesting.

The act opens at Manfred's castle where an Abbot attempts to reconcile Manfred with himself. Even though he fails he resolves not to give up but to follow him cautiously.

In the closing scene, which takes place in the interior of Manfred's tower, the Demons sent from Hell seek to drag Manfred back with them. But he refuses saying:

I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—

But was my own destroyer, and will be My own hereafter,—Back, ye baffled fiends!

The hand of death is on me—but not yours!

This shows that under Shelley's influence Byron was striving for the first time to reconcile his invincible sense of sin with that sceptical philosophy which rejected the orthodox notions of Hell and Punishment. Byron alone had been Byron's tempter. Byron alone would chastise Byron in Byron. Hell exists—but it is within us, and the living plunge into it themselves.

"Old man! 'Tis not so difficult to die"—those were Manfred's last words to the Abbot; and in them, as Byron wrote to Augusta, lay the whole moral of the poem.

ANN AMECHE '46

## Chinese Cinderella

(Continued from page 3, Col. 3)

to Mew Lan, "We shall kill Mother Cow tomorrow for our Sunday dinner."

Mew Lan felt so sorry that she immediately went out to the valley and told dear Mother Cow about it. Mother Cow did not like the news. However, she told Mew Lan, "After I am eaten, remember to bury my bones under the plum tree in your back yard. But, mind you now, don't uncover my grave until the day of the New Year."

The next day which was Saturday, Mme. Tschai gave Wah Fong, the working boy, orders to kill Mother Cow for tomorrow's dinner. Poor Wah Fong hated to kill Mother Cow but when he approached her with a knife in his hand, Mother Cow spoke kindly to him, saying, "Do not fear to kill me, Wah Fong, for don't you know that the good never really die?"

"Oh, Mother Cow," answered Wah Fong, "thank you for telling me. I have felt so bad ever since Mme. Tschai told me that I must kill you." Then Wah Fong drove his knife into Mother Cow's throat.

Slowly, slowly, dripped the blood as Wah Fong watched sadly. He turned his head to shut out the sight.

"Wah Fong, Wah Fong," came a tiny voice from above. The working boy looked up and saw that a bird was speaking to him.

"Wah Fong, I am the spirit of Mother Cow. Remember my words so that you may tell Mew Lan. Someday, perhaps, she will need my help again." With these words the spirit of Mother Cow flew away from the astonished lad.

The following Saturday was New Year's Day. There was going to be a parade in Kwongtung Village. The prince would be there, and so all the people were anxious to see the New Year's Parade. Mme. Tschai forbade Mew Lan to attend the parade, until she separated a pot of red and white beans. Mew Lan, who had set her heart on seeing the parade, was deeply hurt. But the spirit of dear Mother Cow, who had changed into a little bird at her death, came now to help Mew Lan separate the red and white beans.

When the beans were all sorted, Mew Lan went into the back yard and uncovered the grave of Mother Cow's bones. To her amazement, she found layers of beautiful gowns in a variety of colors: red, orange, pink, gold, blue, and green. Some of them were trimmed with sparkling sequins and others were exquisitely embroidered.

CLARA WONG '49

(To be continued)



# INTER-NOS

VOL. XIII, No. 1.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, DECEMBER 1946

## Tribute to Bishop Manning

And you dear Bishop Manning, when  
you heard  
The Voice of God; the call to be a  
shepherd  
Of His flock; to feed His hungry sheep,  
You bowed your head as Mary did,  
and answered  
"Be it done to me according to His  
will."  
We, here at Mount Saint Mary's, wel-  
come you  
And pray to her who first pronounced  
"Magnificat,"  
To keep forever in your heart the echo  
Of this sacred song resounding in the  
years.

MOTHER MARIE DE LOURDES

## The Holly Wreath

I lean upon the mantlepice  
Between the sprays of mistletoe  
And gaze upon the Christmas scene,  
Through heightened firelight glow.

The whispering logs of russet hue  
Snap crisply in the fireplace,  
While teasing, fire-lit fingers leap  
To taunt the blackened chimney face.

Young Joseph's coat of divers shades  
Is rivaled by the Christmas tree  
With candy canes and glittering bulbs  
And silver frosted filigree.

Beneath the tree in tissues deep  
Wait wide-eyed doll and stream-lined  
train,  
And halted in a cardboard stall  
A checkered steed with snowy mane.

The Christmas spirit fills the air;  
And after gripping those beneath,  
It even climbs the mantel top  
To me—a simple holly wreath.

LOIS O'CONNELL '49

## The Old; The New

Where are you journeying, Father  
mine?  
Cold is the night, it is white with rime.  
Your step is slow, your eyes are dim  
Tarry with me, 'tis the midnight  
chime.

Where am I going, this winter's eve,  
Child of mine, do you seek to know?  
My task is done, my course is won,  
Cometh the New Year; the Old must  
go.

SISTER M. DOLOROSA

## Christmas at the Cross-roads

Christmas is indeed the most uni-  
versally beloved of holydays and holi-  
days. At Mount Saint Mary's College,  
there is a group of girls who will be  
spending their first Los Angeles  
Christmas. It is only natural to ex-  
pect that, come December twenty-fifth,  
they all will be thinking of their  
homes and the things they did on  
Christmases past.

From the Hawaiian Islands there  
are Lolita Fernandez, Jean Hanna,  
Wilhelmina Joseph, Rose Lenchanko,  
Ramona Rodriguez, Gladys Trask,  
Clara Wong, and the Aguiar sisters,  
Charlotte and Carol. According to  
these girls, there is no place like Hono-  
lulu for a wonderful holiday. A few  
weeks before the great day the trees  
and streets are decorated. Then, with  
a big celebration, the colored Christ-  
mas lights are turned on. However,  
this is just a preliminary festivity, for  
on the twenty-fourth, while carolers  
go from house to house in the streets,  
the luau is being prepared. The main  
course is a pig which is cooked by  
stuffing it with clean hot rocks. It is  
wrapped in banana and tea leaves and  
placed in a hole lined with hot rocks  
where it is covered with leaves, more  
rocks, burlap, and finally soil. While  
the pig is cooking, the family is at Mid-  
(Continued on page 2, Col. 1)

## The Star

A Star looked down on Bethlehem  
O bitter night, O night so cold  
It saw a man, who gazed in awe  
A shepherd poor and old.

A Star looked down on Bethlehem  
O silent night, above the wold  
It saw angelic hosts descend  
Unto a bleak sheep fold.

A Star looked down on Bethlehem  
O holy night, with joy untold  
It saw a Babe with love aflame  
The Virgin's arms enfold.



The rustling of a palm tree, and  
the padding of camels feet on the  
sands, caught the alert ear of Melchior  
as he reclined in the soft grass that  
bordered the pool, whose waters  
trickled crystal clear and cold from  
the virgin rock. Well was it named  
"diamond of the desert," a precious  
(Continued on page 2, Col. 2)

## A Round Table The Story of Ruth

As if casually the light of history,  
viewing the warring period of the  
Judges of Israel, dwells on the quiet  
landscape of Bethlehem, long enough  
to reveal the portrait of one of the best  
loved women in its annals—Ruth of  
Moab, ancestress of the royal house  
of David. The book forms one of the  
loveliest pastoral idylls in the pageant  
of literature.

The high destiny of Ruth is presaged  
in her marriage to her kinsman Booz,  
and in her placing in the arms of  
Noemi a grandson, Obed. It rises to  
the heights in the prophecy of Mich-  
eas, "And thou Bethlehem Ephrata,  
art a little one among the thousands  
of Juda; out of thee shall He come  
forth unto me, that is to be the ruler  
of Israel, and His going forth is from  
the beginning, from the days of eter-  
nity."

MARY ELLEN BENKERT '48

In type the Book is a rather dramatic  
poem relating simple rural life. The  
material is excellent for a novel, ex-  
cept that the story is true. It is do-  
minated throughout by purity of love.  
The love of Noemi for her husband  
with whom she leaves her home for a  
strange land, and for her sons with  
whom she remains until their deaths  
shows great affection, and sacrifice.  
She is unselfish in her love for her  
daughters-in-law and in her willing-  
ness to take them to her home. Sorrow-  
fully she kisses Orpha "Goodbye," and  
(Continued on page 3, Col. 2)

## Hollywood Under the "Stars"

The Hollywood native resents the  
odd concept that the country holds  
about his town. The tourist side of  
Hollywood pictures all the natives as  
thrice-married, glamour people; the  
women wearing slacks with fur coats  
and the men sporting dark glasses. I'd  
like to tell the truth about my town. . .

Our main street is Hollywood Boule-  
vard. A guide shows tourists Grau-  
man's Chinese Theatre where the  
names and footprints of motion pic-  
ture stars are preserved in the cement  
courtyard; and he shows them the  
world famous corner of Hollywood  
and Vine which our western "wolves"  
supposedly frequent.

If he is lucky, the guide will spot a  
star or two and give his customers  
(Continued on page 3, Col. 2)



### Christmas at the Cross-roads

(Continued from page 1, Col. 2)

night Mass. After Mass they feast on the roasted pig and other delicacies and then exchange gifts.

About six thousand miles away, in Toronto, Canada, the home of Arleen Brady, there is also Midnight Mass. Carolers sing in snow covered streets and after trimming the Christmas tree, the family attends Church. They open their presents the next morning, and it is an unusual year that doesn't see a sled, ice skates, skis, or snow togs under the tree. There is always a turkey dinner with cranberry sauce and all the trimmings, finished off by a Christmas pudding with burning sauce.

Many miles to the south, in Estella Rivera's native Mexico City, Christmas begins with Las Pasadas which lasts from the sixteenth of December to the twenty-fourth. Each family suspends from the ceiling a large bowl of fruit called La Pinata. The little boys, blindfolded, strike at it until it breaks. When the fruit tumbles down, the boys scramble for it. All during the holiday there is music throughout the town. On Christmas Eve, everyone attends midnight Mass. The next day, at the house of the head of a family, the several generations gather for their Christmas dinner. The main dish is Bacalao, a kind of fish which is mixed with potatoes, olives and various seasonings.

Farther south, in Central America the feast has even more religious significance than in other places. On the sixteenth, everyone begins a novena and each night the family and sometimes their friends gather to pray and to sing the hymn of the day. The novena ends on Christmas Eve with Midnight Mass. There is a large crib and a tree which is decorated with candles. Under the tree the parents place the gifts which are opened either before or after Mass. After Mass, everyone is hungry, so they have dinner. The main dish, Nacatamal, is made of pork, mole, potatoes, rice and chili mixed and wrapped in banana leaves and tied with banana fiber. This is cooked in boiling water. On Christmas day the well-to-do families usually go driving in a horse drawn berlina. Thus have Nicaraguans, Olga Stadthagen and Marina Brenes spent their former Christmases.

Still further away, in South America, lives Elena Freile of Ecuador. Her Christmas also begins with a novena which ends with Midnight Mass. On the twenty-third, the tree is decorated and gifts are placed underneath. Here, as in Nicaragua, the crib is as familiar

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### The Star

(Continued from page 1, Col. 2)

jewel, to hot and weary travellers of the Sahara. As he rose to his feet the branches parted and a distinguished richly clad Arabian entered the little clearing. "Greetings of the Most High, friend, doubly friend, if I may travel westward in your train. I am Gaspar, a lord of Saba, and of the Magian caste."

"Right welcome, my Lord Gaspar, rest here in this oasis, which the Father of Heaven has provided, and after you are refreshed a little, we shall proceed together. Your servants will strengthen mine as a guard, should we chance upon a robber's lair," answered Melchior, Lord of Ephra.

As the two oriental chieftans stood gazing out at the expanse of desert—trackless except for a caravan trail—a speck appeared on the horizon, which gradually growing larger, gave evidence to the watchers that a small travelling group was coming toward them. At its head on a white Arabian horse, rode the leader. Young, swarthy of skin and his hair crisped with curl, he rode with dignity and grace.

Seeing Melchior and Gaspar, he dismounted and salaaming low, he paid respect to the older men.

"Wise men," he said, "Where is He that is born king of the Jews, for I have seen His star in the East, and heard His call in my heart. He gave me no rest, until I set forth to search for him."

"Now may the God of Abraham be praised," answered Melchior. We, too, are following His star. Recline awhile in this cooling shade then, we three, shall seek Him together.

Resting, they related their experiences. The new star, larger than any other, shining with a strange luminosity, seemed to beckon, while Messianic prophecy came to their minds. Isaiah had said, "a star shall arise in the East." They were astrologers, familiar with the heavens, but this star had not been seen before. Again Isaiah is recalled in the words, "The Gentiles shall walk in thy light and kings in the brightness of thy rising." They were versed in certain wisdom from the Holy Book of Hebrew lore.

Friends had dissuaded, some mocking, others pleading, against this imprudent project. The experiences of all three were much the same. An inner force drove them to follow the star. Kindred souls, they were a comfort to each other and they travelled forward together until they reached Jerusalem, the Holy City, with its temple, the treasure house where the prophecies were preserved.

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### Back at Home

The most common characteristic among a mixed group seems to be the ability of each individual to make "home" seem like a paradise to his listener. In my opinion, the average conversation eventually turns to the subject, not always of where one was born and raised, but often to that spot or corner of the world in which that particular person found happiness, self-satisfaction and a desire to remain there as one of its inhabitants.

My classmates in high school were largely composed of local residents or at least Long Islanders. Consequently, one girl who lived in New Jersey was conspicuous. I remember that she would talk for hours about "how they do it in Jersey" and "in North Bergen we have a different. . . ." I could never quite sympathize with or understand her for "home," to me, was just four miles or fifteen minutes away. How could she compare two places that were separated only by the Hudson River?

Recently, however, I have come to realize that nearly everyone has a place that has some great attraction for him. It is sung on the radio under the title "And Let the Rest of the World Roll By." Men and women, all over the world—the soldier or sailor, the student away from home, the traveler—build their whole lives upon it. I know now that I, too, have a spot which belongs entirely to me. I can understand now about the great accomplishments of New Jersey and why people should want to settle down "And Let the Rest of the World Roll By."

My spot is the town in which I was born, Brightwaters. I have lived there all my life and I know all about it. I like the original name that suggests the prominent position it holds on the Great South Bay. It seems to tell the newcomer about the five lakes that are all connected and how pleasant it is now and then to walk around them and perhaps stop to feed the ducks.

The little wooden Post Office almost immediately classifies it as a "hick town" but none of us actually mind it. The people that live there—the Ackersons who founded it and those that have helped its growth by residence—take pride in knowing that it is only an incorporated village with "not so much as a Fire Department or even a Railroad Station."

When I walk along a street, I meet those whom I have known all my life. If a group gathers to talk over past good times it need not be only of the fun we had last summer. More often it concerns the things we did in the

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## Christmas at the Cross-roads

(Continued from page 2, Col. 1)

a sight as the tree. Each child in the family memorizes a poem and recites it before the statue of the Christ Child. After Midnight Mass, the family gathers for the Christmas dinner, which consists of turkey, beef, rice, potatoes, and beans with *buñuelos*, a pastry somewhat like a cream puff with honey instead of cream, as dessert.

And so there will be girls from Canada, Hawaii, and Central and South America here for Christmas. They will be away from home that is true, but they will not be away from the Christmas spirit that is universal. In any place where people are happy, they sing. Therefore, what is more natural than the worldwide custom of Christmas carols? Whether these carols are sung from house to house in the snow covered streets of Toronto, the palm lined streets of Honolulu, or even in the department stores of downtown Los Angeles, they are prompted by the same spirit of rejoicing. To the Catholic, Christmas Mass is the supreme expression of the world's joy at the coming of Christ. Even as every great event is celebrated by a feast, so is the birthday of the Saviour. Though it be a *luau* in Hawaii, Nacatamal in Nicaragua, or turkey dinner in Los Angeles, it is still the birthday feast of the Redeemer. We have our post-Christmas parties, as do people the world over, and though we do not, as the Ecuadorians, burn in the plaza a man of straw that signifies the old year and replace it with a child that signifies the new, we do hail the coming of the new year. Elene of Equador may also miss her *Corso de Flores* carnival, but perhaps she will find a substitute in Pasadena's Tournament of Roses.

It seems that even in the upset world of the present time, because of Christmas and its customs, everyone will once more be reminded that nineteen centuries ago a Child came down from the heaven He made, to the earth He made, to save from their sins the people He made. Even the blazé heart of today's world cannot help being touched by the picture of a beautiful young Virgin holding in her arms her God and her Son, and this picture makes even that heart glad.

BARBARA BRYAN '50  
BARBARA SANBORN '50

Our appreciation is expressed to Mrs. Stanley Hall, Marilyn Wetzel and Tripeny for typing copy for "Inter-Nos."

## A Round Table The Story of Ruth

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generously she instructs Ruth of her right to marry. Through the manifestations of the terrible sorrows of Noemi, not one false note is found in her love for God and her neighbor.

Noemi has told Ruth to return to her gods, but Ruth accepts one God, thus enabling her to figure in the birth of Christ. In eloquent words Ruth makes a firm resolve, which she steadfastly follows till her death. This is the beginning of the fulfillment of her destiny, which is to be the ancestress of Christ.

The fragrance of the devotion of Ruth is a quality which makes this Book so refreshing. Her generosity of soul is one virtue rarely found today. Her freshness of character must have been a joy to Noemi. Other qualities of greatness were her meekness and humility.

Th love of Booz and Ruth was not an instantaneous thing but one that grew through happiness and goodness. Booz was a kind and generous man. He treated his workers as men, not as slaves.

The simple diction, the purity of character and the sincerity of this work make it, indeed, one of the greatest of the Old Testament books. Its brevity is no handicap to its greatness. There is not one discordant character trait in the entire selection. The vividness of the characters and the simple description of their habits of life make the story live in the minds of its readers.

BETTY PEUKERT '48

In reading the *Book of Ruth* one stops to analyze not the qualities of Ruth alone but also those of Naomi for Ruth "clave unto her" not only from a sense of duty but also because of her love and respect for her. No

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## Hollywood Under the "Stars"

(Continued from page 1, Col. 3)

their money's worth. He points out the main theaters and night clubs; and he drives past the two buildings which house the radio shows originating from CBS and NBC in Hollywood. This isn't my Hollywood.

My favorite season in which to show visitors "my town" is winter. From late November until Christmas eve, Hollywood ceases to look business-like and becomes Santa Claus Lane. The lane opens with a grand parade of stars and notables on the Friday night before Thanksgiving.

From that night on, Santa in a two-tiered float rides down the boulevard which is transformed by its yuletide decorations. Santa broadcasts from his high seat behind his reindeer on the top of the float, while the lower story shows a toy factory where Santa's helpers are busily painting and hammering. About five minutes before Santa comes, children of all ages appear in numbers that you would think the so-called "glitter town" never witnessed. Each night a different star accompanies Santa in the red sleigh helping him to shout "Merry Christmas!" The passengers wave at the beaming youngsters who, unlike their older companions, have eyes only for the jolly bewhiskered figure in the red suit. Until one has seen young parents holding up the babies so that they could get a better look at the miles of lighted trees that make Santa's lane a magic aisle, one hasn't seen Hollywood.

Something else that the tourist guide misses is the little old lady sitting on the porch of the Hollywood Hotel. The hotel stands at the corner of Hollywood and Highland; it was one of the very first landmarks of which our town could boast. Now it is just an old-fashioned frame structure with a wide porch which is but dimly lighted in the evening. On this porch can be glimpsed in the rocking chairs an old lady or two kerchiefed and bundled up as the evening temperature requires. I like to watch the little ladies and think of them as celebrities of their day, now content with a front row seat on the great warm glittering boulevard.

Down the street a tiny chocolate shop as old as our town itself has become a tradition for after theater parties. The quiet interior, the gray-haired, black frocked waitresses, the tiny hot fudge sundaes served in high thin crystal—these capture the fancy of the customer as he shuts the door on the whirl outside.

Summer in Hollywood is linked immediately with the thought of the Hollywood Bowl. The bowl is located on the highway which joins Hollywood with the San Fernando Valley. To reach the bowl, the patron walks up a wide pathway flanked by gnarled, groping pepper trees. Admission is nominal. Such artists as Jose Iturbi, John Charles Thomas, Marion Anderson, Lily Pons, make the long climb into the bowl well worth while for the "symphony under the stars" is as beautiful from the last seat, high upon the hill, as it is in the first box. For with height, comes a view of the light blue, shell shaped stage brightly lighted against the dark background of the

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### The Star

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Thy found no festal garlands hung, for a king's welcome. To their inquiry, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews," the answer was scoffing, jeering laughter, quickly subdued, when with cautious eyes, they glanced toward Herod's palace, while conducting the Magi thither.

The shades of an early night of winter were falling on the temple tower and dome when the travellers passed through the southern gates, where the road led to Bethlehem.

"Will Bethlehem know in what house we are to find Him," mused Gaspar. A light gleamed suddenly through the darkening sky.

"The star, His star," they cried, from hearts over flowing with joy and relief. "It will lead us to the King."

"What thought you of Herod," asked Balthason.

"I liked him not," Melchior answered.

Gaspar added, "As we studied the scroll of the scribe, glancing up, I caught the flicker of a smile on Herod's lips, derisive, cruel, and in his eyes there was a look akin to fear. As his glance met mine he scowled."—The scribe was reading, "And thou Bethlehem Ephrata art a little one among the thousands of Juda, out of thee shall he come forth to be the ruler of Israel."

"And yet," answered Melchior, "Herod too, wished to adore the newborn king."

Journeying on, they saw faint flickerings of lights from Bethlehem's hill-side homes; "And behold the star which they had seen in the East went before them, until it came and stood over where the Child was. And entering into the house, they found the Child with Mary his mother, and falling down they adored Him; and opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh. And having received an answer in sleep that they should not return to Herod, they went back another way into their own country."

SISTER M. DOLOROSA

### Back at Home

(Continued from page 2, Col. 3)

first grade. There never seems to be any required explaining for everyone knows just how it happened.

In the wintertime, it takes but a few minutes to walk down to the lake and enjoy an evening of ice skating. We usually form a long whip and whoever is unfortunate to be on the tail end finds himself sliding across the lake in a "sitting position." Yes, it is dan-

gerous but we never think of that. Then, in the summertime, there is swimming and tennis at our two beach clubs. Sailing takes up a great deal of time and often we recall race week and capsized boats. None of us are expert golfers, but we try that occasionally, and horse-back riding too.

Yes, our town is small. It would never appeal to one who craves the activity of city life. But we who have lived there for so long are proud of it. (Just as you, my bored but patient listener, are proud of that which is yours.) It is because of us that it is such a delightful town for it is made exactly to our likeness. I hope that I shall remain there all my life. It will be fun, in about fifteen years, to talk over the summer of '46.

ELEANOR EGAN '50

### A Round Table The Story of Ruth

(Continued from page 3, Col. 2)

quotation could more easily be applied to Ruth than this: "Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friends." True, that Ruth did not sacrifice her life physically but she did leave her family, her friends, her native land and her native gods.

In a study of the Book of Ruth one must remember that Noemi lived long ago in a time when sons brought their wives into the homes of their fathers. "A son's a son till he take him a wife; a daughter's a daughter all of her life," did not pertain to this era. When a daughter left her home she had to cleave to some sort of motherly affection, namely, that of her mother-in-law. A daughter-in-law subjected herself to this and accepted orders because she was not changing a rule of the household but merely complying with it.

Ruth was sincere in her love for her mother-in-law and Naomi loved her sons, accepting the fact that they had married Moab women, women of a foreign religion, and she did not ridicule her sons for this or make it unbearable for their wives in their new home.

MARY DOLORES FLYNN '47

### God's Plan Is Accomplished

The time of the year in which they returned was at the beginning of the barley harvest.

Elimelech, Noemi's husband, had a rich and powerful relative named Booz living in Bethlehem. He owned many fields of barley and wheat. Ruth gained the permission of Noemi to go into any field to gather up what was dropped of the grain by the reapers. This was a custom at that time. It

happened that the field in which Ruth was gleaning belonged to Booz. He came out to the field, and asked the overseer who the girl was. The servant tells him about Ruth. Booz talks to her and says she may remain in the field. She gathers much grain because Booz gave his servants instructions to let fall some extra grain for her. At night Ruth returns to Noemi and shows her everything she had acquired that day. Noemi asks where she had worked and in what man's field. Upon learning that it was Booz, she tells Ruth that he is their kinsman. Through the generosity and honorable conduct of Booz, and the loyalty and modesty of Ruth their marriage was brought about and God's plan was fulfilled.

BILLY GEIER '47

### Hollywood Under the "Stars"

(Continued from page 3, Col. 3)

surrounding hills and a vision of the cross on the adjoining hill that is the home of the passion play. Occasionally a plane crosses the sky weaving in and out across the star lanes to blink at the signal tower high on the tip of a mountain beyond.

One of Hollywood's several magnificent churches is Blessed Sacrament Church on Sunset Blvd. It was here that I when an infant was baptized, so this edifice with its oval, velvet draped sanctuary and Cathedral atmosphere is especially familiar. From the last pew one sees the figure of the altar boy and the flicker of the taper he is lighting, while overhead the bells toll the message to the people gathered on the broad steps outside that services are about to begin.

Sunset is the boulevard that in its western end is known as "the strip." The strip is famous for its swank night clubs, the Trocadero, Ciro's, the Mocambo, and for the unique shops and restaurants which fascinate even the passer-by. My favorite of these shops is an old-fashioned, ice cream parlor reminiscent of a scene from Thornton Wilder's OUR TOWN. Wire chairs with velvet seats are placed at high round tables. The red and white striped awning is typical of the atmosphere which makes one unconsciously await the appearance of the ice cream in a wooden bucket with a crank and a quantity of chopped ice.

Radio comedians quip about the doubtful existence of Hollywood natives. We are here. We may not be part of the klieg light life of our town. We are the people who are seen on Hollywood boulevard and never noticed. We are not oddities, nor are we celebrities. We love our town because we know the charm, not the glamour, that is Hollywood.

ANN HALL '48



# INTER-NOS

VOL. XIII, No. 2.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MAY 1947

## LITANY FOR MARY

### Thoughts of Some Freshmen

#### GATE OF HEAVEN

One of the proverbs reads, "Blessed is the man that heareth me, and that watcheth daily at my gates and waiteth at the posts of my doors." How applicable to those who daily honor the Mother of God, for she is the gate through which the Redeemer entered the world, and she is our gateway to Paradise.

In medieval times, it was through the gates of the city that the king sent his beneficent proclamations. So it is in Heaven. God sends his blessings to us through Mary, the Gate of Heaven. This gate swings both ways, for through it we may send our gifts and requests to the King of Kings.

The gate suggests mystery, for it opens to unknown wonders. I pray that when my timid knock sounds on the massive portals guarding the Everlasting City, I may enter the glories within through Mary, the Gate of Heaven.

CHRISTINA MURRAY

#### VIRGIN MOST FAITHFUL

"Never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, or sought thy intercession was left unaided." Whenever I am in grave difficulty, whenever I want something badly, my thoughts turn quickly to you, Mary. You never leave my prayers unaided, you never abandon me in my hour of need. Sweetest Mary in your calm and queenly fashion you take my hand and lead me out of danger just as you took Jesus's hand after finding Him in the temple. You take my hand not with a look of reproach, but with a look of tender love. Your smile so kind, so true tells me that you will always be at my side to guide me along life's treacherous paths.

JOANN MUSUMECI

#### OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Mary, beloved Mother of God, under the title of "Our Blessed Mother" appeals to me as the second highest compliment that can be attributed to her. "Our" reminds her that she belongs to ALL who invoke her as "Help of Christians." How it must please her when we call her "Blessed," for it implies that Mary is as the Angel Gabriel saluted her, "full of grace." Throughout

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## Dawn

The fingered dawn, first blest by God,  
Uplifts the sun in silent prayer;  
And nature bows in humbleness  
To elevation offered there.

LOIS O'CONNELL, '49

### From a College Window

The storm is past  
The raindrops linger for a moment  
On the tips of grass,  
Then hasten down to cool the parched earth.

I lift my eyes to western mountain slope,  
It is Your altar, Lord, where nature prays.

The yuccas, waxen candles of Your hand,  
Forever burn upon these altar steps.

Wild lilac, draped as linen cloth,  
Falls gracefully to meet the lupin bloom.

And now and then, You do not mind it, Lord,  
A thirsty fawn nips at the fragrant cloth

To quench his thirst.  
And even as this fawn, this lilac flower,

I am Thy creature, Lord, yet more than they,  
For greater far Thy gifts to me appear,

When kneeling at Thy altar rail to pray  
My heart can whisper, "Credo," I believe.

GERRY CASSUTT, '48

## MY PRAYER

### A Cinquain

Oh spire,  
Reaching to the sky  
As outstretched hand to God,  
Carry high to Him my prayer for peace  
I plead.

MARIBETH HARVEY, '48

## Heartaches

They say a broken heart will mend;  
To this I can't agree.  
You caused my heart to twist and bend  
For everyone to see.  
My body now won't hold my heart;  
It aches to have it there.  
The awful fact that we're apart  
Is worse since you don't care.  
If things drag on in this refrain  
My reason's sure to leave,  
I'll take my heart and heal its pain  
Then wear it on my sleeve.

REGINA DECOURSEY, '48

## LITANY FOR MARY

the ages men and women hail her as "Queen of Virgins"—a virgin most pure, most chaste, most venerable, and most renowned. When we call her "Mother" we place our confidence and surrender our wills completely to her admitting that she is the only link binding us to God. Like a true mother who loves her children and will do anything in her power to nourish and care for them, so does Mary, our Mother, give spiritual nourishment and strength to all her children.

WILHELMINA JOSEPH

### IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

"I am the Immaculate Conception," whispered Our Blessed Mother to Saint Bernadette at the Grotto in Lourdes. As a child I learned and never forgot this beautiful title of the Blessed Virgin. What a magnificent privilege she possessed to be conceived and preserved without sin! This prompted me to imitate Our Lady in her holy purity, so I became a member of the Sodality dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. Never will she turn a deaf ear to our sincere prayers. She does not perform miracles at Lourdes only. I who witnessed the Japanese attack on Honolulu know this only too well. It was through the protection of the Immaculate Conception, whose feast was celebrated the day after the bombing of Oahu, that Hawaii was prevented from falling into the hands of the would-be Japanese conquerors.

O Lady of the Immaculate Conception, Thee I shall always honor!

ROSE LENCHANKO

### MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE

"Hail! full of grace!" was first spoken to Mary by the archangel Gabriel who had been sent by Almighty God to announce to her that she was to be the Mother of God. To Mary only was given the threefold dignity: first that of being the beloved daughter of the Father; secondly the beloved Mother of the Son; and third the beloved Spouse of the Holy Ghost. With this incomparable honor was given innumerable graces.

In my opinion the title Mother of Divine Grace is my favorite because Mary has not only promised to dwell in the midst of us but will shed graces over the whole world through her be-

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## LITANY FOR MARY

(Continued from page 1, Col. 3)

loved hands. She has promised to aid those who have recourse to her in all necessities and who place their confidence with her forever.

GENEVIEVE CORTEZ

## QUEEN OF THE ROSARY

I have a very selfish motive in choosing Queen of the Rosary as my favorite title for our Blessed Mother. I simply am taking an easy way out for paying a debt—a great many debts. My Mother in Heaven has granted me so many favors through this beloved prayer that I am at somewhat of a loss to know how to thank her. One way is by calling her by the title I know she loves, that is, Queen of the Rosary. I am taking this opportunity to do so publicly. She is indeed a queen—Queen of the Rosary.

MARIANNE DECOURSEY

## MATER DEI

My heart is most lifted up when I think of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. Mary had many prerogatives, but the greatest by far, the one from which all the others stemmed, was her Divine Maternity. In her motherhood, God honored her above any created creature. He prepared her for it from the moment of her Immaculate Conception, and because of it, He made her full of every grace. The wonder of it burst from her lips in the exultation of the *Magnificat*. In it, she became in truth the daughter of the Father, Mother of the Son, and spouse of the Holy Ghost.

In composing the *Ave Maria*, the Church wished to address the holy virgin in terms of the most exalted love and highest respect. Therefore, after repeating the words of Gabriel and Elizabeth, the Church bowed down and said, "Holy Mary, Mother of God."

BARBARA SANBORN

## "Bombs Away!"

Listen my children—  
And you shall hear,  
How I learned to help  
Our Bombardiers!

To help someone who is already a pretty fine person is quite a thrill. That was our feeling when we found that we could give the bombardiers a little more certainty when their bombs went roaring earthward. This certainty was gained—not by Kilroy and his pals—but by a group of people that tried, tested, and finally bested the problem of bombing tables. For it was

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## A ROUND TABLE

Reflection After Reading  
The Divine Comedy

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

There is no one particular incident in the *Divine Comedy* which stands out in my mind. The whole book has given me "food for thought." The utter hopelessness of the *Inferno*, the uplifting expectancy of the *Purgatorio*, and the exquisite beauty of the *Paradiso* have impressed thoughts of the life after death on my mind. In the *Purgatorio* constant petitions of the souls for remembrance have added some ejaculations for them in my night prayers. The reading of this classic has given a completely new spirituality to my life. In my daily activities I am constantly asking myself, "How will this compare with Eternity?" I have found that some things I valued as indispensable are now not quite so important. Perhaps this classical glow in my heart will dim with time, but I know that I shall recall the thoughts from this reading for the rest of my life, long after the exact words have slipped from sight.

MARY CLARE O'BRIEN, '50

## DEO GRATIAS

When looking about me and seeing demonstrations of what has been termed life, I have felt a surge of contempt. I could not understand why a state of bigamy should exist, why there were such things as illegitimate children or why hospital beds were occupied by people with social diseases. But Dante, in his seemingly inspired book, has placed carnal sinners in the second circle of the *Inferno* thus causing me to meditate on the reason for these souls not being in the farthest depths of hell where I should have put them had I placed a judgment. Surely God did not look on these people with as much contempt as I. Perhaps these souls had encountered temptations beyond my wildest conceptions. Possibly, had I been given the burden of these same temptations, I should have surrendered to them more miserably than they. Who am I to judge? And so by reading the *Divine Comedy* I have received a valuable lesson. A superiority complex has been nipped in the bud and crumpled to the ground.

LOUISE POWERS, '50

## MOTTOES FROM DANTE

Each canto of the *Divine Comedy* so impressed me that I find it difficult to select any one incident as more noteworthy than the others. I believe, however, that long after time has faded the vivid pictures imprinted on my

mind by Dante's words, three sentences will remain engraved in my thoughts. Two of these are Dante's own, the other, though inspired by the reading of *Purgatorio*, is taken directly from the Scriptures. The inscription over the gates of Hell, "leave all hope, ye who enter here," is one of the most memorable and frightening things I have ever read, and I think that it is a good sentence to remember for certainly with it as a constant reminder Heaven should be more easily gained. The other sentence from the *Divine Comedy* which I recall so well is found in the *Paradiso*. It is the summation of our search for happiness. "In His will is our peace," bearing this in mind should make our lives less turbulent and more useful.

GEORGIA PHILBIN, '50

## "Bombs Away!"

(Continued from Col. 1)

with these tables that the bombardier was able to tell where the bomb was going to land when he released it from the bomb-bay. Every one of the myriads of figures that appeared on the table were checked and re-checked long before the plane was sent toward its objective. It was with this wonderful group that I had the pleasure of working during the war.

First, for a little background—there are a number of trial runs made for the purpose of gaining all the practical information that is possible. All the fine statistics in the world are worthless unless there is sufficient proof of their validity. Some of this work was done at Muroc Army Air Base in conjunction with Aberdeen Proving Ground. The job at hand was to find how, where, and with what accuracy bombs would fall. This was all experimental work and, as we found out later, the altitudes at which we worked had never before been used. It was at these altitudes that the never-to-be-forgotten atomic bomb was released.

Just a word about the Base itself. It is located just far enough away from civilization to be too far to make daily trips into town. And it was just close enough to bring all the visiting gentry for inspections. We had visitors of all descriptions—"big brass" from Washington (who never failed to remark how dusty the "lake" is), "junior bird-men" from the RAF (who never failed to remark how "deucedly" warm it is), and just anyone who had the stamina to go riding over a "lake" that has been dry for a long, long time—all this at a temperature too hot for comfort and in a fantastic contraption ordinarily referred to as a jeep. Really, though, all the men who visited us were very

(Continued on page 4, Col. 2)



### The Earthly Paradise

The triumphal procession described in the twenty-ninth and thirtieth cantos of the *Purgatorio* is one of the many incidents which show to advantage Dante's imaginative and creative genius. It is heralded by seven colored lights which represent the seven-fold gifts of the spirit. Beneath them tread twenty-four elders, depicting the books of the Old Testament. They are followed by the four Gospel beasts, surrounding a brilliant chariot which signifies the Church which rolls on the two wheels of the contemplative and active life. This is drawn by a griffin, personifying the two-fold nature of Christ. Dancing on either side are the three theological virtues and the four cardinal virtues. In the chariot rides Beatrice, who denotes heavenly wisdom.

To me, this product of a genius' mind is exceptionally striking. Although I have studied a little of the Church's symbolism in the Liturgy, I have never before realized how truly wonderful and inspired it is. To some it is a means of more fully understanding the teachings of the Church. To others, however, it is something more, something full of interest and meaning, a beautiful language that is amazing in its intensity, exactness, and complete expressiveness, that adequately conveys the essence of the Church's teachings in a manner that has never been paralleled or surpassed.

ROSE MARIE SANFILIPPO

### Nothing

"Leave all hope, ye that enter." These were the words Dante wrote that he had found inscribed above the gate to hell. As I closed my eyes and pictured that gate with the words obscured and discolored by the darkness seeping out of the depths, I thought of the desolation and horror that must overwhelm anyone who faces this portal and knows that he must enter the passage. Of all the punishments depicted in the *Inferno* what could be of greater torment than to know that one had arrived at an eternity of despair. What forlornness and desolation must creep into the empty heart which knows it will be futile ever to utter the words "I hope," because in this everlasting abyss of punishment there is nothing he can trust, nothing he can aspire to and nothing for which he can hunger. Indeed, hopelessness is nothingness.

ELIZABETH BUMB

### To the Stars

In the *Inferno*, Dante uses the word "stars" to indicate the constant aspira-

tion during life of the soul whose journey should be ever upward and onward to God. Dante uses this word to end all three of the inspired canticles of his genius. It is, then, his reference to this, rather than any single incident of the *Comedy*, which I find most impressive and enjoyable. In his letter to Can Grande, the poet offers as his aim: "to remove those living in this life from a state of misery, and to guide them to a state of happiness." As I read *The Divine Comedy*, I found that at the end of each canticle, the simple yet vivid anticipation of the stars rendered me more conscious of the ethereality of the work. In each canto, Dante's experiences and impressions tended to reveal to me the allegorical subject of the poem: man, liable to the reward or punishment of justice, according to the way he uses his free will. It was, however, a periodic reference to the stars which most clearly indicated Dante's final ascent to Paradise and the Beatific Vision.

ELEANOR EAGAN

### Olvera Street

"Carol Russell, report to station master's office. Carol Russell, report to station master." At the sound of the loud speaker the girl in the leather chair opens her wide brown eyes. Carol Russell, what a nice American name! She glances down at the lettering on the traveling bag at her feet; her initials are C. R. too. Carmelita Ruiz—all her life she had been labeled as a foreigner. As a child she could remember her parents speaking Spanish, only; she had loved it then as she had loved Olvera Street. Of late, both had lost their fascination for her. She had become ashamed of the stall where her mother and father sold hot Mexican beans and spoke Spanish for the tourists' amusement. She had thought to escape from it all when she obtained a position with an insurance firm in downtown Los Angeles. And then, there was Ricardo, the son of the pottery maker—Ricardo, whom she knew was in love with her. Soon, everyone on Olvera Street would notice his affection and her future would be all planned. And if she married Ricardo she could never leave Olvera Street.

The chance to transfer to the New York office came as a solution to her problems. At last she could be on her own as an American. Two more hours now and she'd be on the train. Perhaps it had been cowardly not to tell her mother, but a telegram seemed so much easier at the time. The girl at the Western Union desk would not realize that the telegram was to be delivered only a block away. She would send it before leaving.

In the chair next to her a blonde sailor sits twirling the dials on a small portable radio.

"No jive!" he murmurs to himself in despair; and leaning his head on his blue-serge arm, he immediately falls asleep. Not so with the radio, however, which continues to announce in a most wide-awake voice, "So You Know California!" Then another pause and again the voice, "So You Know California" is a series of weekly programs sponsored by the Los Angeles chamber of commerce to inform native Californians of the places to see on their 'see California first' vacations." The theme, "I Love You California," which had been a soft background for the announcer's voice becomes stronger now, then subsides.

"This week's program is devoted to Olvera Street where the Spanish culture of early California is brought down to us by the descendants of Spanish pioneers." At the mention of Olvera Street, Carmelita suddenly finds herself listening. A charming woman's voice breaks in.

"We stroll across the sunlit plaza before the old mission of Our Lady Queen of the Angels, and come upon the wide brick path that leads back to California in the 1850's. Shops are made gay with wide sombreros and bright serapes, newly woven cloth, and great straw baskets. Pottery figures are for sale here; the next shop draws a crowd of children before its display of Mexican jumping beans. A score of little cart-like shops line the center of the market-place; silver jewelry, cone-shaped Spanish candy, and confetti-filled egg shells are their wares."

Carmelita is walking down the path with the narrator; she sees Mrs. Rojas nodding to her over the heads of her customers who are laughing at the droll pottery figures, and Pedro behind his jumping beans shouts a friendly "Buenos Dias!" as she passes.

"A tantalizing perfume," continues the voice, "draws us down deep brick steps and through a low, narrow doorway into the shop of the old candle-maker. Flickering tapers aid the few stray rays of the sun which make their way through the doorway. On a high stool in the corner sits a tiny, dark-eyed child smiling shyly at the visitors as she draws her needle deftly back and forth through the embroidery hoop. The newly poured candles hang from a great horizontal wheel."

Carmelita remembers the wheel; she smells "the tantalizing perfume." She sees candles molded in the shapes of bells, rectangles, balls and fruits hardened and set about on wooden shelves. Many times has she gone to

(Continued on page 4, Col. 1)



## Olvera Street

(Continued from page 3, Col. 3)

visit the candlemaker and his daughter; many times has she ascended the steps to watch the people throw pennies down a wishing well before the shop whose walls flaunt gayly woven hats with brims which flop five feet wide.

"... We pass through a doorway into a second story antique shop. A large square window affords a view of the rambling old 'Pico House,' home of the first governor of California, which stands across the way. In our imagination we see the governor and his lady come out on the wide veranda to greet their guests as an Indian lad comes to lead away the horses. The guests go into the hacienda for refreshments; we see a table set with the same sparkling cut glass, fine china, and heavy silver which we see about us in the shop now. Our descent gives us an overview of the quaint street, the picturesque costumes, and the crowds of visitors which add to the color of the scene." ...

"I won't listen; I won't!" But Carmelita knows she will keep on listening; for it is as though she were there—smelling the spicy aroma of tacos, tamales, chili beans and enchiladas; seeing the shopkeepers, some of them with sombreros tilted in the familiar sight of the siesta scene—laughing at the tourist's conception of what they ought to be; circling through the "tile" house where she had loved to spend hot days in the cool darkness looking at the mosaic-like pictures on the walls and floors. She sees the old horse trough, the landmark which stands at the end of Olvera Street; she sees her mother patiently rolling tortillas in the little stall near that landmark. And, yes, she sees Ricardo. Ricardo with his subtle brand of humor rolling his snapping black eyes and jabbering Spanish a "hundred per" at tourists. Wouldn't they be surprised to know that someday he planned to write a book about (them)—these "gringos."

Carmelita hears the voice on the radio say something about "knowing at last what true California culture really is..." Culture—Carmelita had never thought of that in connection with Olvera Street before.

"Union Pacific train number—leaving from gate three for —." Carmelita picks up her bag. Her black, patent leather heels tap quickly down the waiting room and out into the main patio.

The plump, middle aged woman with damp wisps of curly dark hair that creep out from under her net, stands stirring a pot of steaming chili. She smiles as she hears the door behind her open.

## "Bombs Away!"

(Continued from page 2, Col. 3)

fine people. Only once did it happen that we became a bit provoked at the British. That memorable occasion was when they sent us a "dead" bomb to test. The bomb was not quite as far gone as the British had led us to believe. When the thing landed it made quite a dent in our field apparatus. When I say field apparatus, don't get the idea that I mean tractors, bulldozers or anything as large and as rugged as that; on the contrary, the instruments we used were very delicate.

But to get back to our work at Muroc. We experimented by sending a plane on a simulated mission. We photographed these trial runs by means of two cameras located a mile apart. We learned a great deal about the position of the plane at the instant of the bomb's release from these photographs. We took these pictures on emulsion-covered glass plates. We used glass plates, not to prevent the crew from "accidentally" walking away with some of the "excess" film, but, rather, to make it easier to work with and to help insure a greater degree of accuracy. Not only was the plane photographed, but it was also observed from four separate positions located about a mile apart. These observation towers, standing about twenty-five feet in the air, were in the midst of the glory of the desert. Each tower had a sheltered platform about thirty feet square. The men who stayed on these towers became quite adept at the art of interior decoration. The station that I'll tell you about had a rather large, old, and definitely delapidated but ever so comfortable, wicker arm chair placed in an advantageous position. I use the term "advantageous" advisedly since during the long periods of time when other things were being attended to, the men could revolve their chair and enjoy what men invariably refer to as modern art. The rear wall of the tower was covered with a number of pictures of very charming young ladies. Or, if they so desired they could look out over the desert and see all of the colors of Mother Nature in their glory. To the left might be a huge, cotton-like cloud nestled in a vast blue sky that just seemed designed for the pleasure of the human eye.

"You have work so late Carmelita; already I was begin to worry about my nina. Quick, we must get you some nice hot chili."

Carmelita is glad that her mother cannot see her face.

"Si, Mama, some nice, hot chili."

ANN HALL, '48

It was from this tower that I saw the Fourth of July burst into being in early spring. The fireworks were some of the bombs that were dropped in clusters or groups to enable them to cover a wide area. These were usually incendiary bombs. We found that when we first dropped them we would lose some of them, due to the fact that they were so small. However, we found a solution to this by filling them with magnesium or potassium. Then when the bomb hit the ground it would send up a small white smoke trail that betrayed its location. The location was then plotted from the four stations with the aid of surveyor's instruments.

Besides those who took the picture and watched the bomb's descent, there were others who watched it by means of a tape. By means of electrical impulses this tape told the exact time, in split seconds, when the bomb landed. Impulses were also sent from under the ground by the very delicate instruments to which I referred earlier. An example will show just how sensitive these instruments were. At times a herd of cows would wander near the target area. When they approached, the sound of their hoofs would send out impulses. When we first ran into this disturbance we were quite surprised because it appeared that the bomb had landed before it had been dropped. Most of the time, however, the cows were distinguishable from the bombs on the tape, that is, due to the fact that all the listening posts would not record at the same time which happens when a bomb is dropped.

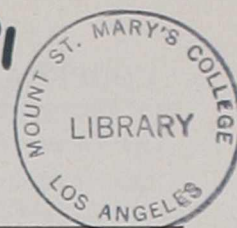
When the work was finished on the field it was then taken to the office where it was processed and then sent to Aberdeen. It was there that they put the information into tables for the bombardier. All in all, the work was very interesting and it became especially so when we found that we were working on the tables that were used in the atomic bombing over Japan. Of course we found this out long after the bombs had been dropped.

At times I found the work monotonous especially when we had to check and re-check our computations so often. As a very hazardous guess I would say that the work was checked about a dozen times before it was actually used. We simply had to *know* where the bomb was going to land; there was no room for guesswork here. So, if at times you feel that someone is making you do a great deal of unnecessary checking and re-checking, just remember it could be worse—you could be in the Army keeping our land safe for democracy.

FLORIA HAMMERSTROM, '48



# INTER-NOS



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## Song for the Word Made Flesh

Only the stars in their silent and vigilant wisdom,  
Only the pines who bowed to the lonely conclave,  
Only the snowflakes which fell on and twice told its meaning,  
Knew of the Promise fulfilled in a Bethlehem cave.

But stars burst with joy, and spread on a hill of that country  
A pure light that haloed the praise of the heavenly throng;  
The winds whispered low and forever  
A lullaby for the God-Infant; for Mary, a song.

O smiling, sweet Infant! What depths overflow this Your presence?  
(As if all creation could hold what Your coming here meant!)  
Look on our hearts, and show us the peace of Your wisdom;  
Tell us the Word of that Thought from Whom You are sent.

LOIS KURT '51

## And the Angels Sang

As Christmas succeeds Christmas there is a revival of a friendly dispute concerning the words of the Angels' Bethlehem hymn. Catholics record the Angels choring, "Peace to men of good will on earth," while Protestants say "Peace on earth, good will to men." Which of these renderings is correct and why is there a variance?

Biblical scholars relying on the oldest available references, agree with St. Jerome's Latin translation, of the Greek of the Evangelists. In St. Luke 2,14, we read, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth to men of good will." In the fifth century, the unknown writer of the "Hymn for Dawn," found in the *Apostolic Constitutions*, using poetic license changed the words to "Good will towards men." As older texts were lost, the Greek rite adopted the changed version.

In 1600 Protestant sects questioning translations of the Bible, urged that their scholars from the authority of old Greek Gospels accepted as the authentic translation the passage "Good will towards men" which in reality is a corruption of the original. While the old Latin Bible and the old Greek version are both Catholic, the Church approves the Douai version "to men of good will."

MARY LOU HART '51

## The Song of the Shepherds

Holy hills shone gold with light  
Where angels came on Christmas night  
To bring the long awaited word  
That David's city housed the Lord.

Then in haste the shepherds rose  
To seek the child in swaddling clothes  
Inspired by newborn hope that they  
Would be redeemed by love one day.

Quiet silver streets they trod  
Searching for their infant God;  
Eyes alight with love's soft fire  
Lit by heaven's angel choir.

The oldest shepherd, simple, gruff,  
With heart quite soft and hands quite rough  
Gently held on fur clad breast  
A lamb more perfect than the rest.

The finest lamb of all the flock,  
Bred, from pure and hardy stock,  
A humble gift, but meaning more  
Than one from plenty's well stocked store.

The younger shepherd, full of joy,  
Hardly more than beardless boy,  
Arms quite empty—he had nought  
But ready hand and loving thought.

The last, a handsome dark-eyed child  
Whose voice the very trees beguiled  
And made them cease their murmured song,  
Brought his sweet-stringed harp along.

When at last they made their way  
Where the Infant Savior lay,  
Drawn by heaven's holy light  
To see the world's most happy sight.

Adoring, they knelt on the ground  
Rejoiced to think that they had found  
The promised gift of God—the Son,  
Most lovable, most holy One.

Unlearned, simple folk they were;  
They gave no frankincense or myrrh;  
One brought his lamb, one brought his song,  
One simply brought himself along.

So, worldlings, from these shepherds learn  
And toward your Savior humbly turn;  
Give love to God to have God's love,  
And all good blessings from above.

BARBARA SANBORN '50

## And She Was a Widow

M'sieu Cuckoo came to his little door and chirped eleven. Toinette rose from her knees, her rosary said and a little time left before the first chimes for Midnight Mass. What memories echoed in those chimes! Her Pierre holding her to his heart for the Christmas kiss. Little Pierre shouting his childish gladness for the tree and his sabots pouring out treasures.

"Ah me, 'Missing in action.' That was the only word in three long years."

"If only it could be that he lay sleeping beside his father and baby brothers and I could kneel and greet them all. But I must hurry. I must not be late at the Crib and I must take the roses that I made for Pierre's grave—red roses brightening up the snow."

A quick knock and a cheery shout brought Toinette back to earth.

"Open quickly, Madame, I must not be late at the Mass."

Hurrying to unlatch the door Toinette was greeted by Jacques Martel, an old neighbor.

"I have a Christmas gift for you, a 'Care Package' from America. Monsieur le Cure picked it for you, for it is marked, 'For a widow.' He had one for me too. It will help make Christmas."

A happy flush reddened her pale cheeks as Toinette reached for her gift.

"For me! From America! How good is the good God! May He bless the giver and you too Jacques, for bringing it, and the good Cure for thinking of me."

"May the Christ Child bless you also, Madame, but I must be off to crippled little Henri with his package."

"Good-bye Jacques, I am so glad for little Henri. I shall share mine with Marie next door and her sick little one."

"Good!" shouted Jacques, as his heavy boots crunched off through the crisp snow.

Still dazed with relief, Toinette turned toward an old sugar bowl on the mantel.

"Two sous left, I will give them to the Christ Child for His poor. Madame Jireau will surely pay me soon for her smock; besides there is my package. I can eat on C. Wal- and after- e master



### The Leonard Feeney Omnibus

The Leonard Feeney Omnibus, edited by Sheed and Ward, includes a group of thirty-one of Father Feeney's poems. Father Feeney in his poems selected material from everyday life and utilized it to express his own philosophy.

"The Kite," which is one of his finest poems, in my opinion, shows how perfect simplicity may be used in expressing significant thought. The repetition of identical words at the beginning of a series of verses is effective and builds up to a climax.

"Buttercup" is another interesting poem, for it represents the buttercup itself as speaking throughout. Father Feeney illustrates in this poem a sense of smooth, run-over lines; and also light humor adds to the poem. In this work, he uses groups of three rhyming lines.

"After the Shower," demonstrates Father Feeney's beautiful imagery in such lines as "God flung a violet boomerang." A knowledge and glorification of nature is used to develop his philosophic outlook on Hope.

Swift action, easy rhythm, and dramatic climax are the outstanding factors in "Three Soldiers"; while "Evergreen" displays a picturesque personification of nature and particularly of trees in autumn, which he contrasts to his own fidelity that never changes its color.

Father Feeney pictures Christ's agony and resurrection and our future resurrection in "Resurrection" which is written with reality and vitality.

Although I enjoyed the poems mentioned above, I did not especially care for other works of Father Feeney. His poems show observation of human life and nature, heightened by a mixture of philosophy; yet I did not find the development of some of his ideas as worthy as his thoughts.

LOIS O'CONNELL '49

### October View from 208

Arches, lawns, pansy bed;  
Flagpole, topped with white, blue,  
red;  
Chapel tower, iron-wrought cross;  
Ripples marring puddle-gloss—  
White hibiscus, mud-red tile;  
White on blackness, well-known smile;  
Blue and white on flagstone flount  
It's October on the Mount.

MARJORIE O'HANLON '49

### Jim's Best Girl

Jim sat fixedly staring from the window. The familiar orange  
the tracks near the en-  
viewed his  
ers

ago, when he had clicked over these same tracks, in quite different circumstances. At that time he had not been coming toward home. That night this glaring, one-eyed, soot-lined monster had been peering northward and campward.

The four ensuing years had not been easy. He had seen the world all right—Midway, Wake, China, Japan—but instead of the traditional rose-colored glasses, he had seen it through the sight of an anti-aircraft gun. But that was finished. It was all over and Jim was on his way to Fairview, to home, and to Marcia.

She had been Jim's only link to home, but she was indeed a golden link. Her letters found him in camps and cow-pastures, in fields and fox-holes, in ships and shanties, but they had always found him. Some times he received them regularly, one, by one; then again, weeks would pass with no word from Marcia and a growing concern on the part of Jim. Then one day he would receive a large packet of letters which had been delayed at points along the line. He read each one innumerable times, eager and anxious for the day when he would see his best girl.

It was strange, for when Jim had left home Marcia was only a sixteen-year-old kid—but she was an adoring, hero-worshipping kid. Jim remembered the way she looked while standing on the porch of his house the day he left for camp. Her too-long, tanned legs, terminating in scuffed saddles, gawkily protruded from turned up jeans. A plaid shirt nearly covered the jeans; the shoulder seams were half way down her arm, with sleeves rolled up to the elbow. Her short brunette hair, parted on the left side, was pulled back from a clear olive complexion and fastened in place by a rubber band, wound tightly around a handful of hair.

She bade him a choked good-bye, then stood there with browned fists jammed into sagging pockets. Marcia did not cry until after the last wave of his hand from the taxi window turned the corner onto Maple street. Then she sat down on the wicker porch chair, propped her elbows on her knee, covered her blue eyes with outspread palms and let the tears ooze through her fingers and run down her arm. Aunt Kate, who had cared for her since her mother died, slipped out of the house onto the porch and patted her on the shoulder with gentle reassurance, whispering "Before long, Marcia, he'll be back . . ."

Yes, that was four years ago, and to Jim she had been only a little girl. But, as the months and years passed,

her letters lost their child-like flavor. They were enriched with an ever-increasing abundance of mature thoughts and charming undeniable indications of womanly traits. As Jim became gradually aware of this change, he was more and more eager to return to Fairview and to home, in order to see his Marcia.

Eventually, as all things do, be they good or bad, the war came to an end. Now, after a seemingly endless waiting, Jim was going home. The sound of the train's impudent whistle jolted these thoughts from his head, and as the engine crunched to a stop, he realized this was Fairview. He was really home—but where was Marcia?

From the rack above his seat he removed the overcoat and single suitcase which he had not bothered to check. Throwing the worn khaki coat over his left arm, and grabbing the bulky suitcase with his right, he moved down the narrow aisle of the car and stepped into the doorway of the train. He did not see Marcia. Quickly he descended the four narrow steps onto the station platform. Glancing among the people standing there, he stepped out into the open and dropped his suitcase.

Suddenly behind him he heard someone running, then the sound stopped. He turned and looked into the damp laughing eyes of Marcia. She was beautiful. The soft blue of her dress echoed the color of her eyes. Her dark hair, still parted on the left side, curled shyly around her ears, but replacing the rubber band of former days was a narrow blue satin ribbon, tied in a delicate bow.

There were no words for a few seconds, then Jim hugged her and laughed.

"How's my best girl?"

Marcia smiled back at him.

"She's very very happy! For it's great to have you home again, Dad!"

MARJORIE O'HANLON '49

### Quarter Moon

With halo spun of moonlight on his  
hair,  
Bleached golden by the fingers of the  
sun,  
A tiny lad through brown and elfin  
eyes  
Saw that the moon was but a piece of  
one.  
And childish wonder mounting at the  
sight  
He could but wrinkle up a tender  
brow  
And with the solemn wisdom of four  
years  
Sigh sadly "Oh, poor moon, you're  
broken now."

LOIS O'CONNELL



### And She Was a Widow

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

Settling her generous gift unopened on a small table, she picked up her worn Bible; opening it casually she read, "Young man, I say to thee, 'Arise,' and the young man sat up and He gave him to his mother."

Tears brimmed as she pleaded, "O Mother ask Him for my little Pierre." Even as she prayed she smiled through tears, "Little Pierre! He was six feet two."

Taking the paper roses and hiding the little coins in a ragged glove, Toinette bundled a shabby shawl about her head. Softly opening the door of a tiny room she glanced within. All was in order, even to the gay patch work quilt, which the enemy had not found. She was guarding it for little Pierre. One quick catch in her breath, then she closed his door and set out through the quiet star filled night.

She must hurry. She and her husband and son, ever since little Pierre was born, had gone early to church on Christmas Eve. They loved to visit the Crib before other worshipers came—just the three—in the quiet church, greeting the Holy Family, and each of them bringing a small gift. The boy used to pretend that he was one of the shepherds, or that the Christ Child was his baby brother and then he would whisper, "Mama" to the beautiful lady kneeling by the straw.

Wrapped in her memories, Toinette knelt before the Crib, lids tight to keep back the tears, yet offering them all to God, Who had given them to her. Then leaning forward she dropped her two sous into the basket marked, "For God's Poor."

She was glad to be alone a little while at the Crib, before the others came, and a deep peace stole over her heart as she rested there. Hearing a step on the stone pavement she shifted to make room. A lean brown hand stretched to drop a coin into the basket—a heart-catching instant, then a strong arm wrapped Toinette in a close embrace, as the Christ Child "gave him back to his mother."

S. M. D.

### Chapel After Sunset

Afternoon shadows cut mosaics on the floor  
Side aisles darken and the statue near the door stands humble gray.

Sunlight dulls until nothing can be seen but a crystal-filtered glow  
praying forth its watchful sheen  
that I may know  
This way is true.

MARY JOANN LINDENFELD '49

### The Classics in College and Secondary School

In this era of unbelievable progress, education is becoming more essential than ever before. There is little opportunity for the self-made man; one who is entering the business world finds a high school education his primary requisite. Certainly, it is the minimum, if one is to establish himself in a "white collar" environment. Not many years ago, a college degree was almost a guarantee of success, whereas it means little today. Competition and specialization have advanced to such an extent that the college freshman can look forward to five or six years of undergraduate and graduate work.

With this progress, there is constant study in educational theory and method; if such an element is to play so important a part in civilization, it is necessary that it be perfected as much as possible. This is an era of experiment, as newer and more practical ideas are temporarily used so that this essential perfection be gained. We learn of new and different theories almost daily, as educators present such useful (?) practices as the courses in automobile operating or the eleven-month school year.

But even with these advances, there are many centers of education now eliminating a course of study on the premise that it has no practical application to later life. It is true that the study of Latin and Greek offer little monetary opportunity except for teachers. On the other hand, the study of the classical languages can well be helpful in many fields. At any rate, it is an excellent initial course for the high school freshman; one who has conquered Latin or Greek has acquired an all-round wealth of knowledge, and an ability for concentration.

When and if an educational institution includes the classics in its curricula, it is usually a course in Latin. Often, the course is made a drudgery with constant memorizing of conjugations and declensions. However, there is another phase of Latin which is more interesting. It is necessary that the language be supplemented with history and literature. Here is a practical way of learning about ancient life and times, by reading letters, oration and fiction in the style of the time.

The student who has successfully experienced a course in classical languages can look forward to ease in other courses. He will have a fine foundation for the study of every romance language, and he will be able to consider the important relation between each. The English language will

be made more simple through Latin roots and means—through the etymology of words. History can be studied from early times; methods and results of the ancients can be contrasted with later events, and perhaps be successfully used in our own age. The study of science and its technical terms are facilitated by a study of the classics. Often, a technical expression can be broken down into two or three Latin or Greek roots and the meaning immediately determined. Finally, from a personal standpoint, the study of the classics can bring pleasure through its literature and culture.

ELEANOR EAGAN '50

### Requiescat

A dew stilled night  
a shadowed room  
and in the room  
a gentle form  
lies in semi-slumber  
on the bed.

An aura of God  
an angel mist  
and through the mist  
a holy prayer  
is offered by a daughter  
for her dead.

MARY JOANN LINDENFELD '49

### Give Joan a Sword

By Sr. M. Therese, S. D. S.

Once in a while poetry is written which is both thoughtful and melodious. *Give Joan a Sword* is such. Sister Therese writes simply, spontaneously of that which she as a religious knows: God, Whom she shall find

"... waiting there  
Within a shining house of prayer."

and love that  
"covets no bright truce upon the heights."

and  
"beauty that lies in small and simple things."

This is verse unaffected, child-direct in piety. The poetry possesses all the quiet intensity of its author, who

"... in the marts of men  
... walks apart  
Keeping a cloistered and untroubled heart."

Sister Therese's lyrics are not new. Her songs have been sung down the ages; nevertheless, they are what Walter de la Mare would call "the master words remir"



### Privileged to Know

Our Ecclesiastical Latin class has for its purpose the study of Liturgical Latin as compared with Classical Latin and the understanding of our religion through a study of the life of Jesus Christ in the Holy Scriptures. By so examining the life of the Son of God we are cooperating in our Creator's plan and purpose for man. There is no better way to be happy, nor no more certain way of knowing God, which we must do in order to show forth His goodness, than by studying His Word, Our Lord Jesus Christ.

We began by analyzing the prophecies that foretold Christ's coming. From Isaias' "Behold your Savior comes" we see the stable in Bethlehem and hear the account of the Nativity by Saint Luke. We see the truth of Isaias' prediction of the Messias' miracles in the wedding at Cana, in the curing of the centurion's servant, and in the raising of the widow of Naim's son.

Saint John relates the story of the Crucifixion and thus gives the fulfillment of the prophecy of the Psalms, "... and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink."

Our Latin class studies Christ in His birth, in His miracles, and in His Passion, Death and Resurrection, in order that we, like St. Peter, may say, "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God," and so earn Christ's blessing on those that do not see Him, but yet believe in Him.

JO ANN LARKIN '51

### The Great Divorce

by

C. S. Lewis

This fantasy, *The Great Divorce*, by C. S. Lewis depicts the journey of a group of souls from Hell into Heaven for a period of trial. Each "Ghost" is given an opportunity to choose whether he will return to the place of the damned or travel into the mountains to enjoy eternal happiness. The main character, who is the author himself, is allowed to witness the decisions of many other "Ghosts" to help in making his choice. This choice is never discovered by the reader, however, for the entire story is merely a dream.

The symbolism, in which the grass of Heaven, while soft to the feet of the blessed "Spirits," is hard as iron to those of damned "Ghosts," suggests the impossibility for souls who have embraced illusion to enjoy the material world. In a similar way, the conversations which the author over-

title, *The Great Divorce*, and the story itself, the author proclaims the inevitable separation of Hell and Heaven.

To read a book of this type is a new experience for me. The concentrated moral lessons contained in it made me examine my conscience to see how closely I resemble the "Ghosts" which returned to the twilight village, and how I can remedy such a resemblance. It was not only the story but also the style—constant suspense and surprise ending—which Mr. Lewis used that held my interest. I can truthfully say that I have never enjoyed a book more than I did *The Great Divorce*, and that I will include C. S. Lewis on my list of authors to be read.

PATRICIA FAHEY '51

### Gall and Honey

by

Edward Doherty

All the heartbreaks, laughter, and hard work that make up a newspaperman's daily life are vividly portrayed in Edward Doherty's *Gall and Honey*. Mr. Doherty, formerly with the Chicago Tribune and Liberty magazine, tells his story with all the appeal of a local human interest story. When, at the age of thirteen, he entered a monastery and found priesthood was not his true vocation, he chose journalism as his life's work. The various phases of that career—apprenticeship, fight for recognition, success—all are interwoven with his falling away from the Church, and his return as an enlightened, devout Catholic.

This fight to regain a lost faith is the underlying theme of the book. Mr. Doherty uses no flowery language or offensive sentimentalism to express his new-found, deep convictions. He makes no attempt to preach or convert, but his very example has strength and power for those seeking it.

Reading *Gall and Honey* is like reading a fascinating newspaper account in which every word is factory-new and sparkling. Short, to-the-point sentences are rich with picture words and phrases: "Yellow dust with the sheen of brass in the sunlight . . . Spring limped through Southern California on dusty feet and trampled brown the winter green of the hills."

I was enchanted!

CATHERINE EDWARDS '51

### Venturing into— Adventures in Grace

by

Raissa Maritain

In *Adventures in Grace* Raissa Maritain sequels *We Have Been Friends*

*Together*, the story of her spiritual evolution. This Jewish woman, born in Russia, but brought to France when ten, entered the Sorbonne at sixteen. Meeting in Jacques Maritain, a partner with the same outlook, she married the French philosopher; and, through a series of religious experiences, they were converted to Catholicism in 1906. Madame Maritain wrote her memoirs carrying them to 1909 in *We Have Our Friends Together*, a story of inspiring, but despairing faith in warring Europe.

*Adventures in Grace* is more optimistic, for it views the numerous French conversions with new hope. When Raissa Maritain becomes ill and despondent on returning to France from Germany, in 1909, she finds the ideas of Leon Bloy supplemented with those of Saint Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Theologica*, a study advised by Father Clerissac. The humble cleric and Bloy, the "ungrateful beggar," influence many throughout the "biographical autobiography": Georges Rouault, the gifted inspiration of Jacques Maritain's *Art and Scholasticism*; Pierre and Christine van der Meer, examples of holy understanding; Jeanne Maritain, Jacques' sister; Genevieve Favre, his mother; Eve Lavalliere, the actress; Mercedes de Gournay, the pious contemplative. Like these "beggars for Heaven, for truth, and for peace," the Maritains constantly seek deeper insight into grace.

In her memoirs Madame Maritain introduces her friends, stressing their religious problems and influences. Charles Peguy ends his differences with Maritain by his declaration, "I have found the Faith again; I am a Catholic." Ernest Psichari and Henri Massis represent the vibrant, soldier Christian. The poignant conversions of Raissa Maritain's father and mother typify the Hebrew attitude toward the faith. The writer honors her loved ones in the presentation of her husband's philosophy and in the characterization of their kindly godfather, the "humble, weeping" Leon Bloy, with whose death the book ends.

*Adventures in Grace* more than accomplishes its purpose, to speak "of the extraordinary spiritual flowering . . . in France." Throughout the book, human souls striving for grace impress the reader with the revival in seared, devastated Europe. Sometimes the reflections on God are like the sky-blue waters of a stream; sometimes they are the inky waters of a stream; sometimes they are the inky waters of a deep ocean of mysteries. Always they break with waves of grace.